

# COMFORT

Do you know COMFORT'S Publisher? See his picture and New Year's address on page 17. This is the first time in twenty years that he has spoken to you directly. He talks to you from his heart, telling you all about himself, his family, his cozy and happy home, his business, his lifework, his recreation, and how he founded and built up COMFORT. It gives you an idea of his personality, and how his very soul, being in his work, has radiated through COMFORT all these years; and why COMFORT has ever touched a sympathetic chord in the hearts of the people. Be sure and read it now.

*The Key to Happiness and Success  
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE HOME CIRCLE  
*In which are combined and consolidated*  
SUNSHINE for Youth, and THE PEOPLE'S LITERARY COMPANION

Vol XX

January 1908

No 3



"I think you are my father!"  
See "Heiress of Beechwood"

*Published at Augusta, Maine*



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Its Motto Is "Onward and Upward."

## SUBSCRIPTION.

United States and Cuba, 15c. per year.  
Subscriptions for England, Canada and Foreign Countries, cannot be accepted,  
and are always dated from the current issue, unless otherwise ordered.

Postage to all parts of the United States is prepaid by us.  
When making a change of residence, in order to insure the uninterrupted delivery of COMFORT, it is essential that we be advised of the change in address IMMEDIATELY. As Postmasters cannot forward second-class matter with stamps, your missing copies of COMFORT will not reach you and we do not supply back numbers.

To CONTRIBUTORS: All literary contributions should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes for their return in case they are not available. Manuscripts should not be rolled.

Special Notice. We do not supply back numbers.

Entered at the Post Office at Augusta, Maine,  
as second-class mail matter.

Published Monthly by  
W. H. GANNETT, Incorporated,  
Augusta, Maine.

New York Office, Flatiron Bldg. Chicago Office, Marquette Bldg.

January, 1908

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## Crumbs of Comfort

Honest men are the gentlemen of nature.  
Small cheer with great welcome makes a merry feast.

Our own heart, and not other men's opinions,  
forms our true honor.

The Lord gets his best soldiers out of the  
highlands of affliction.

Let us be content to work,  
To do the things we can, and not presume  
To fret because it's little.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Truth, like the sun may be obscured, but  
like the sun only for a time.

The greatest hatred, like the greatest virtue  
and the worst dogs, is quiet.

He who gives himself airs of importance ex-  
hibits the credentials of impotence.

When fiction rises pleasing to the eye,  
Men will believe because they love a lie;  
But truth herself, if clouded by a frown,  
Must have some solemn proof to pass her down.

—Churchill.

Ingratitude takes away less pleasure from  
the benefactor than from the ingrate.

The integrity of men is to be measured by  
their conduct, not by their professions.

All that the wisdom of the proud can teach  
is to be sullen or stubborn under misfortune.

He is rich who comes and goes  
Where the pathway of the rose  
Leads to tell at break of light  
And to love at fall of night.

Beware of losing your enthusiasms, for when  
your enthusiasms are gone your youth is gone.

The general of a large army may be defeated,  
but you cannot defeat the determined mind of  
a peasant.

The strength of a nation, especially of a re-  
publican nation, is in the intelligent and well  
ordered homes of its people.

If any little word of mine  
May make a life the brighter,  
If any little song of mine  
May make a heart the lighter,  
God help me speak the little word  
And take my bit of singing  
And drop it in some lonely vale,  
To set the echoes ringing.

Some people carry their hearts in their heads,  
while very many carry their heads in their  
hearts. The difficulty is to keep them apart  
but make them work together.

## A Few Words by the Editor

COMFORT'S publisher, editor and its  
staff wish COMFORT's family a very,  
very Happy New Year. As far as we  
are concerned, we are going to do our  
best to make this year a happy one for  
you all. It is a comforting fact to con-  
template how much this publication con-  
tributes to the sum total of the world's happiness.

COMFORT holds a unique place in the magazine  
world. It has the most readers, and the most  
contented and satisfied readers, of any printed  
sheet in existence. There are good reasons for  
this. We give you more for your money  
than any other paper in the world, and  
this magazine strikes a personal note, and  
gets nearer to the heart than any of its  
competitors. COMFORT makes you acquainted  
with one another. It is not a thing of mere  
type and paper, cold, austere, and unapproach-  
able, as so many publications are, but a real  
close personal friend. The hand of good fel-  
lowship stretches out through the printed pages  
for our readers to grasp. When people are in  
trouble, and want sympathy, help and comfort,  
they come to COMFORT, for they know that in  
the COMFORT family they will always find the  
sympathy, help and consolation they need.

Thus this magazine is a power for good. It  
brings the American people close together in  
one large family group, all linked by the  
strongest ties of mutual sympathy and esteem.  
COMFORT has many imitators, but they all  
charge you more and give you less than we do,  
both as regards quality and quantity. In  
sympathy, helpfulness and progressiveness, in  
fact in every possible way and from every  
possible point of view, COMFORT has the ad-  
vantage of its competitors. And the most  
satisfactory thing about it, these facts are so  
self-evident, that every COMFORT reader is as  
well aware of them as we are. So COMFORT  
starts the year of 1908 with a light heart,  
proud of the position it holds as the world's  
cheapest and best home magazine; proud of  
your loyalty, appreciation, affection and  
sympathy, proud of its ability to instruct, en-  
tertain, amuse, and happier still in being a  
force and power for righteousness and good,  
and a source of inspiration and help to the  
sick and suffering from coast to coast.

We trust in this year that we shall see  
COMFORT's family grow. Its growth depends  
upon you. Bring new recruits into our ranks.  
Let the sunshine of COMFORT's presence radi-  
ate in two million homes, instead of one mil-  
lion and a quarter. If all of our subscribers  
would send in one subscription outside of their  
own, COMFORT would gladden two and a half  
million homes, and we should have twelve and  
a half million readers, because, as statistics  
show, the families throughout the land will  
average five persons, and COMFORT is intended  
for and to interest each member of every  
family; so every member of the family will  
read it.

With the New Year, new resolutions are in-  
variably made, some to be kept, but the ma-  
jority to be broken. Let every reader resolve  
to bring in one new member to our family  
during the year 1908. It is so easy for you to do  
this, easier than rolling off the proverbial log.  
Surely we can count on you to do this much  
for good old COMFORT. Resting in the asst-  
ance that you will help us in our progressive  
and triumphant march, onward and upward,  
COMFORT wishes you all a Happy New Year,  
and a fervent God speed in all your undertak-  
ings in 1908.

That this country should have had a finan-  
cial panic during the period of its greatest  
prosperity is indeed a remarkable phenomenon.  
In the last week of October and the first  
two weeks of November 1907, it is estimated  
that the people of this country withdrew from  
the banks and various savings institutions and  
trust companies, the enormous sum of one  
billion four hundred million of dollars, and this  
at a time, when every factory in the land had  
on hand more orders than it could fill, every  
railroad more freight than it could haul,  
every business and commercial concern, work-  
ing to the limit of exhaustion, and doing  
infinitely more business than they ever did be-  
fore in their history. These people who believe  
in hard times, and think that hard times  
caused the panic, should read the reports of  
the Statistical Bureaus of the State of New  
York for the months of July, August and  
September 1907, the three dullest months of the  
year. At this period 1397 new business con-  
cerns came into existence, and were incor-  
porated under the laws of the state. This is  
an increase of more than one hundred over the  
returns of the previous year for the same  
period. In the same period, 150 corporations  
also increased their capital stock thirty-eight  
million dollars. From this it is evident that  
instead of business contracting, it is expand-  
ing. Trade is on the flood tide, instead of on  
the ebb. Lack of business had nothing to do  
with the panic. Madcap speculation, stock  
jugglery, stock watering, and other methods  
peculiar to frenzied finance caused the panic.  
People simply did not know whom to trust, and  
the consequence was they withdrew their  
money from circulation, and the scarcity of  
cash with which to transact business made it  
hard for some of our financial institutions to  
weather the storm. Directly one of these  
closed its doors, the hysteria commenced, and  
the people lost their senses and began to put  
their money into stockings, tin cans, and vari-  
ous other unsafe places. Perhaps it is as well  
the panic came, for Congress will now doubt-  
less pass such laws, as will make our cur-  
rency laws more elastic, and thus render future  
panics impossible.

We beg our readers, as did President  
Roosevelt in his last message to Congress,  
who have hoarded money, or withdrawn  
money from the banks, to immediately  
replace it. If you are afraid of state  
or national banks, or trust companies, de-  
posit your money in the savings banks. Re-  
member that savings banks are absolutely safe.  
Savings banks hold the savings of the poor,  
and are protected by the most stringent laws,  
and panics cannot affect them, as depositors  
can be made to give sixty days' notice of with-  
drawal, and that stops the hysterical and panic-  
stricken from draining the banks of their de-

posits. These banks pay four per cent. inter-  
est, and being absolutely safe, it is simply  
criminal for people to hoard their money, for  
without money business cannot be done, and  
without trade, and the interchange of com-  
modities, stagnation, and starvation would en-  
sue. There is only \$32 of currency per capita  
in circulation in the whole country, so the man  
who has two thousand dollars hoarded away,  
has tied up the share of sixty people. Those  
who hoard money are often robbed and at  
times murdered as well. Nothing will attract  
criminals and promote crime as much as  
hoarded money, for few can prevent the knowl-  
edge of their hidden treasures from getting  
abroad. Once more, let all our readers who  
have gold or currency, place it in the savings  
banks. It is safer in the weakest bank, than  
in the strongest safe at home.

The Sixteenth of October, 1907 marked the  
convening of the first Philippine Assembly.  
Secretary Taft opened the proceedings with a  
lengthy speech in which he said that the  
Philippine people were not yet ready for com-  
plete independence, and that the United States  
had no intention whatsoever of selling the  
islands.

To give the Philippines self-government was  
a radical step. Some people think that we  
have gone too far, some not far enough. For  
two years the natives have been prepared for  
this great event by experiments in municipal  
and provincial self-government, and by ex-  
tensive methods of public education. The  
Filipino Assembly however, is prevented from  
passing any drastic legislation, by the Philip-  
pine Commission, which is composed of three  
Filipinos and four Americans. Before an act  
of legislature can become law, it must be ap-  
proved by the commission, which holds a posi-  
tion somewhat similar to our senate.

The Filipinos apparently were not very  
greatly interested in the inauguration of the  
Assembly. Apparently self-government does  
not appeal to them very strongly, as compar-  
atively few turned out to register, and fewer  
still to vote. Perhaps after a while when the  
Assembly gets to work, and the natives realize  
what self-government means, they will take  
more interest in this vital matter than they do  
at present. It is possible, in a few years, the  
semi-nude, and breech-clouted native, may be-  
come an ardent politician of the Tammany  
stamp, and it may be necessary to keep a  
large force of police on hand at the polling  
booths, to prevent floaters, and repeaters from  
voting more than once.

Anyhow, Uncle Sam has taken a step in the  
right direction, and it will not be long before  
John Bull will have to give self-government  
to the millions of Hindostan. Uncle Sam in  
this step sets a splendid example to the world  
at large. The light of liberty has dawned in  
the Orient, and Uncle Sam is holding that  
light, and other nations in their dealings with  
their Asiatic subjects will eventually have to  
follow the example set by the U. S.

On Thursday, October 17th, 1907, William  
Marconi, the electrical wizard, instituted his  
Trans-Atlantic wireless telegraphy. The Euro-  
pean station is at Clifden on the West coast  
of Ireland. The American terminal is at Cape  
Breton, Nova Scotia.

Two years ago it was reported that a mes-  
sage has been sent across the Atlantic, but  
some doubts were cast upon the performance  
at that time. However there was no question  
about the success of the service on the inaugu-  
ral day, for in the first twenty-one hours,  
13,000 words were flashed by wireless from  
this side across the Atlantic to Europe, and  
2,000 were flashed back.

The experimental stage of Trans-Atlantic  
wireless telegraphy has now been passed, and  
the system on a regular business basis has been  
inaugurated. The cable companies, who have  
thirteen submarine lines running to Europe,  
are not by any means going out of business;  
for the cable has still certain advantages over  
the wireless method, that Mr. Marconi's genius  
has not been able so far to overcome. The  
first trouble which must be solved before wire-  
less telegraphy puts the cables on the scrap  
heap, is the matter of speed transmission.  
At present only twenty words a minute can be  
sent by wireless. This does not begin to ap-  
proach the cable record. As it is now, the  
Marconi system could only handle about one  
twenty-fourth of the business the cable com-  
panies are doing. Mr. Marconi said on the  
inaugural day: "Trans-Atlantic, wireless tele-  
graphy is a success. Transmission across the  
ocean, is now regular and accurate and will be  
continuous. On the scientific end everything  
is successful, but our connection and organiza-  
tion must be perfected before we can hope to  
handle a large amount of business. It should  
be understood that we do not at present pre-  
tend to compete with the cable companies. We  
cannot for the present accept any press mes-  
sages other than for those papers with which  
we have made contracts. We handle a few  
stock exchange reports today, but do not want  
many private messages. Later we shall prob-  
ably handle press reports for all papers, but  
not now."

A second trouble must also be overcome. At  
present there is nothing to prevent messages  
from going astray. Should other electrical  
wireless depots be installed, as they doubtless  
will be, if two or three messages are sent from  
different places in Ireland simultaneously, they  
are all liable to get mixed up during trans-  
mission, and go to the wrong receiving stations  
on this side. There is no way to prevent leaks  
of this kind, nothing to insure safety and  
secrecy. Mr. Marconi hopes to be able to tune  
up his instruments, so that the sending and  
receiving stations may be in exact harmony,  
and by this means prevent messages from be-  
ing stolen or overheard in transit.

These difficulties will have to be overcome;  
they may be overcome quickly, and again it  
may be years before the wireless method is  
perfected, and the cable system entirely super-  
seded.

Mr. Marconi certainly has an advantage over  
his rivals as regards the cost of transmission.  
The wireless company transmits at ten cents  
per word, and for press despatches only five  
cents a word is charged. The cable companies  
on the other hand charge twenty-five cents a  
word for ordinary messages, and about half  
this rate for press despatches.

Our readers can now get a pretty accurate  
idea of how the wireless business stands, and  
what yet remains to be accomplished before  
it is brought to actual perfection.

## Current Topics

President Roosevelt says positively that  
under no circumstances will he be a candidate  
for or accept another nomination.

Oscar II, King of Sweden, died Dec. 9. The  
succession to the throne of Sweden passes to  
Oscar Gustave Adolphe, Duke of Vermland,  
the eldest son of the late King.

There are only three engravers of shorthand  
in England. One lives at Bath. He has, as a  
joke, suggested to his two London fellow work-  
ers the propriety of a trade union.

The next Nobel prize for chemistry will be  
awarded to Sir William Crookes of London,  
who has recently discovered a process of ex-  
tracting nitric acid from the atmosphere.

Mrs. Charlotte Smith, founder of the Wom-  
an's Board of Trade of Boston is making seri-  
ous effort to have a woman's hotel built in her  
home city, modeled after the Mills hotels in  
New York.

Jesse L. Livermore, the plunger who cleared  
up \$3,000,000 in Wall street, and now has  
300,000 bales of cotton, is only 28. Ten years  
ago he was marking prices on the board of a  
Boston broker's office.

Florence Nightingale, the English philan-  
thropist, has been decorated with the Order of  
Merit by King Edward. She is the first wom-  
an to receive this distinction. The order was  
founded by King Edward in 1902.

Andrew Carnegie has allowed Ida Lewis, the  
keeper of the Lime Rock Light in Newport  
harbor, the sum of thirty dollars a month from  
his private pension fund, the pension to be  
paid to Miss Lewis so long as she lives.

A new anesthetic is said to have been dis-  
covered in sulphate of magnesia, known as  
epsom salts. The reported discovery was made  
by accident at the Rockefeller institute for  
medical research in New York in a series of  
experiments on a dog.

The lady floor-walker is one of the new  
institutions to be adopted by a department  
store in the shopping district of Pittsburg.  
They will meet the patrons of the establish-  
ment and will direct them to the different de-  
partments of the store.

By invitation of the President a Conference  
of Governors will be held at the White House,  
May 13-15, to discuss with him the question  
of means to conserve the natural resources  
of the country. The members of both houses  
of Congress will also be invited to the confer-  
ence.

By a recent order of Postmaster General  
Meyer all souvenir postal cards which reach  
the dead letter office, instead of being destroyed  
are sent to orphan asylums, children's homes,  
and hospitals in Washington and the little  
ones are entertained and made happier than  
possibly the recipient could have been.

Doctors Wickham and Degrais of Paris have  
created a sensation at the Academy of Medi-  
cine by a report on their discoveries of a  
method of removing birth marks by the action  
of radium. Such marks have hitherto been be-  
lieved to be indelible. The new method has  
proved equally successful in the case of adults  
and children.

For the first time the much-discussed double  
canals on the planet Mars have been caught on  
a photographic plate. Professor David Todd  
of Amherst College did it, 15,000 feet above  
sea level in the Chilean Andes, with his fine  
celestial camera, made by Gaertner of Chicago,  
especially for the college telescope, which has  
an object glass eighteen inches in diameter,  
and is the largest ever used in the Southern  
hemisphere.

A letter held for postage nearly cost the  
life of John Soley of Cleveland, Ohio, who  
was condemned to die for the murder of his  
sweetheart. Preparations had been made for  
the execution when the warden telephoned the  
governor and found that commutation papers  
had been mailed. Soon after the warden was  
notified that a letter was held for postage. It  
was the one containing the papers commuting  
the death sentence to life imprisonment.

Sixteen magnificent battleships, the Presi-  
dent reviewing the fleet, sailed from Old  
Point Comfort, Virginia, Dec. 16, on their  
projected cruise to the Pacific Ocean, via Cape  
Horn. The entire world has watched the  
spectacle with expectant admiration. The per-  
formance of the Oregon in rounding the Horn  
in sixty days at the most unfavorable season  
in 1898 has set a precedent that does not al-  
low the present cruise to be regarded as extra  
hazardous.

In France a new process for powdering milk  
has recently been invented. The milk is  
forced, under a pressure of 250 atmospheres,  
through a tube one tenth of a millimeter in  
diameter, into a closed chamber, heated to 167  
degrees Fahrenheit by a current of warm air.  
The rapid expansion of the milk on entering  
the chamber turns it into a cloud or vapor,  
the water is carried off by the current of air  
and the solid parts of the milk fall in powder  
on the bottom.

Another Nobel prize has been awarded to  
an American, Professor Albert A. Michelson  
who has been the professor of physics at  
Chicago University for the past fifteen years.  
The first American to receive one was Presi-  
dent Roosevelt, who was given the peace prize  
in 1906. Of the other Nobel awards, the prize  
for literature goes to Rudyard Kipling, that of  
medicine to Dr. Laveran of Paris, that of  
chemistry to Professor Buchner of Berlin,  
while the peace prize is divided equally be-  
tween Theodore Moneta of Italy and Louis  
Renault of France, both prominent in the  
peace movements in their respective countries.



# IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

## Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; spa. spaces; \* stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

## Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

## Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. \* indicates a repetition.

**T**HIS is the time of the year when warm clothes are needed, and especially appropriate work is the fashioning of various garments of soft fleecy wool. Crocheted articles of all kinds keep the little folks most comfortable, and as little sacks and boots for baby are almost indispensable we give directions for an easily made and very pretty

## Infant's Sacque

For the yoke use blue Saxony. Make a chain of forty-two stitches, turn.

1st row.—Ch. 2, make shell of 2 d. c. in each st., turn.

2nd row.—Ch. 2, sl. 2, ch. 2, widen in the tenth shell from the front, make 22 shells of 2 d. c., widen as on the opposite shoulder, then 2 d. c., sl. 2, 2 d. c. to end of row.

3rd row.—Ch. 2, sl. 2, between 10th and 11th shells make 4 d. c., continue across the back as in the preceding row, 4 d. c. on opposite shoulder and continue as before to end of row.

4th row.—Ch. 2, sl. 2, in the 10th, 4 d. c., sl. 2, 2 d. c., sl. 2, 2 d. c., sl. 2, 4 d. c., sl. 2, 2 d. c., and so on across the back, opposite shoulder same as this, continue to end of row.



INFANT'S SACQUE.

5th row.—Ch. 2, sl. 2, 2 d. c., widen in the 10th and 14th shells as in previous row.

6th row.—Same as the 5th, widen in the 10th and 16th shells. This finishes the yoke.

For the jacket use white. Fasten in and make ch. of 2.

Shell of 4 d. c. between each group of 2 d. c. in the last row of yoke.

Make 9 shells for front, then ch. 20, 10 shells on shoulder for sleeve, 22 shells across the back, 10 shells for sleeve, 9 shells across the front and turn.

2nd row.—Ch. 2, shell on shell until you reach the chain on which you put 4 shells, then shell on shell across back, 4 shells on chain, shell on shell across front. Make the jacket 11 shells deep, and then for the sleeve. Join in white wool under arm.

Make 7 shells on jacket, 7 shells on yoke, 14 shells in all, then 11 rows deep making shell on shell.

## Heelless Boots

Make chain of seven stitches.

1st row.—Make 1 s. c. in each st. around.

2nd row.—Same as first row.

3rd row.—Widen this time by making 2 s. c. in every other st. around.

4th row.—Plain s. c. in each stitch.

5th row.—Widen as in 3rd row.

Next 11 rows.—Plain s. c.

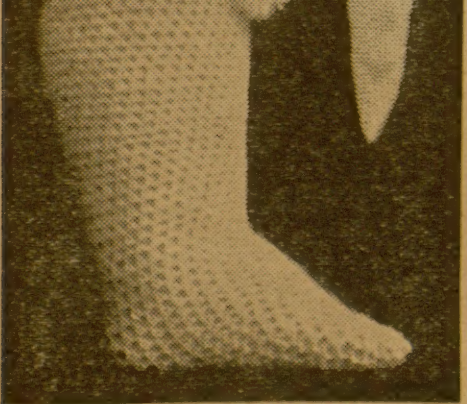
17th row.—Widen as in 3rd row.

Next 6 rows.—Plain s. c.

24th row.—Widen as before.

Next 6 rows.—Plain s. c.

30th row.—Widen as before.



HEELLESS BOOT.

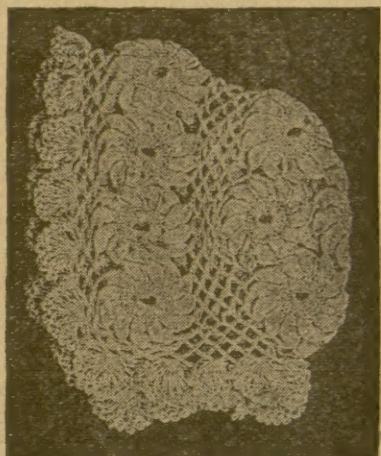
Next 6 rows.—Plain s. c.  
36th row.—Widen as before.  
Next 6 rows.—Plain s. c.

Border.—\* Make 1 d. c., sl. 1 s. c., 1 d. c. in next st., sl. 1 s. c., repeat from \* around sock. Make shell of 6 d. c., catch down with s. c. between d. c. shell, repeat from \* around top of sock. Make \* 1 s. c., 2 ch., 1 s. c. in first st. of shell, sl. 1 d. c., ch. 2, 1 s. c., 2 ch., 1 s. c., repeat from \* around top of shells, finish with cord and tassel.

Material.—One skein twofold Saxony, steel hook.

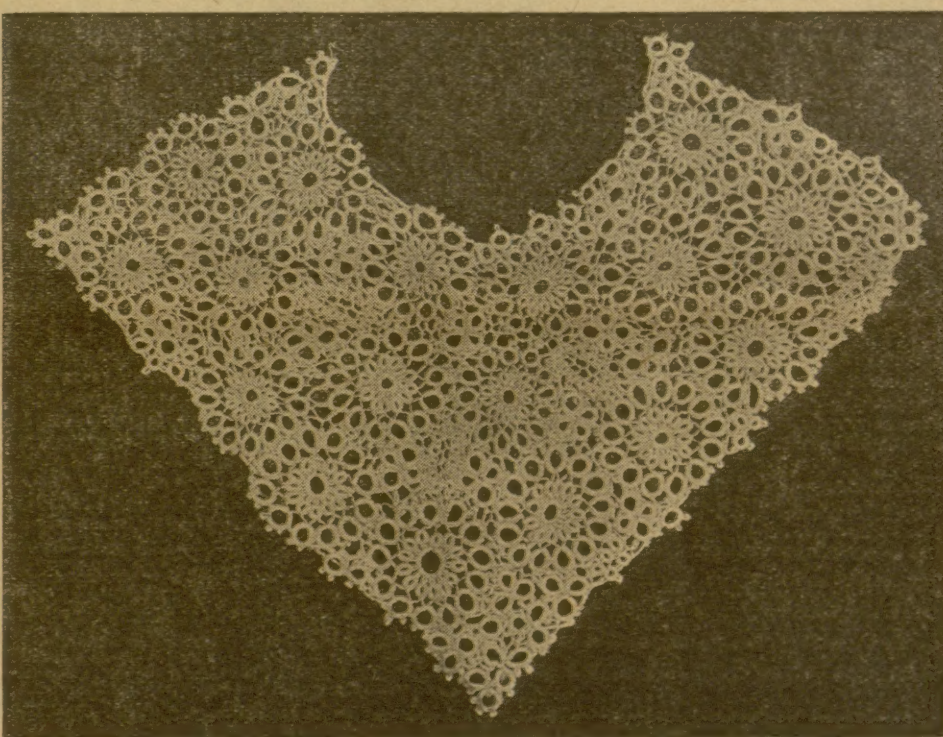
## A Daisy Bonnet

For each daisy begin by making a chain of 10, join, ch. 4, and fill ring with 23 d. c., join to 3d st. of ch. 4, ch. 8, take loop around the



CHILD'S DAISY BONNET.

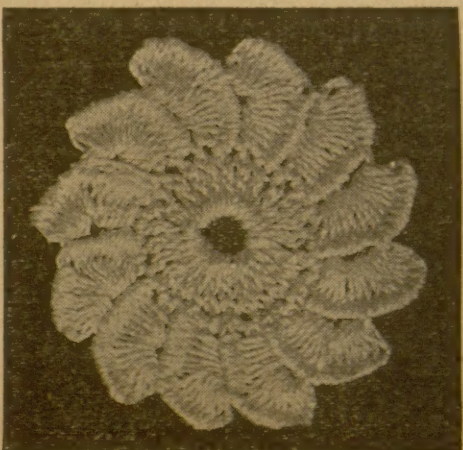
chain close to needle, thread over, draw through loop and repeat until there are 16 loops on the needle. Insert hook in first d. c., thread over, draw through all the loops on the



YOKE OF TATTING.

Sent in by Mrs. Marion Pearl.

needle, curving petal slightly. Keep loop on the needle, insert hook in next d. c., draw thread through, ch. 4, draw through loop on needle, ch. 4, make 8 loops on each 4 ch., fasten in next d. c.



CROCHETED DAISY FOR BONNET.

Repeat until there are 12 petals, ch. 4 and fasten in back of first petal. Make seven of these "daisies" for crown, joining them as made in the following manner. When completing the 10th. petal of 2nd. daisy join by last 4 ch. to first loop in 11th. petal of first daisy, complete petal and join next petal in same way to last one of first daisy. In making 3rd. daisy join by 2 petals to 2nd. daisy, also by 2 petals to center daisy. Fasten 4th., 5th. and 6th. daisies in similar manner, join 2 petals of 7th. daisy to 6th., 2 to center daisy, and 3 petals to 2nd. daisy. This joining marks the center back of crown. Fasten thread to top of 3rd. petal (counting from center joining) of the 7th. daisy, ch. 7, fasten in top of next petal, ch. 5, fasten in top of next petal, ch. 1, fasten in next, repeat four times more, ch. 1, fasten in top of next petal and repeat until

there are 24 ch. around crown. Turn, ch. 7, fasten in center of 5 ch., ch. 5, fasten in center of 5 ch. Repeat across front.

Make seven rows of this open work and cut thread.

Make a daisy as directed for crown, fastening last 4 ch. after 8th petal to center of 7 ch. of crown, complete petal and fasten last 4 ch. for next petal to next 5 ch. of crown. Repeat with next petal and complete daisy as usual.

## Bed Slippers

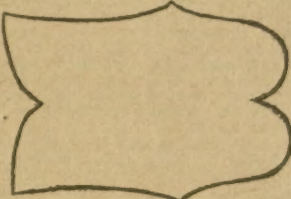
Eider-down makes comfortable slippers which can be worn in bed until one's feet feel warm and then pushed off. Of course they will not wear very long as eider-down is soft, but they can be made so quickly that the wearing qualities do not have to be considered as much as in things which involve more work and cost. One can almost make a dozen pairs in the amount of time it takes to make one pair of crocheted slippers.



EIDER-DOWN SLIPPERS

Our diagram Fig. 1 shows the shape, which can easily be followed in cutting a pattern. It is a good idea to cut and make one of cotton material, first, and after fitting it to the foot, rip it apart, press and use for a pattern, then one will be sure of a good fit. After cutting the outside, fold up wrong side out, baste and

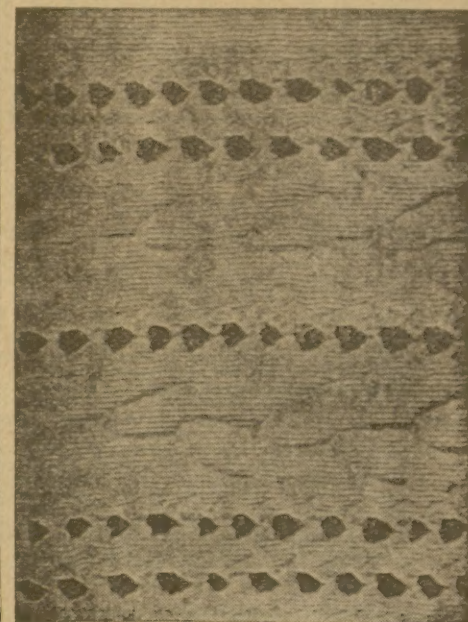
stitch the two seams, heel and toe. Cut lining exactly the same and stitch, then place the lining inside—the wrong sides together and tack two or three times at the bottom, so it will not get misplaced when pulling them off the feet. Bind the tops with ribbon and put on a small bow as a finish in front, or a bias piece of the material used for the lining can be used for binding, if desired. Braid however, is not suitable as it feels too rough and scratchy. If one has some thin leather, soles can be cut and sewed on to the bottom, when finished, this makes the slippers wear longer if used as house shoes. This same pattern can be used



PATTERN FOR SLIPPER. FIG. 1.

Thread a blunt pointed needle with white silk and start in the upper left-hand side of the left-hand drawn space. On this side always keep the thread to the left.

Take up several threads as for hemstitching, draw up, throw the thread to the left, take a tiny stitch in the side three threads deep and



OPEN-WORK AND FANCY STITCHES.

pull to left to make this stitch flat. Take up another bunch of threads, throw thread to left and take small stitch and continue to the end of the drawn space. Break the thread and start in the upper right-hand side of the same drawn space. On this side always keep the thread to the right.

Take up a bunch of threads, put thread to right, take up small stitch as before, three threads deep, throw silk to the right, take up bunch of threads.

In this part of the work, the necessary thing is to keep the small stitch flat and to throw the thread to left on the left side, and to the right, on the right side.

To each drawn space as directed on each of the thirty threads left, start at the upper edge and feather-stitch quite fine all the way down, and put a plump French knot between each prong, putting thread over needle three times.

After you get accustomed to the work you will find that you can do it with great rapidity, and when finished the work will wash and iron to your satisfaction. After it is finished, lay your tucks, and cut out by pattern.

## Fancy Shams and Pillow-slips

For illustration for shams see page 4.

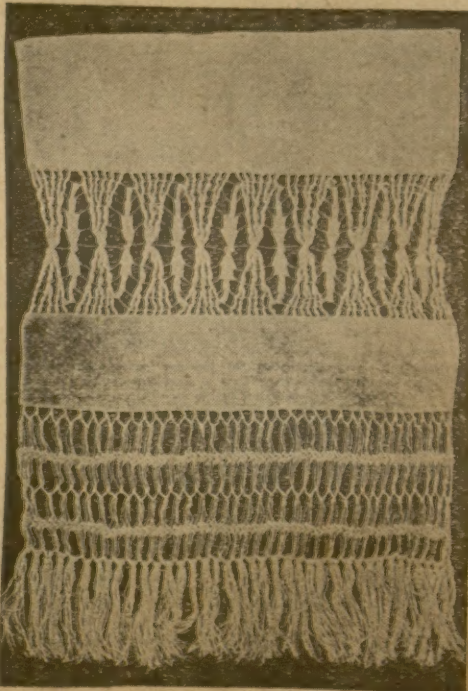
These slips and shams can be made of either linen or muslin as one prefers. First draw your threads, turn and hemstitch hems. The sham as shown on the following page is hemstitched twice, or on either side of the first space, the groups being divided and hemstitched together in the second row to form the rail fence pattern.

After this is done an inch wide space is drawn and after being hemstitched on both edges, may be filled in with any drawnwork pattern which one prefers.

The round circles of drawnwork which ornament the shams are made by first cutting out a circle, filling it closely with threads by crossing from side to side, upon which is afterwards darned any pattern by going over and under the threads the same as in drawnwork.

## For the Fringe

which is a combination of hairpin-work and crocheting, get an old piece of wire which can be bent into the shape of a hairpin. Wind your thread around this four times, bring it back to the center, then using a crochet needle take up one thread, crochet off, turn the needle and hairpin around, and catch another



END OF PILLOW-SLIP.

cut to fit, to make inner shoes of felt for children to wear under rubber boots.

## A Tatted Yoke

The yoke illustrated in the center of this page is made of white silk, but can be made of cotton or silk as one prefers and also in colors or black either of which is equally as handsome.

It is made principally of wheels as shown, which are made as follows: 4 d. s., 1 p., 6 d. s., 1 p., 6 d. s., 1 p., 4 d. s., draw up, then make 6 d. s., 1 p., 6 d. s., draw. Repeat from beginning until you have twelve large loops, then form into a wheel by making 3 d. c., catch to picot of the first small loop, 3 d. s., draw up, repeat, continue in this way catching to picot of each small loop, in turn and so on until the circle is completed.

Besides these wheels several groups of four loops are necessary to fill in the space between the large wheels. These are made of 6 d. s., 1 p., 6 d. s., 1 p., 6 d. s., 1 p., 6 d. s., draw up, repeat three times.

Oblong groups of the small loops are also needed and are made of 6 d. s., 1 p., 6 d. s., draw. Make groups of eleven or thirteen. When the tatting is all completed carefully fit a yoke of any cotton material, then the tatting can be placed on this right side down, basted carefully in place, and then caught together.

If desired cuffs for a waist can also be made and formed on fitted foundations in the same way.

MRS. MARION PEARL.

## Directions to Make Shirt-waist Suit

Get the required amount of white Danish Cloth, sometimes called Popular Cloth, for the dress. In the single width this cloth costs either twelve and one half or fifteen cents per yard. Measure and cut off square without using a pattern the length of the sleeves, two cuffs, two fronts, a back, and the front gore of the skirt; find the exact middle and draw five threads. This is the middle row to count from. On each side of this, leave six and pull five more, leave thirty, pull five, leave thirty, pull five, leave six, and pull five.

You will find that the threads pull very easily. Do this to each length and then you are ready to work.

thread and so on until all are used, then wrap thread around four times and crochet off as before. When you have a sufficient amount of this work to make a double border start in to crochet the double row together by making a chain of three, catch to a group of four threads, chain of three, catch to group of four threads of the second row of hairpin-work, chain three, catch to four threads of the first row of hairpin-work, and so on, then the whole can be overcast to the edge of the sham or slip, or can be crocheted into the cloth connecting with a chain of three in the same way as the two rows were joined together. When this is complete, finish the edge by knotting a fringe in between each group of four threads.

MRS. J. L. McBRAYER.





## Points to Remember

Always write on one side of the paper, only and leave space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.

Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be dealt the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home surroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

"The book of the New Year is open'd,  
Its pages are spotless and new;  
And so as each leaflet is turning,  
Dear friends, beware what you do."

How the time does fly! It does not seem possible that a whole year has slipped by since I wished you all a Happy New Year.

The housekeepers, particularly in the country, are reveling in patchwork, remodeling, and making over garments for spring wear, and now is the time for all that. One can do the baking once a week, that is bread, cake, cookies, and doughnuts, but if you love me, or care for the digestive organs of your families do not make up pies to last an entire week, unless they are mince: those can be made in quantities, put in an outer closet and allowed to freeze solid; bring in when required and set in the oven to heat through thoroughly, the last one will be found better than the first. Pies in my estimation should be eaten the day they are baked with this one exception: I know some dear, good old-fashioned housekeepers that bake up, apple, pumpkin and even custard pies, and keep them a whole week, putting them on the table every day, and some of them every meal, then wonder why some members of the family have indigestion. A learned doctor once said that "the pie and the doughnut have a great deal to answer for" and I for one begin to think him about right. But I started out to write about doing up the family sewing while the household duties were reduced, by doing the baking once a week, the washing (where the family is small) once in two weeks. When snow is on the ground, not so much dust and dirt is about, all these making the work lighter, gives time for sewing, which most country housewives cannot do in the summer, owing to their manifold duties. The snow reminds me of crisp cold weather, never mind open the doors and windows and air the house out thoroughly at least once a day, if not twice, get the bedding, and night garments and hang them on the clothes line in the sun, two or three times each week, and note how sweet they will smell, sleep with the window open at night and heap on the bedclothes. Tuberculosis, weak chests, and catarrh will flee away; they will not thrive in pure, cold air.

Let me say to Nettie, and others that have written me on the subject. Go to college by all means if you have the opportunity, you will not only gain the knowledge you crave, but health and strength, undoubtedly, returning home with a firm step, rosy, broad chested, and bright-eyed. No you need not be afraid of being called "Tomboy" for taking the healthy, vigorous exercises, indulged in by the college girl of today.

L. L. M. B. Mo. Yours received, so you are on the first point. I began there too. I cannot return the favor.

The sins of the fathers, etc., you know Anna. I was visiting a prison once, and upon entering the woman's ward, where there were three (I was going to write mothers, but what a mockery) women each with an infant in arms, the little faces were white and pinched. I sighed as I thought of their future, those innocent babes in such a place. I asked one woman the age of her infant. She replied with an oath, that it was none of my business. I pitied and forgave her, and I longed to take those little ones out into God's blessed sunshine and away from those women.

Mrs. Pucker. Yours received. I wish you many happy returns of your natal day.

A letter from one of the Western wives who wrote me, regarding my letter in the October number, says: "I noticed your article to wives for it went straight to my heart. I don't think there is a man on earth, no matter how careless or thoughtless he may be, as long as he is not actually depraved, that a woman cannot mould into a good husband if her heart is in her work. I quite agree with you that a married woman's first thought should be for her husband. My husband and I are dearer to each other as the years roll round. It is eight years since we went to the altar together. He is a locomotive engineer. We have four dear little ones, whose photos I enclose."

I wish you could all see these dear little faces, and the best of all is the little mother herself, laughing and happy. Is that not a happy circle?

Here is one from a Missouri boy. "Though a boy I always read the sisters' corner in COMFORT, which we have taken for years and years. I do not know how many. I am a farmer boy, eighteen years old. I like farming, but think I should like telegraphy and be an operator. I am one of a family of thirteen (have your pictures taken and send it to our President). I have gotten lots of subscribers for COMFORT, and we all think it the best magazine published. I belong to 'Uncle Charlie's League'; he is doing a great and grand work. We all love him. Now I am going to tell you a secret. I have the best, dearest, little girl sweetheart in North Carolina, and she's all mine."

How sweet, how innocent, how bright the

future looks to this young boy and girl. Let them dream on and build airy castles in the air. Write again my lad.

Louise Fitzgerald, Smytha Floyd, and others. Thanks very much for cards and other gifts, which I appreciate very much but cannot return.

Mrs. C. Brown. I agree with you. COMFORT is all right from start to finish. Note our November number. Did you ever see such a mine of good things, useful, practical, instructive, interesting, and beneficial in every possible way. The piece of music published in that number, is worth fifty cents alone.

Mrs. Griffiths. You can play the accompaniment as an instrumental piece if you wish. "My Josephine" is bright, catchy, and popular. I am sure all music lovers will enjoy it. The fancy work and designs were all suited to modest pockets, and all very attractive and useful. Note the offer of patterns. Turn to page twenty-two, and notice the remedies, all tried and true, see the gratitude expressed in the letters of thanks for favors to our dear shut-ins, how they appreciate our efforts in their behalf. The serial stories that are running now are all exceptionally good. Regrettably I read the last chapter of "The Shadow of a Cross." Save them up, until you have the whole story then read aloud these long winter evenings to an admiring family circle.

Do let us all remember when sending for a favor, recipe, or pattern to inclose stamped, directed envelope, and sheet of paper, and to recollect that we are asking a total stranger to accommodate us, and that we are taking their time, which perhaps to them is very valuable.

Mrs. Dalton has sent COMFORT into thirteen homes, to cheer, and brighten.

Mrs. Pickard. I am pleased that you have sent in directions for rug making.

Mrs. Cates. As the years go by, you will thank God that he took your darling though you may not feel that way now; you have others to comfort you, let them see that you love them more, but the mother's tear-dimmed eyes will see the little empty chair, the place at the table vacant, and miss the little pattering feet.

Mollie. Why not make the little chap some rompers out of denim or heavy gingham?

Enez. I too have lived on St. Nicolas avenue, New York.

Mrs. Robinson. Give the turkeys a dust bath, of coal or wood ashes, with a generous supply of powdered sulphur mixed with them, put it where they can have access to it, and watch the dust fly, if they will not go into it sprinkle it all over them, and into the feathers. Where fowls of any

of this paper from cover to cover of interest and it contains valuable instructions.

I think it grows better every year, and am glad the readers take so much interest and pride to help those who are in need, especially the dear unseen shut-ins.

I have never seen a letter in print from this part of the state, and you may get a slight idea of my home country.

I live in Clearwater Co. At present we are in the beautiful country about seven miles from town and right in the shadow of the pines. Many people come from the prairies to the pine country for their health.

Farther west it is all prairie, and the people raise considerable grain. Some of the farmers have large stock farms. Here in the pine land farming is not very profitable, on account of the pine needles. Scarcely anything will thrive on the land the first few years it is cultivated, but of course in time by fertilizing the soil it is as good as can be had. Good pastures can be made here and cattle is the best money-maker. No doubt a great many of the readers know more about it than I do.

About forty miles southeast of here is the Minnesota State Park. It borders on the beautiful Lake Itasca. The park itself is a natural grove and the finest in the state. They are most-ly pine, but are very beautiful on account of the size. No one is allowed to cut a tree in the park, and no hunting, not even a man can carry a gun within the park lines. Various numbers of deer make their homes in this park, and are perfectly safe.

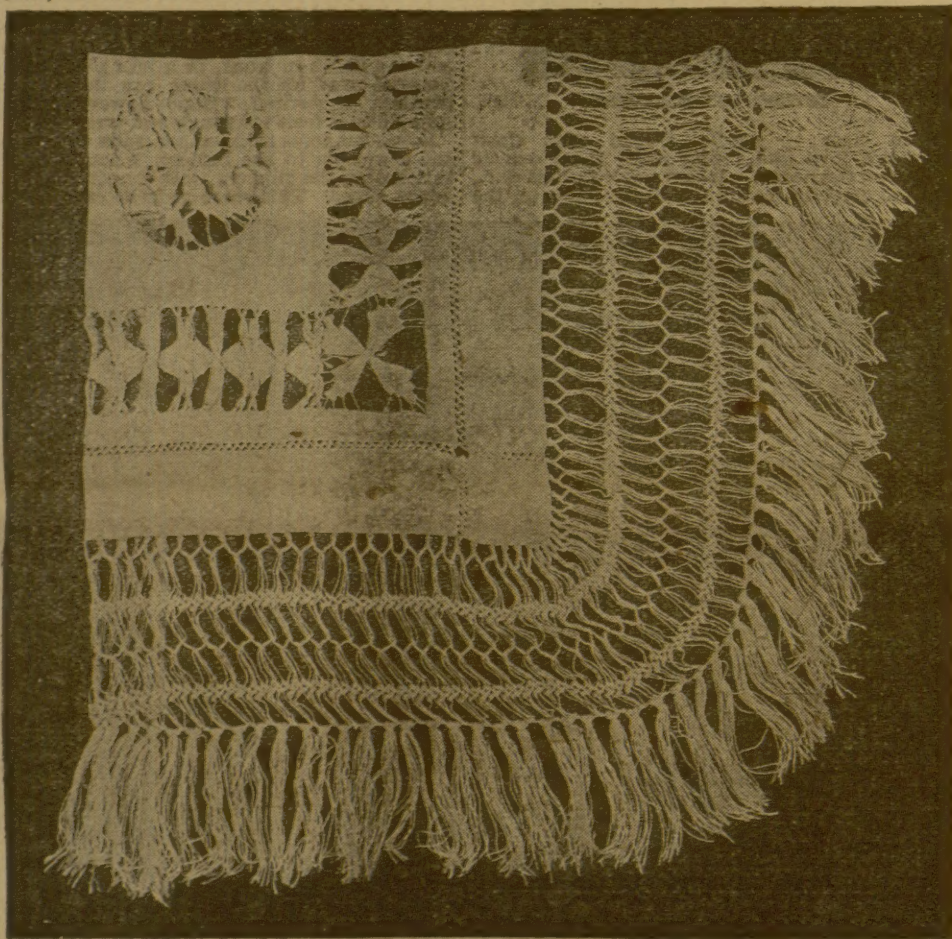
The Park House is a grand building, but is very odd. The main part is constructed of unhewn logs, and stained a brownish color. In the drawing-room, as it is called, is built an old-fashioned fireplace and the furnishings are very rich. All the rooms from attic to cellar are attractive.

Many people from the cities spend their summers at the park.

I agree with J. A. D. and her advice is very good, and should be carried out if possible.

Miss Azubah Lee, Dunn, N. C. Your words about mother are very true. Many never realize what a treasure she is, and how faithfully she has tried to guide us through life until we are separated from her.

How many of the sisters have made a COMFORT pillow? Take a square of white cambric, any size desired and lay over the word "COMFORT" on cover of paper and draw it on the cloth so it can be outlined. Outline it in any color you wish. I worked mine in pale blue, and then put drawn-



CORNER OF FANCY SHAM.  
Sent in by Mrs. J. L. McBrayer.

kind can have a dust bath, they are not apt to get lousy.

I sincerely hope "Our Katy" will not see all those recipes, particularly my mince pie, as it is loaded and ready for business.

Mrs. Dalton. Cassie Browne, Clinton, Alabama, Cecelia Barger, Montevallo, Alabama are two of my pet shut-ins, and would be glad to hear from you.

Willie Boy. Here you are with a birthday ring for Mollie dear, given away by the COMFORT people for only six subscribers. As she was born in August, get a ring with a pearl in it.

Mrs. E. Pawson. You will find Burdette's works for old and young in the list of books offered by COMFORT as premiums.

J. A. D. (Mrs. VAN DYKE).

## DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

COMFORT is filled with something good from cover to cover. I especially enjoy the sisters' corner; the letters are good and cheering. I have never seen a letter from Columbia, and I venture one.

I trust all of our band of sister are Christians, and are on the victory side. How thankful we ought to be for the blessings that have been bestowed upon us. When I read some of the letters from "shut-ins" where they do not complain. I think why should we, who are well and able to do our work? I think that we must be an ungrateful people.

Columbia is a fine little town of fifteen hundred inhabitants, and is considered very healthy, although we have sickness, and deaths, as most all places do. I love our southland. I felt proud when I read Miss Ada Hudgen's letter in October COMFORT, that a "true Southern girl is a lady always."

My husband and I have been married nearly thirteen years. We had one little girl who lived five months. She would have been a great comfort to us, for we do feel lonely sometimes. I think where there are no children in a home the husband and wife sometimes get selfish.

Mrs. Maggie M. West, Missouri. Your verses were helpful. I think the little verse below is sweet:

"He walks with thee, that angel kind,  
And gently whispers, be resigned,  
Bear up, bear on! the end shall tell,  
The dear Lord ordereth all things well."

How many of the sisters have read all of E. P. Roe's works? I just love "St. Elmo," and am going to read "A Speckled Bird."

Mrs. F. WILDER, Columbia, Ala.

## DEAR COMFORT READERS:

I have been both a reader and a warm friend of COMFORT for many years. I find every page

work around this, then finish with a hemstitched ruffle. This makes a very pretty cushion. You can make it heart-shaped if desired.

Mrs. Bertha Hisey, Duquoin, Ill. You told how to crystallize paper flowers. Did you ever try tinting them? Get some silver tinting (it looks like glass mashed up very fine), and when you raise your flowers out of the hot paraffin sprinkle at once with the tinting.

They look as though they were covered with dew.

I hope to hear from you dear sisters, on my birthday, Jan. 28th.

Mrs. O. J. KILBORN, Bagley, Minn.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I received so many letters and lovely cards from the sisters in answer to my letter that it seemed almost impossible to reply to them all and I hope if any sister was forgotten or overlooked that she will pardon me and write again.

I agree with Mrs. Haygood, who said in her letter that no home is complete without a baby. Since my last letter a darling baby boy has come to brighten our home. He will be six months old this month.

I wish I could describe one great attraction Niagara Falls had for tourists this season. I only saw them once so feel incapable of properly describing the scenery, but may be able to give some idea of the beautiful effect produced. Every evening powerful lights were thrown on the falls from the Canadian side. These lights were colored so that sometimes the rushing waters seemed a torrent of blood, or an overflow of dazzling gold, and again the two intermingled. There were also the most beautiful shades of pink and blue, also green and other colors. At times these were all turned on at once making a scene impossible to describe. When thrown on the mist they formed the most perfect of rainbows, and on the river they looked like ripples and waves of sunset. I wish I could more fully explain it but another summer you must all come and see for yourselves the splendours of Niagara.

Miss Bartsch. Why do you not write? Have looked for a letter for a long time.

Mrs. Backus. Have mislaid your address so please write again.

Miss Bearden, Decherd, Tenn. Did you receive the card I sent about Aug. 10th?

Wishing all the sisters a pleasant winter.

Mrs. HIRAM A. PUNDY, 442 Second St., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I am a young married woman, twenty-three years of age, have been married nearly two years. My husband is the overseer of a large ranch at this place. It was very lonely when we first came here, but I have grown to like it

and would not go away for anything in the world. What made it hardest was that I was not accustomed to much quiet, having attended school up to the time I was married. I finished the high school and Normal at Indianapolis, Ind. My husband meanwhile took the engineering course at Valpariso University. He is only two years my senior. Rather a young couple to start out alone in the world, don't you think so? My friends all said I would be awfully sorry some day. I haven't seen that day yet, nor do I think I ever will. We have a good home here, plenty of kind neighbors and a town only twenty miles away from which to get our provisions.

My husband has a small auto runabout and we enjoy many rides through the country. We took a one hundred mile run this summer, my husband was on business while I went only for my own enjoyment, though my husband said when we got back that I could handle his business nearly as well as himself.

I am a great lover of good books and of music also, I can play the piano, guitar, mandolin and violin. I can't brag much about my cooking. I never divy any of it before I was married and but little since. We have had a young girl with us ever since we first came here. She has tried many of the sisters' tested recipes and we think they are fine.

My heart aches for all the poor shut-ins. We cannot help them enough. My grandmother was one so I know how hard a life it is to lead.

This letter is just an introduction. We intend to spend our winter in Alabama and I will write from there.

Mrs. ANDREY CHANTELE, Al Rashid, Nev.

## DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I was reared in the grand bluff city of "Memphis" and lived there until two years ago, when we moved out here on this island; in the midst of the mighty Mississippi.

The island is ten miles long and nine miles wide; and from my windows, I have a most beautiful view of the river, and in watching the steamers, going up and down. It helps one pass many happy hours, which otherwise would be lonesome. I have been married sixteen months and have a little girl of six months old; I call her Pansy Elizabeth; and my husband, is of course, one of the best fellows.

Cotton and corn are the chief crops raised here; and I wish that the sisters could come and roam over the cotton fields with me. The fields are one mass of open white cotton, and to our Northern sisters, the sight would be grand!

It seems hard the shut-ins are barred from outdoor pleasures; it brings tears to my eyes, and sometimes I think our "Heavenly Father" is unjust. Some have so much and are in perfect health, and some have nothing, and perhaps, are lying in misery, or maybe are perfectly helpless, sisters, let us help them and bring sunshine into their joyless and stricken lives.

I am five feet three and one half inches tall, weigh one hundred and eight pounds, have black hair, dark blue eyes, and fair complexion, and am eighteen years old.

Will the sisters be so kind as to give me a letter party on the 27th of February, I will answer all letters. I will be glad to hear from each and every one of you, and if any of you have a photograph of yourself, would be pleased to have one to remember you by as a "COMFORT Sister."

Mrs. CHUNIE McNAIR, Island 35, Revere, Tenn.

## DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

My son takes this paper and we both enjoy it very much. We think the stories are fine, but I feel most interested in this department as it seems more real. And then, too, there are many good suggestions in the sisters' letters which I appreciate very much, and all seem so friendly I sometimes read the letters over two or three times.

When I think of those who cannot read and write, and realize how narrow this world must be to them, words cannot express my feelings in regard to the gratitude we should feel who have an education, even though it may be limited, and I truly sympathize with the poor shut-ins and hope they all have good patient friends to care for them and above all would commend them to Him who said not a sparrow falls to the ground without the notice of God. "Fear ye not, therefore ye are of more value than many sparrows." I am quite a lover of poetry and have written several poems myself. I will close my letter by adding the Twenty-third Psalm.

The Lord my shepherd is,

Want I shall never know,  
He maketh me a bed of down,  
Clean as the spotless snow.

He leadeth me beside  
Still waters pure and sweet,  
My weary soul he does restore,  
And guides my wandering feet.

In paths of righteousness  
For His name's sake alone,  
His love and tender mercy does  
For my defects atone.

Though through the vale of death I walk,  
No evil will I fear,  
Thy rod and staff they comfort me,  
For Thou Thyself art near.

A table thou preparest me  
And no good thing deny,  
Regardless of mine enemies,  
Thou dost my wants supply.

My head with oil thou dost anoint,  
My cup with blessings overflow,  
Goodness and mercy shall be mine,  
Thy presence I shall ever know.

Mrs. K. M. GRIBBLE, Keytesville, Missouri.

## DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Here I come with a timid knock, as I'm not sure you will let me in, being a colored woman, I perhaps am "not in it." I was twenty-eight years of age on the first of last December. I am four feet, eight inches, weigh about one hundred and fifteen pounds, dark complexion with beautiful black hair, the latter I'm proud to say is admired by all, on account of its beauty, for one so dark. Dear COMFORT Sisters! (may I call you so?) some of you don't mind having a colored sister do you?

Well, I won't mind if you'll just call me "Our COMFORT SERVANT." I'll be satisfied if you'll just let me in. I have surely been a servant of COMFORT for the last twelve or thirteen years. I can remember when I was about fourteen years old, I won a book as a prize in a contest for painting little water color pictures. COMFORT is growing more and more interesting each year.

I will now tell you of myself and little family. I have three dear little ones. A boy of five, a sweet little girl of three the baby boy fifteen months old. I love them dearly (as all mothers should), although we are very poor, and much of my time is spent in sewing (very often until midnight), they are sometimes neglected. The colored people here have a hard time to live, as the wages are low. For instance, my husband works in the ice mill all summer long from twelve to twelve, at \$1.00 a day. And in the oil-mill all winter the same, half the day and half the night, at \$1.25 a day. This winter they are paying him \$1.40 as they have a new superintendent. Dear sisters you will wonder how we manage to keep the wolf from the door! I help a little by taking in plain sewing which is done mostly at night, after the little ones are in bed, but it's ruining my eyesight, but still I don't stop, silly on my part, you will say, but we're in need. If some of the kind sisters will be good enough to send me old clothes and shoes for my little ones, for the winter. I will be thankful and the Lord will bless them. I don't think what you have is not fit to send. I do wish I was near you all, to give you each a help with your sewing, which I know you greatly need, as winter is here. Write me an encouraging letter, I will appreciate it. I will come again if you wish to hear from your COMFORT servant, M. F. JACQUET, Lafayette, La.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)



# A SPECKLED BIRD

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By Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Eberty Maurice, a Confederate general, dies, leaving a wife and daughter, Marcia, and upon her the mother centers all her love and devotion. At seventeen, Marcia meets Allison Kent, a lover of forty, handsome, debonaire and witty. There is a clandestine marriage. Mrs. Maurice goes to her child's room to kiss her good night, and finds a farewell letter praying for forgiveness. The mother returns the letter and across it she writes: "My only hope is that God will take me out of the world before I see the face of the child who has disgraced the memory of her father and the name of her mother."

Mrs. Maurice is called from Europe by the death of her over-see, Robert Mitchell, whose wife, Eliza, is sheltered by Mrs. Maurice. Loving Marcia, Eliza intercedes with a letter. It is returned unopened. Dr. Eggleston and Bishop Vivian plead for Marcia. The latter gives Mrs. Maurice a letter. Marcia is dying, and she asks the mother to be merciful. Mrs. Maurice writes the word, "Come."

A boy, her dead first born, is laid in Eliza Mitchell's arms. Marcia Kent is brought home. Three days later she dies in her mother's arms, and whispers, "If my baby lives, keep her for my sake," and Eliza Kent is given to the care of the foster-mother, Eliza.

Noel Herriott visits Mrs. Maurice and brings papers announcing Judge Kent's marriage to his stepmother, Mrs. Nina Herriott, and that Mrs. Maurice realizes that Eliza is Marcia's baby. She wants to comfort her. It is too late. Noel Herriott will be friendly with Eliza. She only wants her father.

Mrs. Maurice leaves instructions for Eliza's future care. Eliza is awakened from a sound sleep by Eliza. She hears her grandmother call "Egbert" "Marcia." They enter the memorial chamber where Mrs. Maurice sits in the silence that death consecrates.

Eliza guards Eliza and believes that the soul created for her baby boy who never breathed is living in Eliza. Two years later Mrs. Kent is suddenly killed. "Father," Temple, cousin to Judge Kent, invites Noel Herriott to Calvary House and inspects the seed he sows in the lovely home he gives. He inquires of Eliza and her religious tendencies. Noel advises him to let the child pick her own way to peace.

The rector of St. Hyacinth is called away and Father Temple explains his presence. He is unconscious that Eliza witnesses a scene near the altar. Leighton Dane, a boy soloist, held spellbound by Father Temple's magnetic voice, asks if he may learn the words he speaks. He will set them to a chant. The boy passes two hyacinths to the father, who reproaches him for touching sacred gifts. The boy admits he brings them. God can spare two. A tear follows.

Eliza recognizes in a cash boy the soloist of St. Hyacinth's, and how pale he looks. His mother, Mrs. Nona Dane, has the glove counter at — Fourteenth St. Going out Eliza presses a folded bill in the boy's hand.

Noel and Eliza drive to a department store. It is easy to discover the center of attraction. Eliza makes the desired purchase. It is part of the business to fit the gloves, but the woman's repellent bearing proclaims all intercourse is restricted to the business of the counter, and the wish to mention the chorister of St. Hyacinth's is extinguished. Noel learns Mrs. Dane's history. She drifts from the far West to Brooklyn and finds employment, from which she is dismissed on an unjust charge. She is an avowed socialist of the extreme type.

A note is left and the menace to Judge Kent's peace of mind is discovered. He requests Eliza not to grieve Eliza about his sudden illness. Eliza discovers the identity of Ely Twigg. Noel Herriott offers to Eliza the unshared love of his life. She trusts and admires him but will marry no one. Noel Herriott shows Father Temple drawings. He is deeply affected, and the hour of his humiliation comes when he tells the sad story of his life—his marriage through a minor, and before he can publicly claim his wife she disappears.

Noel Herriott calls to see Leighton Dane. His mother refuses. Can he see her. Leighton, hearing his voice, pleads. Noel asks to take the boy to ride—will she accompany them.

## CHAPTER X. (CONTINUED.)

HER blue eyes glittered and her lips straightened their curves.

"Most certainly not."

"Pardon me, madam; my interest in your child—"

"Does not justify a man of your position in taking a 'department store saleswoman' to drive on Sunday through public places."

"Perhaps you are right. I shall efface myself promptly; and you and Leighton can keep the carriage as long as you like."

"Such favors I accept from no man."

She put her hand on the child's shining curls, and a world of tenderness glorified her velvet eyes.

"Not even for my very own baby could I incur such an obligation."

"Smell them, mother—like spice! Don't they make you think of the carnation garden in San Francisco, where Uncle Dane used to carry us?"

"How long ago was that, Leighton?" asked Mr. Herriott, watching the woman's face.

"Oh, it was when I was a little chap and wore frocks."

"Were you born in San Francisco?"

"No. He was born in — Territory."

"Mrs. Dane, can you tell me what became of the artist Belmont?"

"Why do you ask me that question?"

"In order to get an answer. He painted your face for his 'Aurora,' and the picture was photographed."

"Yes; I needed money, and Mr. Dane permitted him to come to our house for the sittings. That was my first and last experience as a model."

"I have met you before."

She straightened herself, and answered defiantly:

"Probably I have sold you gloves, or socks, or handkerchiefs—certainly not the right to meddle with my personal affairs."

"I went with a San Francisco friend to see a night school for women, which his mother had established. You were there."

"Yes, I was there two winters. Now, sir, have you a police badge hidden inside your coat? Are you playing reporter—disguised as a benevolent gentleman—hunting up the details of last night's meeting and riot at Newark? You know, of course, that I made a speech there?"

"Indeed? I had imagined you sat up all night with your sick boy."

"There is a strike on down there, and I spoke against arbitrating labor grievances, and against the ghastly sham of getting the rights of the poor from a picked judge and a packed jury. Bombs and boycott make the best mill for grinding out justice to starving, over-worked men and women."

"How long have you been an 'anarchist,' or perhaps you prefer the term 'socialist'?"

"From the day I was sixteen years old, and learned how rich men trample and betray and despise and insult the ignorant, helpless poor."

"It must have been a terribly cruel grievance that transformed into a fury one who was intended for a loving, gentle woman."

She laughed, and her beautiful teeth took hold of the glowing under lip.

"Grievance? We all have one—we are simply born to suffer, as to breathe—but the unendurable and unendurable comes from the grasping, murderous, fiendish selfishness of rich men. You have been so kind to my boy. I have tried hard to believe genuine benevolence—what you are pleased to call 'Christian philanthropy'—inspired your visits to him during my absence, but you are all alike—you gilded society sultans—and you come here with some cowardly design carefully smothered under flowers, fruit, and candy. So, Leighton, make the most of today, for we will see no more of your Mr. Herriott."

"Madam, I shall be as frank as you have shown yourself. There is one woman in this world whose wishes rule me absolutely, and because she requested me to see your child now and then, I have come several times, until my sympathetic interest equals hers. With your career in New York I am acquainted. For your radical views and utterances I have neither respect nor toleration, yet, if you will permit me to

explain, there are reasons that lead me to believe I can do you a very great service."

"I am not in need of service from any man. Your formula has not even the ring of originality; I have heard such sickening reiterations of it from false, bearded lips."

"That you have been a cruelly wronged woman I feel assured, but I am equally certain that your worst enemy was no man—was one of your own sex. For your own sake, will you answer two questions?"

"For my own sake, I distinctly refuse to be cathechized by impertinent strangers."

"Oh, mother, please mother! He has been so good to me, how could he mean harm to you? Don't worry her, Mr. Herriott. She can't abide men; they fret her, and she hates them—unless they are starved and ragged. Please let her alone, and look at my doves. They come for the crumbs on the window-sill. See! Here is a new one, pure white. Mother, scatter some bread on the sheet and they will come in."

She sprinkled some scraps of cake close to his pillow, and, after a little coy skirmishing, the pigeons fluttered in to the feast; but just then a spell of coughing shook the fragile form on the cot, and with a flash and whirr the flock vanished. Mrs. Dane lifted the boy and fanned him, wiping away the moisture that beaded his clustering curls, and Mr. Herriott piled the pillows and cushions behind his shaking shoulders. When the paroxysm ended, and Leighton lay wan and spent, the visitor leaned over him.

"I should like to do several things for you, but your mother will not permit me. Miss Kent wishes you to know she remembers you with interest, and hopes to hear you sing again. The stranger who preached at St. Hyacinth's has not forgotten the poem he promised you, and will bring it soon. I saw him last night. Now, I must say good by for today. Don't try to speak, I understand everything."

Silently Mrs. Dane followed him to the door. Behind the threshold, he turned and lowered his voice.

"A sea voyage is the only thing that will prolong his life. With your consent, it can be arranged at once."

She shook her head.

"Madam, I find I must revise my ideals of maternal devotion. You punish your innocent child

with his girl-mother to fight for him against this cruel world! And now if I lose him, if my all is taken away from me—"

She wrung her hands, and the blanched face was upturned as if challenging her God.

"Madam, I understand fully, and I intend to help your boy; but be sure I shall visit him when you are absent. Tell him I shall come, with your consent, while he is alone; and some day I think you will trust me, even despite the fact that I happen to have money. Good by."

He held out his hand, but she seemed not to see it, and as she turned and walked wearily up the steps he went down to his carriage.

## CHAPTER XI.

## EGLAH'S BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.

"Miss Kent, it is quite evident that you do not approve of us."

"Will you be so kind as to explain to whom 'us' refers?"

"Our great social world, including government, congressional and diplomatic circles, club life, and all that 'progress' stands for. Instead of moving abreast with the 'advance' current, you have drifted aside into an eddy as contracted, as pitifully narrow as—pardon me, we emancipated new women dare now to speak the brazen truth—as narrow as the hands and feet you Southerners boast as sign of aristocratic blood."

Eglah lifted her gray-gloved hand, examined its outlines critically, and placed it within a few inches of the broad, thick palm which Ethelberta Higginbottom had laid on her own lap as she sat in the gallery of the Senate chamber.

"Thank you very much, Miss Higginbottom. It is traditional in my family to admire slender fingers, but we are not so intolerant as to deny others the privilege of occupying as much space as their digits can cover, and we never brand people as absolutely disreputable because they wear number six shoes and number seven-and-a-half gloves. If degrees of latitude determine the height of insteps, what manifest injustice has been meted out to longitudinal lines that you Westerners so proudly claim? Probably you have forgotten that my father is from New England, and he owns a silver caddy—two hundred years



"PARDON ME, MADAM; MY INTEREST IN YOUR CHILD—"

for the sins of those who bled your youth? You harangue a rabble in favor of 'justice' and deny it to a dying boy."

She caught her breath, leaned against the wall, and covered her face with her hands. When he saw it again the color had ebbed, the lovely eyes were darkened by unshed tears, and the lips were beyond her control.

"My baby—my fatherless little one! Ever since he was born I have struggled so hard to keep his mother's name clean—his mother's name, all he had—clean and beyond reproach! Do you suppose that now, at the last, I would put myself under obligation to a rich man? I may die pauper, he and I, but when we go to the Potter's Field—the only undisputed land labor can claim—we go free, honest, and unblemished, and if there was a God, I could hold up my baby and demand why He had cursed us both in our innocence."

"I am sorry that the circumstances coloring your life destroyed every vestige of confidence in man's honor, yet I have no alternative but to accept your decision, and I wish you good morning."

He lifted his hat, and had gone half way down the stairs, when she followed and touched his sleeve.

"I did not thank you for much goodness to my child, but I do want to say I am not ungrateful; only I have had so little to be thankful for, I don't quite know how to phrase gratitude. The world has been so hard to me I am suspicious of every rich man in your social circle. You see, my face has handicapped me always."

She set her teeth and struck one palm resentfully against her cheek, and the passionate, pent-up cry of years of suffering broke through the next words.

"Yes, my face has been my curse, and it was the steel trap that snapped chains on me when I was only a child. Kindness to my Leighton was the one thing that touches what is left of my heart; and how do you suppose I can bear now to listen to his sobbing yonder, because he thinks I have rudely driven you away? Oh, my pretty baby! My own beautiful little one! Cast out,

old—that was empty at one time because 'fish drink tea in Boston harbor.'"

"Oh, but your mother was Southern and you represent not heredity, but heredity, a sociological factor of immense potency, which must be reckoned with, let me tell you, in the near future, when women full emancipated, come to enjoyment of all the rights so long withheld from them. Then mothers, and not fathers will wield the destiny of this great country; and already female colleges are fast spreading the blessed gospel of free and equal rights. Last week someone asserted that you were a graduate of—"

College, but I contradicted it flatly, as impossible and absurd."

"I am sorry I do my dear Alma Mater such lamentable discredit; but, unfortunately, we were not taught to wear our diplomas on our hats as advertisements of scholarship."

"You certainly amaze me!"

"Perhaps you will excuse my frankness in assuring you that sensation at least is mutual."

"With your educational advantages, to lock up your mind in a stockade of provincialism! De-sectarianize yourself!"

"May I ask whether you spell your last verb with an x or a ct? I should prefer first to ascertain which process is demanded of me."

"Your Southern bigotry is a millstone around your neck. The very word 'emancipation' is a red rag to old slaveholders and their progeny. You never can forgive us for breaking the shackles of groaning millions held in bondage."

Eglah laughed.

"Pardon me, but it certainly is ludicrous that one possessing your 'broad culture and desecralized' horizon of thought should really believe in that old worn-out 'raw-head and bloody-bones' figure of speech which has done duty so long. It is applied to decent inhumanity where all disreputable scariness ceases from troubling. We Southern people no more want our negroes back as slaves than you desire the return of hordes of Indians whom you so completely dispossessed of their native lands in your 'wild and rapacious West,' and whom a 'white, fatherly' government is rapidly reducing to extinction by its beneficent

agencies. The white South is 'emancipated' from the moral responsibility of elevating the black race now so happy in 'national' tutelage, where their guardians taught them the system of book-keeping and all the subtle processes of the 'Freedmen's Bureau.'"

"How lonely you must feel in Washington. You have no more regard for the rights of your own sex than for—"

She stammered and coughed.

"Indeed, I have the most affectionate and jealous regard for every right that inheres in my dower of American womanhood. I claim and enjoy the right to be as cultured, as learned, as useful, and—if you please—as ornamental, in society and at home as my individual limitations will permit. I have no wrongs, no grievances, no crying need to usurp lines of work that will break down the barriers God set between men and women. I am not in rebellion against legal statutes, nor the canons of well-established decency and refinement in feminine usage, and, finally, I am so inordinately proud of being a well-born Southern woman, with a full compliment of honorable great-grandfathers and blue-blooded, stainless great-grandmothers, that I have neither pretext nor inclination to revolt against mankind."

"Miss Kent, you have rather pretty eyes, but you are so steeped in Southern—what do you call it—sweet idleness, or semi-stagnation of soul that you are too lazy to open them wide enough to see the thrilling vista of woman's triumph that illumines—"

"Thank you; my much flattered eyes are sufficiently open at this moment to perceive the behavior of that nondescript creature in feminine garments who is flirting so undisguisedly with Senator Smallweed yonder, on your right; one of the early emancipated—an advanced lobbyist."

"You mean that piquant, charming little Mrs. Morrison? Dear soul! She is a pathetically tragic object-lesson. Had to get a divorce from a brutal husband and become a bread-winner. Why should not women lobby? They are so nimble witted, nature fitted them admirably for such work."

"And gave them the adroitly nimble fingers to fit the pockets they pick."

"That is some cowardly man's cruel slander. My creed is always to defend my own sex; it is only, Christian charity and genuine feminine justice."

"Provided it be not merely lax morality. Sometimes the distinction is not clear to very 'advanced,' zealous people."

"At least your father does not share your narrow harshness. He and Mrs. Morrison are quite 'chummy,' and I happen to know he sees her often."

"How could he avoid it? Shoals of sharks swim in Washington and since your friend belongs to the 'emancipated' variety, doubtless she indulges an 'elective affinity' for the largest senatorial prey in sight, and hungrily shadows him. Yesterday that 'Bison Head' bill she is working for came to grief in committee, and will be buried today. Even sharks occasionally miss a meal."

"Oh, you are not up to date! Before the decision was announced one of the committee weakened, asked for reconsideration; another hurried meeting was held last night, and the bill will not be reported this session. Not killed you understand, just tenderly pigeon-holed, securely wrapped up in parliamentary camphor to scare away opposition moths, and 'allowed to sleep while its pretty guardian angel has another session in which to smooth the way for its final passage.'"

At this moment a messenger boy brought a note to Miss Higginbottom, and Eglah rose.

"You do not suspect who the weakening member was?"

"If I cared to ask, I dare say your fair divorcee friend would be able to enlighten me, but the petty political schemes engineered by lobbyists do not interest me."

"One moment, Miss Kent. You not come to my musicale. I have only one night left. We entertain a few friends tomorrow night in honor of a famous Western woman, who will lecture next season on 'Civic Problems,' for the purpose of raising money to build a vast, up-to-date club temple, where women can proclaim their views on female right to suffrage and expansion. May I have the pleasure of presenting you?"

"You are very kind, Miss Higginbottom, but as we leave Washington at the end of the week, I regret that I shall not have time for any new engagements. I pray accept my thanks for several courtesies."

"I used to wonder why you are so unpopular, but it soon ceased to be a mystery, and it will be no sacrifice to you to give up Washington. In retiring from public life. When Senator Kent formally resigns—as is the burden of a little bird's song that utters no false notes—he will, doubtless, consign you to a more congenial circle of friends."

"In saying good by, I shall find some solace in the assurance that at least you will not mourn inconsolably because of my final departure. Please present my best wishes to Mrs. Higginbottom, who has shown me much kindness, and whom I may not be able to see again. Good by."

She stood a few seconds, smiling mischievously into the florid face of the large-featured woman of most certain age, whose light-yellow eyes flashed back unmistakable malice, then, amid the roar of applause that greeted the peroration of a white-haired senator in the chamber below, she quietly stole out of the Capitol, and sought a favorite corner of the Smithsonian grounds.

Walking slowly, she asked in a spirit of self-chastisement why she had allowed waspish stings to provoke a retaliatory tone, at variance with that cool repose of well-bred urbanity and imperturbable courtesy on which she prided herself; and was not the condescension of retort an unladylike and mortifying weakness?

Now and then come radiant days when a noon sun shines hot, and no faintest film decks the stainless blue, yet one grows vaguely conscious of waning brightness, and gradually the horizon blanches to a deadly gray, while leaden clouds creep into view like spectral fingers of some vast hand groping across the sky to smother the sun. Shadows projected by the invisible, unweirded nature that fearlessly face tangible, well-defined danger, as the shallow, weird light preceding an eclipse is more menacing than its total darkness, where friendly stars still shine."

For Eglah, the clock of fate had begun to chime the fateful hour which Mrs. Maurice had known would inevitably overtake her, and the preliminary whirling of the hidden cogs had found her unprepared. Blind faith in her father's sagacity, political steadfastness, and incorruptibility, had built a pedestal from which she smiled down benignantly upon her, making life a festival; but when the needle of doubt pricked the fine veil love spun across her vision, and she dared allow herself to question, a shivering and nameless dread shook her happy young heart, as unexpectedly blighting as a shower of sleet on an August passion-flower. When Jove nods his worship wanes.

Since the night of the cotillon, several inexplicable circumstances, comparatively slight yet cumulative had perplexed this fond and loyal daughter, who began to find the maze of Senator Kent's political methods too tortuous for her exploration.

Startled by his abrupt reversal of judgment on more than one important question involving party allegiance, she had sought an explanation, which he laughingly evaded, and when she pressed the matter, his avoidance was marked by an irritability of speech and gesture hitherto unknown in the domestic circle. The undisguised graciousness of his demeanor toward Mrs. Morrison had surprised and annoyed her, and she was painfully

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.)



# Lady Isabel's Daughter

## or,

# For Her Mother's Sin

### A Sequel to "East Lynne"

By Mrs. Henry Wood

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#### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The mysterious tenant of Leith Abbey is a daughter of Mr. Archibald Carlyle with his first wife, Lady Isabel Vane. Lady Lucy is accompanied by Joyce Halliwell who asks Lady Lucy if she is counting the hours before her father arrives. She turns a vexed look. She is eighteen years of age, it's cruel for her papa to pen her up when other girls mingle in society. She is christened Isabel Carlyle, and is to be called "Isabel." It takes Joyce back to sad times. Lady Isabel fails to understand why she cannot speak to her papa about mamma when he overcomes his grief to marry another. If you and papa refuse to explain there are those who will. A servant announces Mr. Carlyle and a turning point for Lady Isabel arrives. Emma, Countess of Mount Severn, tells her daughter Rosamond her sad miserable story. The Earl of Mount Severn, William Vane is forced to part with East Lynne. Mr. Archibald Carlyle becomes owner. William Vane dies and his brother Raymond Vane becomes Earl of Mount Severn. Isabel, daughter of Archibald Carlyle, after her mother's death is placed under the care of Emma, wife of Raymond Vane. She plunges deep into the life she loves. Among her admirers is Captain Francis Levison. The presence of the girl fetters her freedom. Captain Levison wins the heart of Isabel. Her aunt, jealous, makes life unendurable and convinces her of Levison's doubtful honor. Archibald Carlyle appears upon the scene and marries Isabel. William Vane returns. He goes to East Lynne and learns the story from Archibald Carlyle's own lips. Three children bless the union. Before his marriage, Archibald Carlyle is attentive to Barbara Hare. Lady Isabel becomes jealous. Captain Levison visits East Lynne and fires her imagination by lies; she elopes with him. He promises marriage as soon as a divorce is secured from Archibald Carlyle. Becoming Sir Francis Levison he wears of his toy and the report is given that she dies in a railroad accident. She lives crushed and disgraced. Archibald Carlyle marries Barbara Hare. A governess is needed and Lady Isabel in the guise of Madame Vine, is secured. She reveals herself to Archibald Carlyle and dies of a broken heart. Leith Abbey is alive with gaiety. The Earl of Mount Severn appears and bids his wife dismiss her guests. He confronts her with secrets disclosed by Lady Isabel's death and refuses to exchange one word with her. He gives his daughter, a girl of eight, the right to choose between her father and mother. For seventeen years the countess is a prisoner. She exacts an oath of her daughter that she work Isabel Carlyle's ruin. Rosamond promises to blight her every hope in life.

Lady Lucy asks her father to give her the name of her dead mother. With his last breath the Earl of Mount Severn requests that Isabel never recognize Lady Emma Mount Severn. She is announced and Isabel declares she will see her.

The Earl of Beresford insists in seeking a woman he does not know. His yacht is under orders to sail. The countess declares he brings no bride not his equal in birth and culture. The countess and her son prepare for the Grace of Arleigh's drawing-room. The countess schemes with the earl's valet to make the yacht unseaworthy. The valet brings a sign. The earl finds the mysterious stranger, Lady Isabel Carlyle. The Countess of Mount Severn is responsible for her.

Lady Rosamond meets Mr. Carlyle and implores him to help, save and forgive her. His daughter shall never learn from the lips of a Mount Severn Lady Isabel's terrible death. Lady Rosamond's mother is beyond speech, paralyzed. Lady Isabel meets Lady Rosamond Vane, the Countess of Mount Severn. Her Grace, the Duchess of Arleigh, consents to bring out Lady Rosamond and Isabel. Joyce says every girl meets her destiny the night she enters the world. Lady Rosamond looks with a queer little smile at Isabel. "Is there a certain 'he' in the world?" she asks. Isabel has never spoken to him, never heard his voice. Rowing up the stream, a yacht glides by and Isabel sees a face leaning over the rail. The memory haunts her and she hopes to look on it again. Rosamond thinks it odd that she, too, should meet her ideal in a strange manner. Isabel meets Annette, Rosamond's maid, and in after days knows why she repels her.

#### CHAPTER VI. (CONTINUED).

**M**EANWHILE the days of waiting passed pleasantly by. Orders flashed down the wires to London and went over the channel to France; milliners and mantua-makers and jewelers hurried and scurried and bustled until their eyes ached over velvet and satin and flashing jewels; boxes and trunks poured into Leith Abbey as though there had been a regiment to equip instead of two fair ladies, and in all this whirlwind of preparation the day for Mr. Carlyle's appearance slipped around before they knew it.

He came at noon on the twenty-seventh, but Lady Rosamond was in a terrible plight. "Only imagine how very perplexing!" she pouted, as they discussed the coming events over the crystal and silver of the lunch table. "Here we are to start by the first train tomorrow, and Annette must needs be taken sick on the very eve of our departure."

"And pray who may 'Annette' be, Rosamond?" queried Mr. Carlyle, paring the velvet from a luscious apricot.

"She's a twin sister to Sycorax, papa!" answered Isabel with a silvery laugh. "Joyce calls her a walking nightmare!"

"Joyce is very unkind, then," murmured my lady, sweetly. "Annette is my tirewoman, guardy. A poor old Spaniard, whose wonderful taste in the matter of dresses may teach Isabel to find her as needful as I have. I had depended on taking her with me tomorrow, but she fell sick this morning."

"She was well enough at breakfast-time," interpolated Isabel, but my lady pretended not to hear.

"Her Grace, the Duchess, will probably spare me one of her many maids until Annette arrives," she went on. "We have until the ninth of August before we make our debut, and the poor old soul promises to follow me directly she is able to leave her bed."

The subject was dropped then, and it never after occurred to Isabel that Annette found herself unable to rejoin her mistress until Mr. Carlyle had returned to East Lynne, or that each time he visited her my lady's tirewoman was indisposed and rigidly kept the seclusion of her own room. If she ever gave these fits

of indisposition a moment's thought, she recollected that Annette Varnelli was an old woman, and age and infirmity went hand in hand.

On the morrow the Carlyle equipage drove the party from Leith to the St. Bynos depot where they took the train for Devonshire, and Joyce Halliwell and Archibald Carlyle watching the beautiful dark girl, who sat by my lady's side and talked with a child's rapture over the coming event never dreamed that Isabel Carlyle was going headlong to a terrible doom.

Through a gorgeous July sunset the train rushed into the Leighton depot, and the carriage of her Grace of Arleigh stood waiting to convey them to Arleigh Towers.

The duchess received them with open arms. My lady's glorious golden loveliness charmed and surprised her, but in her secret heart she knew it was no match to the superb, dark beauty of the solicitor's daughter, who was by turns a very queen in her regal pride, and a child in her artless innocence.

"They will make a *furor*, the one is such a splendid foil for the other!" she said, that night in confidence to his grace the duke. "I should not wonder if that imperious, dark girl became the rage at once. She is far lovelier than the young countess. Still, Lady Mount Severn has birth, you know, and could not bring out a nobody. Our set is exclusive."

"And ten to one, your dark nobody will make a far more brilliant match than Lady Rosamond with all the dead-and-gone Mount Severns at her back," returned his grace with a laugh. "You will keep them in semi-seclusion until the night of the ninth, I presume. Agatha, so a fellow couldn't invite a half

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### THE CROSSED PATH.

There never was such a triumph as the debut of Miss Carlyle and Rosamond, Countess of Mount Severn, and to the day of her death the Duchess of Arleigh liked to remember the *furor* they created. People were charmed by my lady's delicate blonde loveliness, but they raved and went wild over the dark-eyed, dark-haired daughter of the country solicitor, who moved among them a very queen in her regal pride and her warm Southern beauty, and carried their hearts by storm.

Lady Rosamond had chosen black and silver for her costume—a flowing robe of rich silk with an over-dress of point-lace looped up with lilies and silver wheat. She wore the great Mount Severn diamonds on her throat and arms, and in the golden meshes of her abundant hair. She was a fitting foil for the tall, stately brunette who wore maize moire embroidered in golden passion flowers under a drapery of glittering golden tissue and rich, black lace. Topazes and blood-red roses looped the diaphanous folds in graceful festoons, topazes smoldered like golden eyes on her beautiful throat and arms, and gemmed the dark abundance of her perfumed hair, and:

"She moved a goddess in a court of queens!"

My lady watched her as she stood by the doors of the grand conservatory, holding court like a lady "to the purple born," and watching her chance glided to her side and murmured behind her jeweled fan:

"What of the 'ideal' Isabel? Has Joyce's prediction come to pass? Have you met your destiny tonight?"

Isabel looked up with a half-sad smile.

"No," she answered, softly. "He is not here, Rosamond. There is no face half so noble as his in the Duchess of Arleigh's drawing-rooms tonight."

My lady had just opened her lips to make some half-laughing reply, when Isabel's countless admirers flocked about her again, and the Viscount Grenoble forced his way to her side.

"The duchess has been telling us how well you sing, Miss Carlyle," he said, smilingly, "and I am the chosen envoy of a hundred eager gentlemen. Will you sing us one little ballad?"

Isabel flashed him a sunny glance.

"I should be most happy, my lord, but they are forming for the 'Lanciers,' and I am

"He is coming, my own, my sweet—  
Were it ever so airy a tread,  
My heart would hear it and beat  
Were it earth in an earthy bed!  
My dust would hear him and beat  
Had I lain for a century dead;  
Would start and tremble under his feet  
And blossom in purple and red!"

A murmur of delight ran down the crowded rooms as the last dreamy note died out, and with a sweet, blushing face, Isabel arose; and there was not a man in all that splendid patrician gathering, who would not have given his title and his wealth to have been "the fate" of the proud, dark girl who stood there in the shining lights with her soul looking out of her eyes.

The sets were reformed for the "Lanciers" but Isabel smilingly excused herself to his grace when he came to claim her hand for the dance, and his grace courteously accepted his fate.

The dance went on. My lady stood by Isabel's side before the doors of the conservatory, and a tempest of envy filled her revengeful heart.

The footman had announced some newcomers; the duchess had gone forward to meet them, trailing her "gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls" across the dazzling drawing-room, and the two *debutantes* were for an instant free from all attention.

"You sang gloriously," murmured Lady Rosamond, tapping Isabel with the pearl sticks of her fan. "Who knows but your 'fate' may hear the appeal and come to you now. You have made a brilliant *debut*, Isabel. You will have an hundred offers in the next month. Be careful and choose the man who has the grandest title and the most noble name. Let us go! The Earl of Penraven is approaching to claim me for the next waltz."

She turned as she ceased speaking and made a movement to glide away, but the voice of her grace the duchess, stayed her.

"Miss Carlyle, permit me to present the Earl of Beresford," proclaimed the duchess, smooth, soft voice, and my lady stopped immediately and looked around.

It was but a brief glance, but the picture Lady Rosamond Mount Severn saw at that moment she never forgot in life.

Isabel had uttered a faint cry of rapture and started back with a lovely blush. Lord Beresford had forsaken his proud mother, and sprung forward with hand extended and his heart shining out of his eyes, and with a gasp of surprise Lady Rosamond crushed the pearl sticks of her fan and let it drop from her clenched fingers, broken and utterly ruined.

"It is he!" she uttered in a dull, thick voice. "It is the face I saw in the London crowd—the first, the only face that ever touched my heart."

"Rosamond, my love, permit me," broke in the duchess leading her forward. "My other *debutante*, Lord Lionel, The Countess of Mount Severn, Lord Beresford of Ravenswood Court."

A faint blush suffused my lady's beautiful marble mask, and her blue eyes fell. Lord Beresford bowed, and murmured a few polite words, and when she looked up again, he had turned his back to Rosamond with the look of a man whose life-hope had come home to him.

"I believe I have had the pleasure of seeing Miss Carlyle before," he said, in a rich musical voice. "She may not remember it but we looked into each other's faces some four months ago."

"Impossible my lord," ventured the duchess, with a faint little laugh. "You are quite mistaken. Miss Carlyle has lived in the utmost seclusion previous to this night. You may have seen some face resembling hers, but not—"

"I could never make such a mistake," he responded ardently, "and I doubt if there is another such a face. Do you remember it, Miss Carlyle? It was one moon-lit night on the English Channel. I was leaning over the side of my yacht, and you were gliding by in a pleasure-boat. Have you forgotten it, Miss Carlyle? Have you?"

The color was coming and going in Isabel's beautiful dusk face; she lifted her sweet eyes to his, blushed more vividly, and murmured softly.

"No, I have not forgotten the time, Lord Beresford. I recognized you the moment we met."

A mist seemed to rise before Lady Rosamond's eyes, a deadly chill tinged through every nerve, and her lips grew white and dry. Her heart nearly stopped beating.

She heard the clashing music; and the gay laughter of happy hearts, she saw the Earl of Beresford looking his rapture on the blushing face before him, she saw the lovely color coming and going in Isabel's beautiful cheeks, and turning round with shut lips, and lurid eyes, she slipped into the cool bowers of the grand conservatory, and so ran on, until panting, and white and trembling, she paused by a tinkling fountain and leaned against a great bronzed vase.

"She crosses my path in love—she adds this pang to the power of my hatred!" she cried out in a shrill, bitter voice. "I have met him at last—I have met the only man I ever cared for—and he is her ideal! He loves her—loves my deadliest foe—I read it in his glance, I realized it in his words. Oh, Heaven! let me remember that ever, Isabel Carlyle! You have taken my love, you have crossed the sunlight of my life, you have blighted all my hopes, and if there is power in heaven or hell to crush and blight you, I invoke it now!"

She lifted her clenched hand with a tragic gesture as she spoke, her working face looked up through the crystal dome to the starry splendor of the night sky; and thus the prayer was answered:

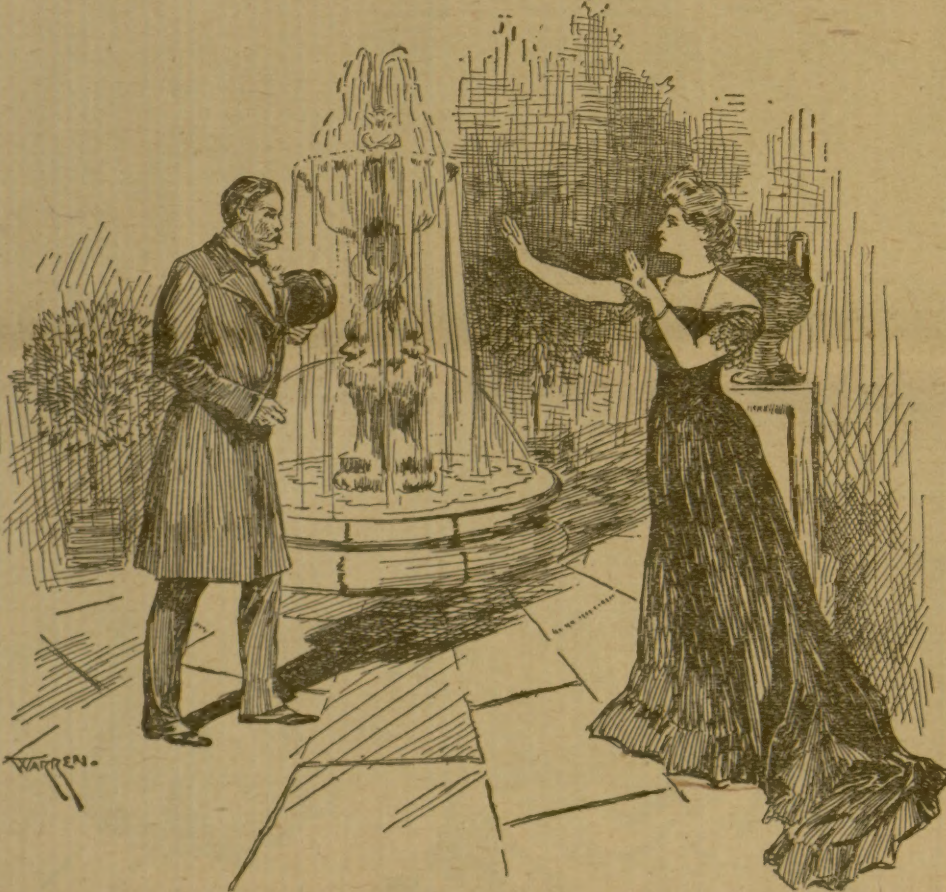
"I am at the Countess of Mount Severn's service!" dropped in a smooth, oily voice, and as Lady Rosamond started and recoiled with a ringing cry, a dark male figure stepped out into the shining lights.

My lady made no reply. She stood stock-still and looked at him with wide, glaring eyes. There was a locket among her mother's treasures that bore a face like this—not as old as this, perhaps, but yet so wonderfully like that, she could not repress the breathless cry:

"Sir Francis Levison!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

If you are not a subscriber, or if your subscription is about to expire send 15 cents for a year's subscription and read the next chapter, "Woman Against Woman," when the Countess of Beresford is pitted against Lady Isabel Carlyle.



"I AM AT THE COUNTESS OF MOUNT SEVERN'S SERVICE!" DROPPED IN A SMOOTH, OILY VOICE.

dozen of our set to a quiet evening before-hand."

The duchess threw up her jeweled hands with a cry of terror.

"Herbert how can you be so absurd, as to think of such a thing!" she said. "The matter is to be a perfect secret. Invitations will be issued simply for the drawing-room and the presence of the young ladies must not even be suspected until then. A pretty mess a social *debut* would be if you blundering men had the management of it."

"And a 'pretty mess' some of those 'blundering men' will be when they walk under fire of those black eyes on the ninth!" responded his grace good naturedly. "Manage it how you like, Agatha, but I'll lay a wager that the best blood in the country will go down like wheat before the sickle when your solicitor's daughter makes her social bow."

"And the countess, what of her?"

"Oh, she'll do as a foil," responded the duke.

"Blonde beauties never stand fire when there's a girl like this little Carlyle to measure weapons with. The countess will be a star, but your country nobody—well, she will be a moon. Agatha! The princess royal never bore herself with more regal grace, and mark my words, she will carry the fashionable world by storm!" Her grace did mark them, and entertained a better respect thereafter for her liege lord's predictions. For, if ever a prophet walked the earth in the nineteenth century, Herbert, Duke of Arleigh, was that man.

So, in a whirl of excitement, the days of waiting slipped away, and Isabel flitted about Arleigh Towers like a brilliant butterfly, unspeakably happy in the threshold of her new life. Her grace's invitations had gone forth; the coming "drawing-room" was the general topic of conversation among the Arleigh set; gardeners and decorators came down from London in whole armies; caterers and mantua-makers interviewed her grace every hour in the day; and in all this whirlwind of preparation, the ninth of August rolled around at last.

engaged to his grace for the set," she answered, sweetly.

"Then his grace must postpone the pleasure," laughingly responded the Viscount. "We'll put the 'Lanciers' off for ten minutes if you will only sing. See, the sets are breaking up already. Dudley Moore has acquainted them of my mission, and if you have any sympathy for suffering humanity, you will let me lead you to the piano."

Isabel smiled and slid her dainty little hand through his arm.

"Far be it for me to add l terness to a cup so sweet as this," she laughed as the Viscount led her over to the instrument and bowed her to her seat.

"What shall it be, my lord? Have you any choice?"

"None that is not yours," he responded politely. "What pleases Miss Carlyle must enchant her friends."

Isabel made no reply to the compliment. Her dainty fingers were already rippling over the keys in a soft, sweet prelude, hush fell over the brilliant gathering, and, presently that rich sweet voice rolled out in perfect harmony.

And they who saw that brilliant beauty sitting there and singing under the shining lights with perfect peace on her flower-like face, never forgot the picture, nor the song she sang that night:

"I said to the rose, 'The brief night goes,

In babble and revel and wine.

Oh, lady-lover, what sights are those,

For one that will never be thine?

But mine, but mine!" so I swear to the rose,

"Fover and ever mine!"

"There has fallen a splendid tear

From the passion-flower at the gate.

He is coming, my king, my dear—

He is coming my love, my fate.

The red rose cries, 'He is near, he is near!'

And the white rose weeps, 'He is late!'

The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear!'

And the lily whispers, 'I wait!'





LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 20 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

## CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

**A** HAPPY NEW YEAR to you all, boys, gals, men, women, children, and all our dumb animals and feathered friends. I just want everyone and everything to be happy in this bright new year.

I wish COMFORT readers would come into our League faster. Why don't you all join us? When you send in your subs, can't you squeeze out that extra five cents for our card and button and League membership? We are rolling on to the 25,000 mark now, and though that is a splendid showing, there ought to be double that number in the C. L. O. C. Won't you each bring in a member this month and roll the total up to 50,000? Only about one in sixty of the COMFORT family has joined this League. I shall never rest satisfied until every member of the COMFORT family wears our badge. I trust all our readers will take this gentle (?) hint and come in and join us.

I trust you all had a Merry Christmas. I can't tell you what sort of a one I had, as I'm writing this on Nov. 1st. Wouldn't that bump you? We have to keep ahead of the game you see. It will be March issue before I can tell you about Christmas.

One thing I am going to do in 1908, and it is this: I won't put a name in our correspondence list unless that name is written with the address and writer's age on a separate slip of paper. Unless these conditions are complied with the slip will be destroyed. This will cut the correspondence list down to a few names, but you will at least know the age of the person you are writing to, and until you know that, letter writing is foolishness and a waste of time. The way things are at present you can't tell whether you are writing to a kid of seven or a grandma of seventy-seven, and that's preposterous. Now do as I tell you please.

Don't send subs to our secretary. You will get them back if you do. Uncle Charlie's Poems can be secured for seven one year's subscriptions to COMFORT at fifteen cents apiece. I'm going to keep on telling you this, until everyone of you has earned this book.

Mrs. Ennis of Narcoossee, Fla., got forty people to join the League in a village that contained only twenty houses. What do you think of that? If one woman (God bless her) can bring in forty members, can't each of you bring in one, or get seven ordinary subscriptions, and earn that book? It is a cinch if you'll try now, as everyone is sending in his or her sub this month. Get busy, and let's see some results.

Scores of cards and buttons mailed to you boys and girls come back to us stamped "Unclaimed" and "Not found". Write your name and address so we can tell who you are, and where you live, without making us stand on our heads trying to guess it. It breaks my heart to see those cards come back, as I know you are crazy to get them, and when you don't get them you scold us, and usually it is your own carelessness that causes the trouble.

Now for the letters.

**BRYANT, IND., Sept. 21, 1907.**  
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:  
Hello old kid! How are you anyway? I could just die loving you if you were here, or I were there. Do come over to this large city, but do not get lost. I will have a swell supper for you.

Say Uncle Charlie, I want to say a little about or against what you said about girls allowing boys to spend more money for their pleasure than they can afford. Now look here Uncle Charlie, did you ever hear of a girl that made fourteen dollars a week that thought she was it, and tried to get in with the swells of the city and spend all she made, and borrow some? No she always saved her money. I think we have more feather-brained idiot boys than girls?

What is man? A foolish baby!  
Vainly strives and fights and frets,  
Demanding all, deserving nothing,  
One small grave is all he gets.

I believe the reason there are so many bad women and girls, is because men all blame a woman for every wrong a man does. I know a boy in this town who takes a girl to so many theaters and he never makes enough to pay his board, and never pays it. Why should you blame the girl? She would be a fool not to go, for if she did not go, some other girl would. Why do boys not be honest and pay their board and not go beyond their means? Very few girls spend all their wages. Why do boys? Say uncle I am manager of a store here. The boss drives a wagon and sells goods all the time, so I have the store all to myself. I sold six cents worth today. What do you think of that? I have everything to sell from a thrashing machine to a needle.

Did you ever chew any Red Devil chewing gum? We keep that, also Yellow Hammer, Green Horn, Royal Blood and Kiss Me Quick. Which do you prefer? Oh, yes I forgot to tell you, I only get three dollars a week for working here. Say Uncle, how old are you? I believe you are just the one for me. I remain your most sincere and loving niece, EMMA WILLIAMS (19,574).

Emma, your breezy bunch of sweetness and affection is before me. You can consider the matter settled, and Billy the Goat and Toby will act as bridesmaids. Maria is making me a "trewso" out of a flour sack and a bed quilt, and if the walking is good I'll arrive for the ceremony sometime in the glad and golden hence. On that "three" per week of yours I think we could live very happily. There wouldn't be much chicken or porter-house steak, but when grub ran short we could fill up with love and kiss-me-quick chewing gum, and I guess that diet would keep us alive for at least a couple of hours. You must do a rushing business in the store, if you can take six cents a day. I don't wonder that you get a big salary when you do a business like that. Do you take all that money in gold or paper currency? Aren't you afraid to be left in the store all alone with a vast sum like that? Sorry I don't agree with you about that boy who takes girls to theaters on his board money.

If I were a girl, and that guy came to me and offered to take me to the theater, I'd say: "Thanks, I don't care to go to theaters on your landlady's money. When you have any money of your own, I may consider your invitation, but I don't care to be seen in company with unprincipled people." That's the way to put the boots to a scallawag of that stripe. The girl who goes to a theater with a boy, knowing full well that the money that buys her seat belongs to someone else, is simply countenancing and abetting a wrong, and she's no better than her escort. A girl makes herself mighty cheap, and shows she's terribly hard up for a companion when she permits an unprincipled cub to take her out and blow in his landlady's money on her. If other girls uphold this sort of thing, don't you Emma sink to their level, and do the same thing. Girls have it in their power to make boys behave, by simply boycotting and ignoring those who are not what they ought to be. Treat bad, drunken, unprincipled people as you would treat a case of smallpox—avoid them, set up your quarantine and keep them out. People treated thus must do one of two things, clean up and be decent or get off the earth. If there is anything in them worth while, they will clean up, and if they are utterly bad, they'll stay bad in spite of all you can do, and they are not worth bothering about. Wrong is a disease as much as smallpox. Fight both.

**GLEN GARDNER, N. J., Sept. 30, 1907.**  
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:  
I received my button and membership card and I thank you very much for sending them. I am proud of them.  
I am seventeen years of age, about five feet tall, weigh one hundred and twenty pounds, have light red hair, and fair complexion. I live in the small town of Glen Gardner, and my occupation is mail carrying, and I am a printer's devil by trade. I carry the mail every day except Sunday, from the post office to the railroad station, a distance of three quarters of a mile each way. I have five trips to make each day on foot. The time I have between the mails, I kill in the printing shop.  
All the cousins write to me, and I will answer. Your strange cousin,  
FRANK S. HAGERMAN (20,371).

Frank, I'm very much worried about a statement that appears in your letter. You say you are a printer's devil, and I don't think you ought to allow anyone in this League, who takes up devilishness as a profession, and from what you say later on in your letter, I gather that you will deserve the terrible name that has been conferred on you. You say: "The time I have between mails, I kill in the printing shop." Are you not ashamed, nay, are you not afraid to thus publicly confess your criminal misdeeds to the world? Who do you kill in this printing shop? Men, women, children, or animals? Don't you know that murder is a crime, and in Jersey, justice is swift, sure and relentless? Frank, don't kill in your spare time. No man has a right to take life. Quit being a printer's devil by trade Frank, for even a printer's devil is not a good profession for a boy, and don't kill in the printing shop, or yours for the hangman's noose, or the electric chair. Cousins plead with Frank to reform and be a good boy.

**COLORADO CITY, COLO., Oct. 2, 1907.**  
DEAR UNCLE:  
I send twenty cents to join the cousins! We have three boys and three girls in our family; I am the youngest, thirteen years old. I was born in Salt Lake City. My next brother seventeen years old, was too; so they call us Mormons sometimes. I weigh ninety-eight pounds; I am a blonde, with hazel eyes. I am now trying to be the biggest of the girls! I was always very little for my age, until the past year. I am in the eighth grade and expect to graduate from the public Grammar School next year. Papa, mamma and I were visiting for six weeks in Mo., mamma's old



COUSIN GUSSIE BEDELL (19),  
Hempstead, Long Island, N. Y.

home! I enjoyed the visit very much, but mamma had a bad attack of asthma and we had to hasten back into Colo. There are many people in Mo. with asthma and I don't see why they don't all come to Colo. and get well! Mamma said she would not take the whole state as a gift if she had to live there, for she could not breathe there. While in Mo. I took drawing lessons; I like to draw and write letters and mamma says I'll be the correspondent of the family! Papa and I are the only ones who like to write letters. I can also write a little on the Remington, but sister Julia keeps books in our furni-

ture store and I will get her to copy my letter for you on the machine. This is a beautiful country. We live at the foot of Pike's Peak and the Rockies. We have many automobiles and motor cycles here, and so many runaway horses. My papa had always noticed these runaways, saying he could fix a line so as to make a runaway horse stop instantly. I have two brothers married, one is a stenographer. I would rather read short stories, complete in one paper! Your inquisitive cousin,  
MARTHA BEYLE.

Martha, your letter was so beautifully typed by sister, it was a pleasure to read it. I'm rather nervous about your living at the foot of Pike's Peak. If Mr. Pike ever moves his feet you'll go kiting. You say you took drawing lessons in Missouri—so did I. I had asthma when I was there, and I couldn't draw my breath properly, and I had lessons in drawing. My drawing lessons were so fruitful of brilliant results that I could draw a smile from everyone who looked at me. The only thing I couldn't learn to draw was a truck. I tried to draw a check on a bank, where I had no account, but couldn't succeed. The authorities then requested me to draw out of town, and I did. I'm such a capital drawer that sometimes I think I would make a big hit holding clothes in a bureau. Tell Sister Julia not to keep too many books in the furniture store. It is not right to turn a furniture store into a library.

**GRAY HORSE, OKLA., Nov. 5, 1907.**  
HELLO THERE! DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:  
I am Hesper 15,891 and I guess the only one in Osage Nation, as I have never seen any letters from here.

Uncle Charlie did you or Billie ever see a genuine Indian? We have some fine specimens here. There are some old squaws here, who are as wide as they are long and some young ones who are regular little dumplings. They are supposed to be perfectly harmless, but if you would let them scalp a chicken or cut the heart from a watermelon, you would change your opinion. The members of the Osage tribe are the richest people in the U. S.

The young bucks mostly dress in citizen's clothing, excepting they wear sateen or silk shirts—seams strapped with bright colored ribbons. I have seen as many as three different colored ribbons on a shirt.

But the old bucks dress in leggings with long ends, which pull up through a belt, with long ends to hang down; one legging goes over the belt behind, and the other one in front. Leggings are trimmed with fringes. They wear a shirt and then wrap their blankets around them. They very seldom wear a hat, but wear a handkerchief tied around their foreheads, a band of fur or some kind of a bead trimmed band.

Sometimes they have their heads shaved on top, only leaving a bunch in the middle standing straight up.

In hot weather I have seen them perfectly nude, and sometimes with just a breech-cloth on. The squaws dress in leggings with short petticoats of broadcloth wrapped around them perfectly plain and open down the side. Wear a shirt same as the men over their skirt, like the Chinaman does, tall on the outside. They always go bareheaded, with hair hanging loose. The men have all kinds of ways of dressing their hair, even braid it in two strands and tie under their chins.

This is a fine farming country, and we raise lots of corn. We are not like our New England cousin, we do not farm on a large scale here. We go right out and farm the terra firma, we get better results.

My brother and I farm a 640 Olka farm. Uncle, tell all the cousins if they want a little excitement to come out here and watch me rope a steer. This is a great cattle country; there are thousands and thousands of cattle here, and girls, lots of handsome cowboys too. I want to tell the cousins I'd be pleased to hear from five hundred of them, most especially the girls.

Ever your nephew,  
WALTER R. HOPKINS.

Walt, yours is one of the most interesting letters I have ever had the pleasure of perusing. Yes, I've seen lots of genuine Indians. We have quite a bunch of COMFORT's literary staff,—the most distinguished of the bunch being your esteemed friend and relative Uncle Charlie. We are all, alas, poor Indians. We do not have the good luck to belong to the distinguished tribe of Dead Brokes. The hot weather dress of the Osage is certainly striking. They wear nearly as much as our society women do, when they get into their ball gowns. I'd certainly like to see the Osage ladies with all their war paint on, but I tell you right here and now that I couldn't stand or sit for petticoats that open down the side, and shirts worn outside instead of in, do not strike me as being the height of aesthetic beauty. I wore mine that way once in a spirit of forgetfulness, and it got me forty-eight hours in the cooler. I am glad you have some fine specimens and maybe you've got some fine specimens too Walt, if you only look around among those petticoated squaws. I should like to see you rope a steer Walt, I've been roped in so many times myself, I know all about the game.

**SULPHURICK, MONROE CO., KY., Oct. 7, 1907.**  
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

COMFORT has fallen into my children's hands and they want me to subscribe and join the League. They have solicited the money, for I am a helpless invalid and have been so all of their lives. My oldest is a bright, engaging boy of twelve, and I have two little girls. These three little children have every bit of work to do and they go to school and work hard. The hardest punishment for me, is to have to sit with folded hands and see those I love do all of my work, while they are so small.

What can I do to lighten their load, and to school them? I feel it is too much for them mentally and physically. My greatest ambition is to educate them above the pale of ignorance. One time, bright laurels decked my brow, as a teacher.

If I were well I could do something—but now! My future is four gloomy walls. I don't think of my deprivations, but those of my children. The enclosed circular shows you how I was deprived of my only chance to get well and be of use to my children, and be happy once more.

I wish I could do something for every sick person on earth. I would like to be "remembered" any way that would bring comfort to these little ones, regardless of myself. I shrink from publicity, but what can I do?  
Yours unfortunately, Mrs. LOUVENIA HOPE.

Mrs. Hope's letter is indeed a sad one. An unsuccessful operation added to her troubles instead of aiding her. Invalidism is very hard when there is no father to earn and support the little ones. Mrs. Hope is a gentle soul, refined and educated. Her devotion to her little ones and their love for her, and the help they render her is touching and beautiful. Roy Hope is the eldest boy, and he is certainly a bright ray of hope to his afflicted mother. You know how to flood this little home with sunshine better than I can tell you. I don't need to plead for them; your hearts are too full of love and sympathy for that. I know you will not forget them.

**CANTON, S. DAK., Sept. 25, 1907.**

DEAR COUSINS:  
I write this letter to ask some cousin living in Colorado to write to me, and tell me if they know of any place in their locality, either in town or in the country, where I could obtain work. I am near eighteen years old, have been doing a man's work for nearly three years, on a ranch in South Dakota, but I have catarrh of the throat so bad that doctors tell me I must go to Colo. or I'll have lung trouble.

I spent nearly all of my summer wages for medicine and it did not do one bit of good. I am almost alone in the world. I have no near relation but my mother, who is an invalid, and I am her only support. Uncle please excuse poor writing and mistakes, for I have had a poor chance for schooling.

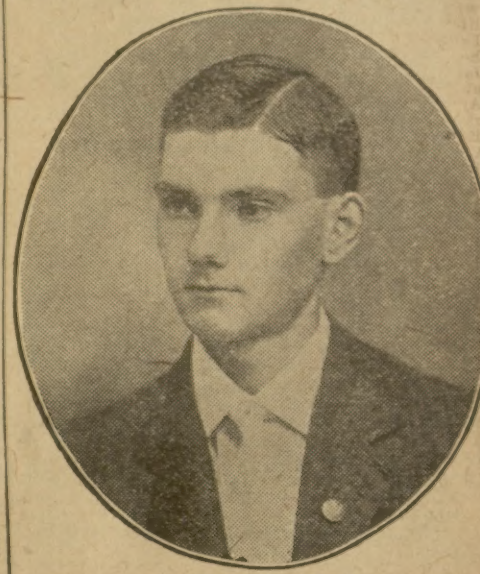
Your nephew, JESSE ROBLEY, Canton, S. Dak.

I shall be very grateful if the Colorado cousins will answer this poor boy's letter. Jesse's picture, which is before me, shows a nice, clean, good-looking manly boy; the kind of a boy who would pitch in and take care of mother, and he's done that ever since he was fifteen. I should think that South Dakota would be as good as Colorado for lung trouble, as it is over 2,000 feet above sea level, but doubtless Canton doctors know best. I am sure Jesse will soon find friends and he deserves them. Jesse, if you will get an atomizer, and spray your throat with a combination of peroxide of hydrogen, listerine and chlorate of potash, you'll be much benefited. This treatment carried me over four acute attacks of tonsillitis last winter.

**WARFORDSBURG, PA., Oct. 21, 1907.**  
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Though those descriptions grow rather monotonous, yet one feels rather better acquainted when one knows something of the general appearance of the writer.

I am eighteen years old, have curly brown hair—almost auburn, weigh one hundred and twenty pounds, have fair complexion and blue eyes.



COUSIN HARRY ATEN,  
Sugarloaf, Pa.

The village, near which I live, is situated in a beautiful little valley, east of the Blue mountains, in the southern extremity of Pa., near the famous Mason and Dixon line.

Our nearest town and railway station is a pretty little country town, of about one thousand inhabitants, situated on the north bank of the Potomac river. I suppose some of the Pennsylvania cousins will readily recognize, in the above described place, the little town of Hancock, Md. This is a very quiet agricultural place and an ideal spot for recreation and nature study.

Some places of historic interest near, are the famous battle-field of Gettysburg, Adams Co., Pa., distinguished as one of the greatest battles fought in Pennsylvania during the Civil War. Valley Forge, dear to every American heart because of the incidents connected with it during the war in which we gained our independence, and best of all within easy reach of our nation's capital—Washington.

Cousins, let us every one try and remember our unfortunate cousins. I am sure we can at least make some hearts happier.

I should be pleased to hear from any of the cousins, especially students, as I am a great school lover.

Will close with love to all, your niece and cousin,  
MISS OLIVER SLUSHER (15,447).

Oliver, your exquisitely written letter is before me. I wish all the cousins could manipulate a pen as you do. It nearly blinds me to attempt to decipher some of the pencilled epistles I get. You live in a very interesting and historic section of the country. I have often wept over the sufferings of my heroic young friend George Washington in those days of misery and privation at Gettysburg, and my heart bumps wildly when I recall the bloody struggle at Valley Forge between the North and the South. I always get things mixed and I never could get my history straightened out properly. I'm never sure whether America discovered Columbus, or Columbus discovered America. When I was a kid I used to wish I had been born in the year 0 before anything happened, then I shouldn't have had to learn where the first whiskers grew, and the first rooster crew, and what year Uncle Tom's Cabin wrote Harriet Beecher Stowe, and George Lincoln, and Abraham Washington, first ascended the throne of England, and what date the late Queen Victoria became the first president of the United States. Oliver, I remember Mason and Dixon's line quite well, as it ran across our back garden, and once I got arrested for hanging my pants and underwear on it. I think Mason and Dixon had a nerve to run their line a cross the country anyway. It beats the band the amount of nerve found some people absorb.

**WEST GRAND PLACE, SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Oct. 20, 1907.**

DEAREST OF UNCLE CHARLIES:  
I have four Uncle Charlies and you are the funniest one in the bunch.

Springfield is the state capital of Illinois, and is a coal mining region and an important manufacturing center. The chief industries are the building trades, machine shops, planing mills, printing and publishing and the manufacture of textiles. The state capitol completed in 1887, is one of the finest in the country, costing \$4,200,000. It is built in the modern classical style, of gray limestone. The interior is handsomely ornamented with bas-relief in bronze, depicting scenes from the French regime in the Mississippi valley, and from other early American history. Other public buildings are the W. S. Court-house, the governor's mansion and the city hall. Among the historical attractions are the old Lincoln residence and the Lincoln monument. The Lincoln monument stands in Oak Ridge Cemetery. There are in the city several colleges, numerous

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)



# A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

**I** HOPE lots of the boys made an ice-boat from the December directions and now you will be interested in the skating sail. No form of amusement is so exhilarating or enjoyable as winter ice sports and I want you all to indulge and write me of your pleasures.

## Indoor Game

If you want to have an uproarious good time play this game "Blowing the Feather." Any number can take part, the more the merrier. To begin all the players gather around a table and place both hands upon it. A feather is then set afloat directly over the group and all try to keep it up by blowing. The desperate efforts of some will soon start an epidemic of laughter and as you cannot blow and laugh at the same time much fun ensues. All hands must be kept touching the table during the game.

## Clipping Agency

An easy and dignified way for a boy to earn pocket money at any season of the year is by operating a clipping agency. Go to your local newspaper office and ask the proprietor for a bundle of exchanges. He is generally glad to



get rid of them and will not refuse. Now read each one carefully and cut out and paste systematically all the deaths, marriages, births, fires, accidents, improvements, etc. When you have a large enough list offer to sell to business houses. The addresses of the latter may be also gotten in the papers. Furniture dealers will be glad to have the names of newly married couples, dealers in monuments will want to know where recent deaths occurred, and so on. This business is slow in building up but it yields excellent returns when once established.

## Hot or Cold

I do not know an indoor game more interesting to everyone engaged than this. One player leaves the room and while he is gone some small article is hidden. At a signal he returns and immediately begins searching for it. He is directed in his efforts by the captain who continually calls "Warm, very warm, hot or very hot," as he approaches the hidden object or "Cold, cool, getting cooler," as he draws away from it. The searcher of course knows what has been hidden but you will be surprised how long it will take him to find it and how much amusement his ludicrous efforts cause. Try this game soon.

## Pleasure and Profit

Goats trained to pull a cart can be sold for big prices in cities. The farmer's boy who has a patch covered with brush at his disposal can utilize it as a goat field and by giving his spare time to training the animals he will soon build up a regular income. In order to get good results it is necessary that you be kind, persevering and industrious. With very little experience you will soon develop the knack of picking out the proper kind of animal and be able to train him nicely. If you look at the harness section of the large mail order catalogue delivered yearly to your home you will get many valuable pointers as to the right kind of harness and trappings.

## Skating Sail

I saw the skating sail shown here away up in Minnesota and it worked better than any similar device I ever ran across. The sail part is made just like a boat sail. Three tough sticks are used, the canvas being secured to them by lacing with cord. The boy who wishes to use one like it must be fitted with two belts, one encircling him at the waist the other under the arms. Each belt has a special little strap sewed on in front and into the sockets thus formed the upright pole is fitted, as clearly shown in Fig. 1. The



line for shifting the sail is fastened to the top, outside corner, the other end, of course being held in the hand. It is not at all cumbersome and may be rolled up compactly when not in use. If you were with me when I saw the northern lad sailing, steering and gliding in every direction with the speed of an express train, you would go right away and make one for yourself. The drawing herewith makes this very easy.

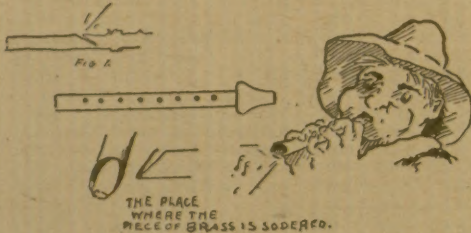
## Where We Get the Word January

The word January is derived from "Janus" the name of one of the mythical gods of the ancients. Janus was said to have two faces one looking forward and the other backwards. As our first month is the only one that can

look at the old year and still be face to face with the new year we see that the comparison is quite true. This branch of language looking up the history of words is most interesting.

## Horn

It is very easy to make a reed pipe and the powerful involves an important principle of natural philosophy. This principle may be practically illustrated by slitting a straw near one of its knots as shown in Fig. 1. Blowing on the left end will produce a low musical



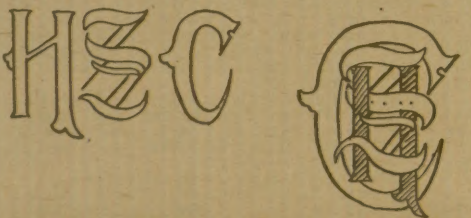
note. For a larger horn, get a tin tube or pipe, cut the end off at an angle of forty-five degrees and solder on a small flexible bit of sheet brass. Next punch out eight holes or keys for the fingers and fix on a mouthpiece of wood or bone. With this home-made life you can render a simple tune in a very pleasing manner.

## Finding Height by Shadow

A very simple and ingenious way of finding the height of a tree, pole, building or smoke-stack is to plant a stick in the ground and measure the length of its shadow. Then measure the stick itself and compute their comparative sizes. This information gives you a unit to work from and all that remains to be done is to measure the shadow of the tree or pole and apply the rule. For instance if the shadow of a two foot stick is one foot long, you know that a shadow at that hour of the day is just one half the length of the object that casts it, therefore all you have to do to find the height of anything will be to multiply the length of the shadow by two.

## Monogram

A method by which almost anyone can make a fancy monogram is as follows. Cut the desired letters out of a calendar or any large artistic printing that you may have and inter-twine the letters as shown by cut. You can now easily trace the outline and fill in the colors or shading. Use a sharp pointed pencil



to do the tracing but before beginning it either tack the design down or if on cloth stitch it in place. You will be surprised at the pretty monogram you can make by following these simple directions.

## Star Puzzle



Can you put the ten pieces shown at the left of this cut together in such a way as to form a star as shown at the right? The most puzzling thing about it is that the parts are all triangles. Work hard and if you do not solve it look in next month's COMFORT and see how easy it really is after all.

## A Leap Year Problem

"How old are you Jennie?" asked the teacher. "I've only had two birthday anniversaries," she replied, smiling. "Go, on," spoke up her brother Johnny. "I'm more than ten and you're older than I am." The teacher now grew angry and asked sharply if this was true. As a matter of fact Jennie and Johnny were both speaking the truth. Can you figure out their approximate ages?

I have had some pleasant, chatty letters from several nephews, but do not hear from as many of you as I wish I did, write me at any time on any subject, and I will gladly respond. Again wishing you all a Happy New Year.

Your Uncle John.

## Twelve Beautiful Colored Post Cards Commemorating the Battleship Cruise

Of the powerful naval fleet under Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans which left Hampton Roads, Va., December 16th, destined for a 14,000 mile trip to reach San Francisco in April, 1908, in all probability to be then resumed and many foreign countries visited. This wonderful cruise of the most powerful naval fleet ever gathered under one flag and one commander is of world-wide interest and importance, and is being eagerly watched by all foreign powers and its eventual destination is a matter of international speculation. The fleet sailed with orders to gather at San Francisco, but is fully outfitted with charts for a world cruise and may visit many foreign shores and be seen by many races before returning to their home station. This great movement of an Armada is a new epoch in our American Navy, and is sure to bring much benefit to both men and ships.

Foreign countries view with interest this wonderful performance and highly compliment the President and express no fear of entanglements.

Our splendid Naval view Cards showing American ships of many types are of extreme interest as this great cruise is underway and as the London Daily Mail has said "The result will be better understood by posterity." So that a complete set of these Cards to preserve will be of great interest now and be of even more

value and importance in years to come. No post card collection or Post Card Album is complete that does not have the set of twelve, and as Germany, England and Japan are also represented, the different types of war vessels of the leading naval strengths of the world are shown.

Our list of American Naval Cards includes the powerful first-class Battleships Kearsage, Illinois, Georgia, Maine, Pennsylvania and Connecticut, the flag ship of Rear Admiral Evans, the fleet commander, the Cruisers Colorado and Washington and Torpedo Boat Destroyer Lawrence, as well as types of warships of foreign countries.

An opportunity to procure such an interesting set of post cards is unique, similar cards are not everywhere available. As the quantity is limited we urge immediate consideration of our large illustrated advertisement of these Cards on page 28 of this issue of COMFORT.

## A Speckled Bird

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

astonished by his efforts to conciliate Senator Higginbottom, who belonged to the opposite party, and was a loud, aggressive, and hirsute apostle of the silver gospel so dear to his constituency, and so conducive to his individual interest as a mine owner. Mrs. Higginbottom, a plain, kind-hearted, motherly old woman, who knew much more of sheep-shearing and beehives than of fashionable etiquette and diplomatic technicalities, Eglish had found it possible to reel cordially, but the daughter, Ethelberta, was an intolerable offence to all her feminine instincts, and when Judge Kent insisted, with some asperity, that the "Higginbottoms must be cultivated," the ordeal of playing hostess to this "advanced and emancipated new woman" proved peculiarly unpleasant. A certain watchful restlessness in her father's manner did not escape her notice, nor the recent accession of sphinx-like non-committalism in Mr. Metcalf, and she pondered uneasily a question of Mrs. Mitchell's:

"Dearie, did it ever occur to you that in some way Judge Kent seems rather afraid of Mr. Herriott, or perhaps I should say is always so guarded in his presence?"

"Never! Impossible and absurd. He has supreme confidence in him, and once, not long ago, he scolded me sharply because I could not consider him head and shoulder above all other men."

The session of Congress was within two days of its close, and that morning as Senator Kent rose from an untasted breakfast, he astounded Eglish and Eliza by the ejaculation, "God knows, I shall be glad to get out of this grind!"

Fearing sickness had robbed him of his appetite, Eglish followed him to the library, but he waved her back.

"Metcalf is waiting to show me a paper, and I must not be interrupted. My dear, my time is not my own—even for you."

Hitherto she had never been an interruption, and it seemed as if some iron door was shut suddenly between her life and his. "The Bison Head" purchase bill, for which Mrs. Morrison flitted to and fro, had been fought by Senator Kent in committee room, where the contest was close, but Senator Higginbottom was chairman, and when Miss Ethelberta announced that a member had "weakened" and the bill might be saved by postponement, Eglish knew who had changed front, and she began to realize how ancient pilgrims felt when, at Delphi, the oracle said no today and yes tomorrow. Idolatrous habit was strong; the pedestal trembled, but it was far cry to its overthrow, and she wrestled stubbornly to defend inconsistencies that humiliated and staggered her. Time, the master magician, would perhaps show her the Senator's reasons woven into a crown of laurel—as unexpected as the garland of glowing roses that spring out of a naked sword blade, at the gesture of a juggler. Today she recalled her grandmother's softened face with eyes of tender compassion on that morning when the news of the second marriage had been brought to Nutwood. After all, was there just cause for the old lady's contempt and aversion, and were the rumors life in Y— shadow and mere disgraced facts that must cling to her father's name, fateful as the philter of Nessus? The thought stifled her, and she put her hand to her throat with the old childish habit that always betrayed intolerable pain. She could not go home—must not meet Eliza's eyes until she strangled this crouching horror. Through the Smithsonian she wandered, apparently examining its treasures but now she saw only the pitying countenance of her grandmother, and now the malicious triumph in Miss Higginbottom's eyes, as she exulted in some impending misfortune. "Formal resignation"—adumbrated by more than one innuendo—portended the summary collapse of a political career that she had believed would culminate in elevation to a Cabinet seat during the next administration. For her, obstinate confidence was today the sole refuge, and she set her teeth as she verified Mrs. Maurice's prediction: "Though he say me, yet will I trust him." My own father cannot betray the faith of his loyal child.

Dreading Eliza's scrutiny, it was with a feeling of temporary relief that she recollected an engagement to attend a "lawn party" held that afternoon at a residence whose owner was laboring to raise an endowment fund for a local charity. When she reached home, a change of costume gave time to marshal all her defensive forces; and, as she came down-stairs to join her waiting chaperon, Mrs. Mitchell forbore to comment on the unusual color that burned in her cheeks.

"Little mother, don't sit up for me. I promised Mrs. Ellerbee to assist at the flower table, and may be kept late. Be sure you get your beauty sleep."

Dinner was delayed an hour beyond the usual time, but Senator Kent did not appear, and as such deviations from domestic rule had recently occurred often, and were explained by congestion of business at the Capitol, incident to approaching adjournment, Mrs. Mitchell took her meal alone. It was prayer-meeting evening at the Methodist church in her neighborhood, and, after the exercises ended, she walked home, took up a magazine, and tried unsuccessfully to read. The political atmosphere was so charged with electricity that she felt a crisis was imminent, and only the extent of the storm was conjectured. How much Eglish suspected the foster-mother merely surmised, because some inexplicable barrier seemed, within the past fortnight, built up to limit their free interchange of thought. It was a sultry, sombre night; city walls and pavements sent up their garnered heat in quivering waves, and the stars were blurred and faint as they retreated behind a dim haze that was not mist. At eleven o'clock the street corner light showed her Senator Kent walking rapidly. She went into the dining-room to arrange the salad and cold tea he always enjoyed after missing his dinner, and while he lingered in the hall Eglish returned. She was bareheaded, very pale, and her lips fluttered, but a put her arms about his neck and kissed him twice.

"How tired you poor national Solons must be! ended, and who must pick a whole flock of crows with me, right now. Why did you change your vote on the 'Bison Head' purchase?"

"Who says I did?"

His face was deeply flushed, but he laughed and pinched her white cheek.

"The chairman has a daughter."

"A leaky gossip. Congressmen ought to be bachelors or childless widowers; but then, my dear, how could I possibly exist without you?"

"Father, what induced you to favor a measure you have condemned so emphatically?"

"Several good reasons I am much too tired to discuss. Don't forget your Emerson, who says 'a foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen,' and remember, also, 'a wise man sometimes changes his mind, a fool never.' The bill will not be reported till next session, and conditions alter, so *apres moi le deluge!*"

She walked toward the dining-room, and on the threshold Eliza saw her put both hands to her throat. Drawing her breath quickly, she turned back and threw her arms around him.

"Oh, father! Was it kind, was it merciful to let me learn by chance from strangers that you have determined to resign your senatorship, to end a glorious career in which you know my dearest hopes and pride center?"

For a moment he made no reply, only clasped her closely, pillowed her head on his breast, and kissed her cold cheek repeatedly.

Then he spoke in a husky tone, as a nervous surgeon might, uncertain of his own diagnosis.

"My darling girl, I confess it was a cowardly dread of the pain I knew my decision would cause you, and I very weakly put off the evil day as long as possible. Immediately after adjournment I intended to tell you all the plans that seem best for our future, and did not anticipate this premature disclosure, which is presumptuous impertinence in its author. In quitting public life even temporarily, my brightest compensation is the prospect of spending my time in the sweet companionship of my precious, incomparable daughter. Forgive your old father the arrogant cowardice of keeping silent for a few days."

She clung to him like a frightened child, and he felt her trembling as one in an ague.

"Why must you resign? Why step down when you have a right to expect the new administration will offer you a place in the Cabinet? Why? Don't keep back anything from me now."

"My love, I don't wish to distress you; I shrink from exciting any alarm, but you certainly have a right to the truth. My health does not permit the amount of canvassing work that I believe will be required for my re-election, because our state legislature will be much divided this presidential campaign over vital issues, both local and national. As my term expires soon, I think it best to resign now, and avoid grave complications that threaten our party organization in the state legislature. Recently I have had premonitions that drove me to consult Dr. McLemore, and he advises me to withdraw from active political life, at least for a season. He believes complete rest and freedom from public responsibility are all that my health demands. I did not wish you to know this, but you are such an inquisitive monkey, such an arbitrary minx, that nothing less than the whole truth will satisfy your exacting reason. Now kiss me, my pretty chestnut burr, and let us pick no more crows."

"You have been ill, and we—I—never suspected it?"

She caught her breath spasmodically, stifling a sob. Her father glanced significantly at Eliza, who stood beside the table, lifting a pitcher of iced tea that clinked against its sides in her nervous grasp.

"I see Mrs. Mitchell—always admirably reliable—has kept her promise to me. Now she can tell you I had a very severe attack the night we were so late at Secretary P—'s dinner, and you could not understand my delay in dressing."

"Ma-Lila! You kept me in ignorance of father's danger, when you should have warned me?"

"Your father positively forbade any mention of the matter to you, and as I never saw or heard of a recurrence of what he assured me was merely the result of imprudent indulgence in oysters, cheese, and beer, I had no excuse for disobeying his command to keep silence."

The little woman's eyes sparkled, and an involuntary curl of her lip did not escape Eglish's questioning, sorrowful gaze.

"Come, my dear, do not quite strangle what is left of a very tired old man. Now that explanations are completely over, I feel as happy as a boy just returned from the dentist's where he has left an aching tooth; and since you know absolutely all that can be told, I should like some tea dashed with cognac, for I have had a hard, tedious day."

He unwound her arms, patted her head, and took his seat at the table.

Eglish squeezed a lemon into a goblet of tea, Eliza stirred the mayonnaise, and Judge Kent helped himself to an anchovy sandwich, while he asked whether they had heard the sad news of the sudden death of a popular attaché of one of the legations, who had been killed an hour before by the accidental discharge of his own pistol. Heroic efforts were made by all to avoid the disturbing theme upon which the Senator had peremptorily rung down the curtain, and to relieve the tension the trio separated as soon as possible.

How much of the perfunctory explanation either woman credited neither could determine, but each refrained from probing the other, and both endeavored to bridge the crater by that golden silence that knows no pangs of regretted speech. Lying wide awake, Mrs. Mitchell noted the slow passage of the heavy hours, and day was just below the eastern sky line when the sudden shrill trilling of a canary in the adjoining room told that some restless movement of Eglish's had aroused it. Eliza longed to go and comfort the suffering bird, but every heart has a sanctuary which not even the tenderest sympathy of the overseer's wife taught her love's duty was to guard, not force the entrance. After a few moments, Eglish opened the door and came on tiptoe to her bed.

"What is it, dearie? Nobody can sleep on such a suffocating night."

She sat up and put one arm around the white figure, which, instead of yielding to her clasp, held back straight and stiff as steel.

"I thought I heard you stir, else I should not have ventured to disturb you. Ma-Lila, the thought of father's ill health weighs terribly on my heart. Will you please tell me the nature of that attack which you both kept from me? What were the symptoms?"

"He had been dozing in his chair, and quite suddenly sprang up, pale, and evidently much agitated. I wished to call you, and urged him to abandon the idea of leaving the house, but he insisted I should not give you even a hint, and asked for the decanter of brandy, which he was sure would relieve a severe fit of indigestion caused by imprudence at luncheon. He went to his room, and when he came out you saw no sign of serious indisposition."

"He had been annoyed by no visitors?"

"He had seen no one but Watson and myself."

"Do you think there was heart trouble that night? Tell me frankly."

"Yes, most certainly there was; but my baby, heart trouble comes from various causes, and I really do not think your father's physical condition justifies any serious uneasiness. He is evidently alarmed, but nervous strain and mental worry are sufficient to produce all his symptoms, and you will find that retirement from congressional complications expedites recovery in such cases."

The girl's form relaxed, and a hot cheek was pressed against the foster-mother's face.

"Don't comfort me with false hopes, unless you are sure I am unduly frightened."

"Listen to me. I am absolutely certain that Judge Kent's health need cause you no alarm in future. Now shake off that nightmare, and go to sleep like a good child, or I will certainly dose you with bromide."

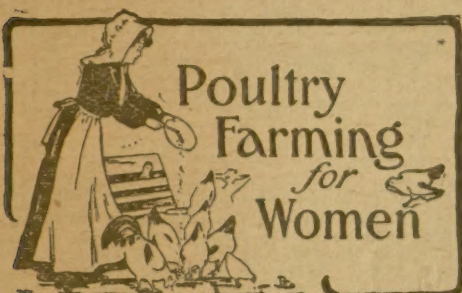
She kissed her softly, and with an arm about her waist led her back to her bed.

"Ma-Lila, I want to forget the last three weeks. Won't you help me?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Read the next chapter, "Father Temple Finds His Lost Wife" and the scathing denunciation of a cruelly wronged and heart-broken mother. Send 15 cents for subscription or renewal for one year.





BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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## Poultry Farming for Women

**T**HE hard snaps in January, which play such havoc with the egg basket, can be safely tided over by a little forethought and care. Keep the hens in when the ground is thickly covered with snow, for wading about in it is not conducive to health or egg-production. Keep the windows clean in the chicken-house, so that every gleam of sun finds its way in. Empty one of the bags of leaves (which of course you collected in October) onto the floor, and instead of the usual morning mash, scatter oats, wheat or millet amongst the leaves; about half a pint to every ten hens. Give it to them just as it is light enough for the birds to see, and repeat the same quantity about half past nine, raking it well into the leaves, so that the hens will have to do a lot of scratching to find every grain they get. At noon, a feed of green bone, chopped meat—or failing either, a mash made with scalded skim-milk. Cut cabbages in half, mangel-wurzels or beets; even making them fast between stones, or nailing them up to a post, so that the birds can pick at the soft insides. It will keep them busy; they relish it, and it supplies the vegetable food which they must have. Of course, chopped and steamed clover hay is the best green food; but fowls like a change of diet just as much as we humans do.

You will know the importance of sharp grit for poultry, but don't forget that it is never needed so much as when snow covers the ground, for even if the birds are free, they can't find dry earth to scratch in, and so they can't find grit for themselves.

The butter tub drinking fountain, which I told you how to make some time ago, can be made non-freezing by standing it in a box, in which a hole has been cut to correspond with the one in the side of the tub; fill up whatever space there is between the tub and the box sides with sawdust or short manure, and case in the space between the two holes so that the hens can't get at the manure. If you are not using a butter tub for water, there are lots of ways in which you can keep your water vessels from freezing; but if you are not mechanical enough to manage anything of the kind, give them fresh water, three times a day, adding enough hot water, just to keep the chill off, but don't under any circumstances use ice-water for if you do it will cost you money.

The idea is to feed sparingly, so they will be anxious to scratch and find grain all through the day, and then let their supper be generously bountiful. A full crop keeps them warm through the long hours of darkness. Commence the night feed early in the afternoon, about four o'clock, and don't hurry through the work, either. Give the birds time to eat and ask for more if they want to. The poultry-keeper who waits until almost dusk and then throws down a measure of corn, never has a profitable flock, for the greedy ones gobble up more than is good for them, and the timid ones go to roost hungry, so some of the hens get too fat to lay, and others don't get enough material to make eggs.

If you have not got the new roosters which are to head the breeding-pens, don't neglect to do so any longer. The long winter evenings are just the time to get things in shape for the hatching seasons. Make some light, tight coops for hens with chicks; patch up old ones, and make a lot of small drinking fountains and feeding-troughs. An empty tomato or any other round can may be utilized. Hold the end which has been cut open in the fire for a few minutes, to melt the solder, and a few sharp taps with the end of a stove-lifter will take it off, and leave a smooth edge. Bore a hole a little larger than a pea, half an inch from the edge; then buy a five-cent tin pan, one inch deep, and about half an inch larger all round than the can. When you are ready to use them, fill the can with water, put the pan over the top, and then turn both upside down quickly. The water will run out of the hole until the pan is full, but no more. These make really serviceable self-feeding water vessels for little chicks, and they can't get in to wet their feet, as they do into an open dish.

Three years ago, we tried trap-nests for the first time, and they certainly are a wonderful help, for if your hens are tagged, you can tell just how many eggs each hen lays, and save the expense of feeding any drones. Besides it enables you to select eggs from the best hens for setting, which is a great advantage when you want to build up a flock for market eggs or show-pens. The nests we made were copied from the Cornell Experiment Station. They are quite easy to make if you follow the directions which Professor Bailey has kindly permitted me to give you.

## Trap Nests

The nest which we use is original with us. It is very simple, inexpensive, easy to attend and certain in its action. It is a box-like structure without front end or cover, twenty-eight inches long, thirteen inches wide and sixteen inches deep, inside measure. A division board with a circular opening seven and one half inches in diameter is placed across the box, twelve inches from the rear end and fifteen inches from the front end. The rear section is the nest proper. Instead of a close-made door at the entrance, a light frame of one by one and one half inch stuff is covered with wire netting of one-inch mesh. The door is ten inches wide by ten inches high, and does not fill the entire entrance, a space of two inches being left at the bottom, and one inch at the top, with a good margin at each side, to avoid friction. It is hinged at the top and opens up into the box. The hinges are placed on the front of the door rather than at the center or rear, the better to secure complete closing action. The trap consists of one piece of stiff wire about three sixteenths of an inch in

diameter and twenty-two inches long. This piece of wire is shaped so that a section of it, eleven inches long, rests directly across the circular opening in the division board and is held in place by two clamps, one on either side of the circular opening. The clamps fit loosely and the slots are long enough to allow the wire to work up and down about three inches, without much friction. The next section of the wire is eight inches long and it is bent so that it is at right angles with the eleven inch section. It passes along the side of the box eleven inches above the floor, back toward the entrance door and is fastened strongly to the wall by staples, but yet loosely enough so that the wire can roll easily. The remaining section of the wire, which is three inches long, is bent toward the center of the box, with an upward inclination, so that it supports the door when it is open and rests upon it. The end of the wire is turned over smoothly, forming a notch into which the door may slip when opened.

As the hen passes in under the open door and then through the circular opening to the nest, she raises herself so that her keel may pass over the lower part of the division board, and her back presses against the horizontal wire, as she passes it, and lifts it enough so that the end supporting the door slides from under it, and the door swings down and passes a wire spring, near the bottom of the box, at the entrance, which locks it and prevents the hen from escaping, and others from entering.

The double box with nest in rear is necessary, as when a hen has laid and desires to leave the nest, she steps out into the front space and remains there, generally trying to escape, until she is released. With one section only she would be very likely to crush her egg by stepping upon it and learn the pernicious habit of egg-eating.

The boxes are placed four in a block, and slide in and out like drawers and can be carried away for cleaning when necessary. Four nests in a pen have accommodated twenty hens, by the attendant going through the pens once an hour or a little oftener, during that part of the day when the hens are busiest. Earlier and later in the day his visits have not been so frequent. To remove a hen, the nest is pulled part way out and as it has no cover, she is readily lifted up, and the number on her leg-band is noted on the record sheet, that is tacked up close at hand. After having been taken off a few times they do not object to being handled, the most of them remaining quiet, apparently expecting to be picked up.

Before commencing the use of trap nests, it was thought that some hens might be irritated by the trapping operation and object to the noise incident to it, but we have not found an individual that appeared to be annoyed by it, and we have used Leghorns, Brahmas, Wyandottes and Plymouth Rocks.

## Correspondence

E. H.—Please tell me what to feed young robins from three to four weeks old?

A.—Ripe berries of all sorts; caterpillars, beetles, spiders, and such things, if you can get them. If not, substitute curds, a little half-boiled liver, a mixture of hard-boiled eggs, bread crumbs just moistened with milk, and very fine cut grass, rolled into small pellets, and fed several times a day, is a good staple for almost all nestling birds, but young robins must have some ripe berry fruit, and the quantity increased as they get older.

N. L. A.—Why don't my White Leghorn pullets lay? They were hatched in March or April. Are on free range. Has cropping the wings anything to do with it?

A.—I can't tell. Probably they don't get enough animal food. Try feeding green bone or lean meat scraps. Cutting the pinion feathers on one wing would have no effect on their laying, and I suppose that is what you mean, is it not?

M. E. E.—I have about forty hens and pullets to breed from next spring. What kind of roosters should I get? They are just a barn-yard lot, and I wish to improve the flock. Many are small, and I desire large fowls, also good layers. A few are Barred Rocks; three are black, the rest mostly white. Should I get a blooded Barred Rock rooster, or a Black Minorca, or should I get a couple of each, and let them run with the hens? Or can you suggest a better way of improving my flock?

Please tell me what you think is the matter with one of my hens. She has trouble to breathe and a very dark comb; often shakes her head and makes a noise in her throat. I have had several die in the last two or three years; they have all been old hens and Plymouth Rocks.

A.—As you live in North Dakota, I can't recommend Minorcas, for they have very large combs which are easily frost-bitten, so would not be satisfactory. If you have yards in which to divide the hens, put all the Rocks in one, and the white birds in the other. Get two Barred Rock roosters for the first, and two White Wyandottes for the second. Sell the black birds, or let them run loose for table eggs. If you have not them in which to confine them, decide which you really prefer, or which you have the most of, then sell or exchange the others. Don't get getting roosters of two distinct breeds, like Rocks or Minorcas, and letting them run with the whole flock, for the chicks would be most unsatisfactory mongrels, no better, and probably much worse than those you now have.

As it is only old Plymouth Rock hens which have been attacked in the way you describe, it may just be the result of overfeeding and old age combined; but it will be as well to look round the sides of the house and convince yourself which the wind can strike one particular bird while on the roost.

S. L. A.—Your letter has been forwarded to E. L. W.

J. H. C.—Please advise me. We want to go right into chicken-raising. We left the farm last spring, but mean to go back again. We have not much to start on, except six hens, eighteen chicks, three old turkeys, one pouter and twelve young turkeys the size of grown chicks. They can all have free range throughout the year. We have a henhouse ten by twenty feet; eight feet high in front, five at back; the walls are boxed. In winter we set up green fodder around the north and west of the house. Is that a good plan? We shall have plenty of milk. Will it help? Also intend to kill a beef. How can I prepare the scraps for chickens? Can buy some small turnips, and have some wheat and corn, but not much. How many hens shall I get for a start? And how should I feed? We live too far from the butcher to get scraps. Can get wild rabbits now and then. Would they do instead of meat? I used to have good success with what chickens I hatched; but have always had difficulty in getting hens to set on the eggs and hatch. I have had some experience with an incubator; would you advise my getting one. I wish to have everything in thoroughly good shape.

There is a trouble around here amongst the hens. They get something like limberneck. Their heads seem too heavy for them to hold up, but they are not swollen.

A.—Yes, it is a good plan to shelter the house with green fodder if it is placed during a term of dry weather, and arranged with sufficient slant to insure its shedding all water. Milk is always a great help in feeding poultry, both old

and young. Buy a bone-mill and cut up the fresh bones and scraps, and feed about three times a week. Turnips are good; fix them as advised in the beginning of this month. About twenty hens and three roosters should give you a good supply of eggs for hatching. Make a small house in the yard in which to separate one of the roosters, always keeping two with the hens; and changing them about so that each has one week in every three in solitude. Wild rabbits will answer as well as butcher's meat and with the scraps from the beef you propose killing, and milk, the hens will have sufficient animal food. Get a bale of clover hay; chop, steam, and feed some every day. Have you been careful to keep your hens free from vermin in the past? This is a matter which must not be neglected, for it probably has had much to do with the hens not wanting to set. The want of animal and green food, or an insufficient number of roosters for the number of hens you kept, was probably why eggs did not hatch. I certainly advise you to get an incubator; one holding about one hundred and twenty or one hundred and sixty eggs—and two brooders, scheduled to hold one hundred chicks, would give you a good equipment to start on. I have had no experience with such sickness as you describe; it resembles what is called "decaying complaint," which was quite prevalent in the South a year or two ago. I think I should try putting a little tincture of iron in the drinking water as a tonic.

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I see so very few letters from this part of the state. COMFORT has been coming to some of our family for years. I have been a subscriber ever since I was married, which was three years ago last June. I am a young house-keeper.

We haven't any children. We lost our baby in April. I would be glad to hear from some of the "Sisters" as I am very lonely when my husband is away at work. I live in the eastern part of Virginia, about twelve miles from the Rappahannock river. My husband is a farmer.

I would not be without COMFORT and its many helps. The following facts may be of interest to a few.

The Rappahannock is noted for its fine fish and oysters. My father is an oyster packer. He has large beds of oysters from which they take the oysters to pack them or barrel and ship them to cities; he ships mostly to Philadelphia. There are several shucking houses here also, they shuck the oysters and put ice in them and ship them West. Those of you who have never eaten oysters fresh from the shell do not really know the taste of oysters as ice seems to change them. So if any of you would like a real oyster supper come to one of our church suppers when they want to raise money for any purpose or better come to see me and I will give you one. Will some sisters please write to me. I will answer. Anyone wishing silk scraps for fancy work write me inclosing stamp and I will gladly give them some.

MRS. C. R. CALLAHAN, Sharps, Va.

DEAR READERS:

I have been a most but interested reader of COMFORT for some time. We all enjoy reading it and can hardly wait for it to come. I pity the shut-ins and I wish I could help all.

Mrs. Maggie West, Liberty, Mo. I should like to make the acquaintance of your little girls.

Mrs. Mary Low, Sabintown, Tex. I know of several ornaments to be made from tissue paper. It makes very pretty flowers and a picture throw may be made by folding a sheet of tissue lengthwise over and over until only an inch wide, then cut with the scissors each side alternately about one fourth of an inch apart and nearly to the opposite side, fringe each end and unfold. I hope you will try this.

Miss Edith Cralle, Emmerton, Va. I should like to go to camp-meeting with you. Here is a bit of prose which I think is fine. Let us pass it on.

"The many troubles in your household will tend to your edification if you strive to bear them in all gentleness, patience and kindness. Keep this ever before you, and remember constantly that God's loving eyes are upon you amid all these little worries and vexations, watching whether you take them as He would desire. Offer up all such occasions to Him, and if sometimes you are put out, and give way to impatience do not be discouraged, but make haste to regain your lost composure."—Francis DeSales.

Mrs. E. R. Behrens, Brady, Tex. I should be grateful if you would send me a tiny bit of mistletoe as I never saw any. I will try and return favor.

Sisters if your oven burns bake your cookies on the bottom of your oven. They will bake more evenly. Do you know that if you put extract in your cake it will be soggy.

I am sending my favorite cake recipes, I hope you will all try them.

MISS MYRTLE M. HALLOCK, Durand, R. D., 4, Wis.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I have been enjoying COMFORT's visits for some time and think it is a fine paper. I wish the sisters could see some of our big ranches with thousands of cattle and sheep and many horses. Stock raising is the principal industry and every autumn many hundred head of fat cattle are shipped to the eastern markets.

Laramie, Wyo., is our nearest city and is thirty miles big. All about our nearest neighbor is over a mile away.

Two parts of lard and one of camphor make an excellent salve.

One pint alcohol and one ounce gum guac dissolved in the alcohol is an excellent cure for rheumatism, take one teaspoonful in water once a day.

Scorched barley flour will cure erysipelas if applied hot to the afflicted part, change it when it gets cold.

Will some of the sisters please send me the August, September and October 1907 issues of COMFORT. My mother has been very sick and is a shut-in; she will appreciate it greatly, also reading matter and souvenir postals, as she gets quite lonely sometimes.

Her address is Mrs. Samuel Frego, Virginia Dale, Colo. If any of the sisters have a book named "Nashy in Exile" will she please write to me.

MISS KATIE E. FREGO, Virginia Dale, Larimer Co., Colo.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Can one of Utah's girls enter your happy band? I would like to write and get acquainted. I enjoy reading the letters from the sisters, they are the only callers I get. We are just newcomers here; we live about three quarters of a mile from town. I am acquainted with a very few of the people, and it gets quite lonesome sometimes, as my husband is off to work most of the time; if it wasn't for my little boy, I suppose the time would seem twice as long as it really is, but he's so much company, if he is only five months old.

I was born and reared in Washington, Utah. We came to Oasie intending to make our home here, but I suppose we will go back again, as we think we like the warmer climate better.

Did any of the sisters ever try making flowers from the cocoons of silk worms? I make many different kinds, and took the prize on my roses. After you cut the cocoon open, cut into shape you want, then take a pin or needle and pick each layer apart, and you get many petals from one cocoon, then take needle and thread and sew glue. I use glue mostly, I think they are much easier made than paper flowers.

I am going to tell you how I dry corn. It is much better than to dry in the oven. I put it in a large pan and let it scald; then take it out

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

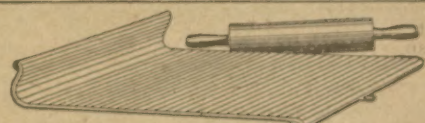
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# The Heiress of Beechwood

By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Judge Howell receives a letter asking him to adopt a little girl nearly two months old. Taking another letter he reads why his son is in New Hampshire. Hetty Kirby, a poor relation, is taken into Judge Howell's family. His wife, on her death-bed, commits the young girl to her husband's care. The memory of his wife and daughter softens his heart until he learns there is no music so sweet to Richard as Hetty's voice. The Judge turns her from the door and threatens to disinherit his son. Richard writes Hetty is dead. His father can curse him. He buries his heart in her grave. The Judge hears the cry of a child and opening the door finds a basket with a baby in it. The dog carries the basket into the house. The Judge calls Rachel, the colored woman of all work, to take the child to her house. Richard returns. His father tells of the baby. He will keep it, of course. The father accuses Richard of most unaccountable tastes. "Hetty is dead, but if she had lived he would have called no other woman his wife." In the morning Richard goes to Rachel's house and takes the baby in his arms. Hannah Hawkins, a widow with one boy, Oliver, offers to have Milly, in place of little Bessie. It impresses Richard favorably and he takes Milly to her home. Her mother Hepseyah Thompson objects. Curious people offer opinions as to the parentage of the child and none pass the door so wholly unscathed as Richard Howell. The physicians order a sea voyage for Richard. Before leaving he visits Hetty Kirby's grave. There is a stormy farewell and a father's curse. Richard implores Hannah to be good to Milly. Nine times the April flowers blossom Milly's heart is heavy. She asks Clubs if she isn't his sister and if she isn't who is she, and she knows why her grandmother scolds her. Clubs tells her the story of her life and she exclaims, "Judge Howell is my father!" The conversation is interrupted by the shrill voice of Hepsey Thompson. Milly realizes if she isn't Milly Hawkins then Aunt Hepsey isn't her granny.

## CHAPTER III. (CONTINUED.)

It would be impossible to describe the expression of Hepsey's face, or the attitude of her person, at that moment, as she stood with her mouth open, her green calash hanging down her back, her nose elevated, and her hands upraised in astonishment at what she had heard. For a time after Hannah's death, Mrs. Thompson had tolerated Milly simply because her daughter had loved her, and she could not wholly cast her off; but after a few weeks she found that the healthy, active child could be made useful in various ways, and had an opportunity presented itself, she would not have given her up. So she kept her, and Milly now was little more than a drudge, where once she had been a petted and half spoiled child. She washed the dishes, swept the floors, scoured the knives, scrubbed the doorsill, and latterly she had been initiated into the mysteries of shoe-closing, an employment then very common to the women and children of the Bay State. By scolding and driving early and late, Aunt Hepsey managed to make her earn fifteen cents a day, and as this to her was quite an item, she had an object for wishing to keep Milly with her. Thus it was not from any feeling of humanity that she with others remained silent as to Milly's parentage, but simply because she had an undefined fancy that, if the child once knew there was no tie of blood between them, she would some day, when her services were most needed, resent the abuse heaped upon her, and go out into the world alone. So when she heard from Milly herself that she did know—when the words, "You are not my granny," were hurled at her defiantly, as it were, she felt as if something she had valued was wrested from her, and she stood a moment uncer- in how to act.

But Hepsey Thompson was equal to almost any emergency, and after a little she recovered from her astonishment, and replied:

"Well, so you know it, do you? I'm glad, if somebody's saved me the trouble of telling you how you've lived on us all these years. S'posin' I was to turn you outdoors, where would you go or who would you go to?"

Milly's voice trembled, and the tears gathered in her large, dark eyes, as she answered:

"Go to mother, if I could find her."

"Your mother!" and a smile of scorn curled Hepsey's withered lips. "A pretty mother you've got. If she'd cast you off when a baby it's mighty likely she'd take you now."

Every word which Hepsey said stung Milly's sensitive nature, for she felt it was true. Her mother had cast her off, and in all the wide world there was no one to care for her, no place she could call her home, save the cheerless gable-roof, and even there she had no right. Once a thought of Richard had flitted across her mind, but it soon passed away, for he was probably dead, and if not, he had forgotten her ere this. All her assurance left her, and burying her face in Oliver's lap, she moaned aloud:

"Oh, Clubs, Clubs, I most wish I was dead. Nobody wants me nowhere. What shall I do?"

"Do?" repeated the harsh voice of Hepsey. "Go home and set yourself to work. Them shoes has got to be stitched before you go to bed, so budge, I say."

There was no alternative but submission, and with a swelling heart Milly followed the hard woman up the hill and along the narrow path and into the cheerless kitchen where lay the shoes which she must finish ere she could hope for food or rest.

"Let me take them up-stairs," she said; "I can work faster alone," and as Hepsey made no objection, she hurried to her little room beneath the roof.

Her head was aching dreadfully, and her tears came so fast that she could scarcely see the holes in which to put her needle. The smell of the wax, too, made her sick, while the bright sunlight which came in through the western window made her still more uncomfortable. Tired, hungry, and faint, she made but little progress with her task, and was about giving up in despair, when the door opened cautiously and Oliver came softly in. He was a frail, delicate boy, and since his mother's death Hepsey had been very careful of him.

"He couldn't work," she said; "and there was no need of it either, so long as Milly was so strong and healthy."

But Oliver thought differently. Many a time had he in secret helped the little, persecuted girl, and it was for this purpose he had sought her chamber now.

"Grandmother has gone to Widow Simm's to stay till nine o'clock," he said, "and I've come up to take your place. Look what I have brought you," and he held to view a small blackberry pie, which his grandmother had made for him, and which he had saved for the hungry Milly.

There was no resisting Oliver, and Milly yielded him her place. Laying her throbbing head upon her scanty pillow, she watched him as he applied himself diligently to her task. He was not a handsome boy; he was too pale—too thin—too old looking for that, but to Milly, who knew how good he was, he seemed perfectly beautiful, sitting there in the fading sunlight, and working so hard for her.

"Clubs," she said, "you are the dearest boy in the world, and if I ever find out who I am and happen to be rich, you shall share with me. I'll give you more than half. I wish I could do something for you, to show how much I love you."

The needles were suspended for a moment, while the boy looked through the window far off on the distant hills where the sunlight still was shining.

"I guess I shall be dead then," he said, "but there's one thing you could do now, if you would. I don't mind it in other folks, but somehow it always hurts me when you call me Clubs. I can't help my bad shaped feet, and I don't cry about it as I use to do; nor pray that God would turn them back again, for I know He won't. I must walk backward all my life, but when I get to Heaven, there won't be any bad boys there to plague me and call me Reel-foot or Clubs! Mother never did; and almost the first thing I remember of her she was kissing my poor crippled feet and dropping tears upon them!"

Milly forgot to eat her berry pie; forgot her aching head—forgot everything in her desire to comfort the boy, who, for the first time in his life, had, in her presence, murmured at his misfortune.

"I'll never call you Clubs again," she said, folding her arms around his neck. "I love your crooked feet; I love every speck of you, Oliver, and, if I could, I'd give you my feet, though they ain't much handsomer than yours, they are so big!" and she stuck up a short, fat foot, which, to Oliver, seemed the prettiest he had ever seen.

"No, Milly," he said, "I'd rather be the deformed one. I want you to grow up handsome, as I most know you will," and, resuming his task, he looked proudly at the bright little face, which bade fair to be wondrously beautiful.

Milly did not like to work if she could help it, and, climbing up on the bed, she lay there while Oliver stitched on industriously. But her thoughts were very busy, for she was thinking of the mysterious Richard, wondering if he were really dead, and if he had ever thought of her when afar on the Southern seas. Then, as she remembered having heard that his portrait hung in the drawing-room at Beechwood, she felt a strong desire to see it; and why couldn't she? Wasn't she going up there some day, to ask the Judge if he were not her father? Yes, she was! and so she said again to Oliver, telling him she meant to be real smart for ever so long, till his grandmother was good-natured and would let her go. She would wear her best calico gown and dimity pantalets, while Oliver should carry his grandfather's cane, by way of imitating the Judge, who might thus be more impressed with a sense of his greatness.

Although he lived so near, Oliver had never had more than a passing glance of the inside of the great house on the hill, and now that the first surprise was over, he began to feel a pleasing interest in the idea of entering its spacious halls with Milly. They would go some day, he said, and he tried to frame a good excuse to give the Judge, who might be inclined to let them in. Milly, on the contrary, took no forethought as to what she must say; her wits always came when needed, and, while Oliver was thinking, she fell away to sleep, resting so quietly that she did not hear him go below for the bit of tallow candle necessary to complete his task; neither did she see him when his work was done, bend over her as she slept. Very gently he arranged her pillow, pushed back the hair which had fallen over her eyes, and then, treading softly on his poor warped feet, he left her room and sought his own, where his grandmother found him sleeping, when at nine o'clock she came home from Widow Simm's.

Milly's chamber was visited next, the old lady started back in much surprise, when, instead of the little figure bending over her bench, she saw the shoes all finished and put away, while Milly, too, was sleeping—her lips and hands stained with the berry pie, a part of which lay upon the chair.

"It's Oliver's doings," old Hepsey muttered, while thoughts of his crippled feet rose up in time to prevent an explosion of her wrath.

She could maltreat little Milly, who had no mar or blemish about her, but she could not abuse a deformed boy, and she went silently down the stairs, leaving Oliver to his dreams of heaven, where there were no crippled boys,

and Milly to her dreams of Richard, and the time when she should go to Beechwood, and claim Judge Howell for her sire.

## CHAPTER IV.

### MILLY VISITS BEECHWOOD.

Milly still adhered to her resolution of being smart, as she termed it, and had succeeded so far in pleasing Mrs. Thompson that the old lady reluctantly consented to giving her a half holiday, and letting her go with Oliver to Beechwood one Saturday afternoon. At first Oliver objected to accompanying her, for he could not overcome his dread of the cross Judge, who, having conceived a dislike for Milly, extended that dislike to the inoffensive Oliver, always frowning wrathfully at him, and seldom speaking to him a civil word. The girl, Milly, the Judge had only seen at a distance, for he never went near the gable-roof, and as he read his prayers at St. Luke's, while Hepsey screamed hers at the Methodist chapel, there was no chance of his meeting her at church. Neither did he wish to see her, for so many stories had been fabricated concerning himself and the little girl, that he professed to hate the sound of her name. He knew her figure, though, and never did she pass down the avenue, and out into the highway, on the road to school, but he saw her from the window, watching her until out of sight, and wondering to himself who she was, and why that Maine woman had let her alone so long! It was just the same when she came back at night. Judge Howell knew almost to a minute when the blue pasteboard bonnet and spotted calico dress would enter the gate, and hence it was, that just so sure as she stopped to pick a flower or stem of box (a thing she seldom failed to do), just so sure was he to scream at the top of his voice:

"Quit that, you trollop, and be off, I say!"

Once she had answered back:

"You, you, you! Who's afraid of you, old crosspatch!" while through the dusky twilight he had discerned the flourish of a tiny fist.

Nothing pleased the Judge more than grit,

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W. H. GANNETT, Publisher

ing his task, he looked proudly at the bright little face, which bade fair to be wondrously beautiful.

Milly did not like to work if she could help it, and, climbing up on the bed, she lay there while Oliver stitched on industriously. But her thoughts were very busy, for she was thinking of the mysterious Richard, wondering if he were really dead, and if he had ever thought of her when afar on the Southern seas. Then, as she remembered having heard that his portrait hung in the drawing-room at Beechwood, she felt a strong desire to see it; and why couldn't she? Wasn't she going up there some day, to ask the Judge if he were not her father? Yes, she was! and so she said again to Oliver, telling him she meant to be real smart for ever so long, till his grandmother was good-natured and would let her go. She would wear her best calico gown and dimity pantalets, while Oliver should carry his grandfather's cane, by way of imitating the Judge, who might thus be more impressed with a sense of his greatness.

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as he called it, and shaking his portly sides, he returned to the house, leaving the audacious child to gather as many flowers as she pleased. In spite of his professed a reason, there was for the Judge, a strange fascination about the little Milly, who on one Saturday afternoon, was getting herself in readiness to visit him in his fortress. Great pains she took with her soft, brown hair, brushing it until her arm ached with the exercise, and then smoothing it until it shone like glass. Aunt Hepsey Thompson was very neat in her household arrangements, and the calico dress which Milly wore was free from the least taint of dirt, as were the dimity pantalets, the child's especial pride. A string of blue beads was suspended from her neck, and when her little straw bonnet was tied on, her toilet was complete.

Oliver, too, entering into her spirit, had spent far more time than usual before the cracked looking-glass which hung upon the wall; but he was ready at last, and issued forth, equipped in his best, even to the cane which Milly had purloined from its hiding place, and which she kept concealed until Hepsey's back was turned, when she adroitly slipped it into his hand and hurried him away.

It was a lazy October day, and there a gay colored leaf was dropping silently from the trees, which grew around Beechwood. In the garden through which the children passed, for the sake of coming first to Rachel's cabin, many bright autumnal flowers were in blossom; but for once Milly's fingers left them untouched. She was too intent upon the house, which, with its numerous chimneys, balconies, and windows seemed to frown gloomily down upon her.

"What shall you say to the Judge?" Oliver asked, and Milly answered:

"I don't know what I shall say, but if he scases me, it's pretty likely I shall scase him back."

Just then Rachel appeared in the door, and, spying the two children as they came through the garden-gate, she shaded her eyes with her tawny hand to be sure she saw aright.

"Yes, 'tis Milly Hawkins," she said; and she cast a furtive glance backward through the wide hall, toward the sitting-room, where the Judge sat dozing in his willow chair.

"Was it this door, under these steps, that I was left?" asked Milly in a whisper, but before Oliver could reply, Rachel had advanced to meet them.

Milly was not afraid of her, for the good-natured negress had been kind to her in various ways, and, going boldly forward, she said: "I've come to see Judge Howell. Is he at home?"

Rachel looked aghast, and Milly, thinking she would not state her principal reason for

wishing to see him, continued, "I want to see the basket I was brought here in and everything."

"Do you know then? Who told you?" and Rachel looked inquiringly at Oliver, who answered: "Yes, she knows. They told her at school."

The fact that she knew gave her, in Rachel's estimation, some right to come, and, motioning her to be very cautious, she said: "The basket is up in the garret. Come still, so as not to wake up the Judge," and taking off her own shoes by way of example, she led the way through the hall, followed by Oliver and Milly, the latter of whom could not forbear pausing to look in at the room where the Judge sat unconsciously nodding at her. "Come away," whispered Oliver, but Milly would not move, and she stood gazing at the Judge as if he had been a caged lion.

Just then Finis, who, being the last and youngest, was a spoiled child, yelled lustily for his mother. It was hazardous not to go at his bidding, and, telling the children to stand still till she returned, Rachel hurried away.

"Now then," said Milly, spying the drawing-room ajar, "we'll have a good time by ourselves," and, taking Oliver's hand, she walked boldly into the parlor, where the family portraits were hanging.

At first her eye was dazzled with the elegance of which she had never dreamed, but, as she became somewhat accustomed to it, she began to look about and make her observations.

"Isn't this glorious, though! Wouldn't I like to live here!" and she set her little foot hard down upon the velvet carpet.

"Good afternoon ma'am," said Oliver in his meekest tone, and Milly turned just in time to see him bow to what he fancied to be a beautiful young lady smiling down upon them from a gilded frame.

"The portraits! the portraits!" she cried, clapping her hands together, and in an instant she stood face to face with Milly Howell, of the "starry eyes and nut-brown hair."

But why should that picture affect little Milly so strangely, causing her to hold her breath and gaze up at it with childish awe. It was very, very beautiful, and hundreds had admired its girlish loveliness; but to Milly it brought another feeling than that of admiration—a feeling as if t at face had looked at her many a time from the old, cracked glass at home.

"Oliver," she said, "what is it about the lady? Who is she like, or where have I seen her before?"

Oliver was quite as perplexed as herself; for the features of Mildred Howell seemed familiar even to him. He had somewhere seen their semblance, but he did not think of looking for it in the little girl, whose face grew each moment more and more like the one upon the canvas. And not like that alone, but also like the portrait beyond—the portrait of Richard Howell. Milly had not noticed this yet, though the mild, dark eyes, seemed watching her every moment, just as another pair of living eyes were watching her from the door.

Milly's scream of joy had penetrated to the ears of the sleeping Judge, rousing him from his after-dinner nap, and causing him to listen again for the voice which sounded like an echo from the past. The cry was not repeated, but through the open door he heard distinctly the childish voice, and shaking off his drowsiness he started to see who the intruders could be.

Judge Howell did not believe in the supernatural. Indeed, he scarcely believed in anything, but when he first caught sight of Mildred's deep brown eyes, and sparkling face, a strange feeling of awe crept over him, for it seemed as if his only daughter had suddenly stepped from the canvas, and going backward, for a few years, had come up before him, the same little child, whose merry laugh and winsome ways had once made the sunlight of his home. The next instant, however, his eyes fell on Oliver, and then he knew who it was. His first impulse was to scream lustily at the intruder, bidding her begone, but there was something in the expression of her face which kept him silent, and he stood watching her curiously, as, with eyes upturned, lips apart, and hands clasped nervously together, she stood gazing at his daughter, and asking her companion who the lady was like.

Oliver could not tell her, but to the Judge's lips the answer sprang, "She's like you." Then as he remembered that others had thought the same, his wrath began to rise; for nothing had ever so offended him as hearing people say that Milly Hawkins resembled him or his.

"You minx!" he suddenly exclaimed, advancing into the room, "what are you doing here and who are you, hey?"

Oliver colored painfully, and looked about for some safe hiding-place, while Milly, poisoning her head a little on one side, unflinchingly replied:

"I am Milly. Who be you?"

"Did I ever hear such impudence?" muttered the Judge, and striding up to the child, he continued in his loudest tones, "Who in thunder do you think I am?"

Very calmly Milly looked him in the face and deliberately replied:

"I think you are my father; anyway, I've come up to ask if you ain't."

See first page illustration.

"Good heavens!" and the Judge involuntarily raised his hand to smite the audacious Milly, but before the blow descended his eyes met those of Richard, and though it was a picture he looked at, there was something in that picture which stayed the act, and his hand came down very gently upon the soft brown hair of the child who was so like both son and daughter.

"Say," persisted Milly, emboldened by this very perceptible change in his demeanor, "be you my father, and, if you ain't, who is? Is he?" and she pointed toward Richard, whose mild, dark eyes seemed to Oliver to smile approvingly upon her.

Never before in his life had the Judge been so uncertain as to whether it were proper to scold or laugh. The idea of that little girl coming up to Beechwood, and claiming him for her father was perfectly preposterous, and yet in spite of himself there was about her something he could not resist,—she seemed near to him—so near that for one brief instant the thought flitted across his brain that he would keep her there with him, and not let her go back to the gable-roof where rumor said she was not happy. Then as he remembered all that had been said, and how his adopting her would give rise to greater scandal, he steeled his heart against her and replied, in answer to her question, "You haven't any father, and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



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# The DEATH-BED MARRIAGE

## or,

# The Missing Bridegroom

By Ida M. Black

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### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A young girl and a handsome man, in the uniform of an American officer, stand beside a dying man. The priest bends nearer to catch the faltering words, "Forever 'til Death." The dying man exacts a promise that the husband will take his bride away from his enemies and hers. "She is safe as my wife," comes the reluctant answer. The father places a package in the husband's hands. "Swear it to me, to keep it seven years for your wife." A soldier's word is the pledge and with the sign of the cross the old Spaniard dies.

Seven years later a stranger asks directions to the home of Dr. Morosini. "Is the gentleman a-comin' too?" He is tall and slim, with a cloak wrapped around his shoulders. He dogs the man's steps on the steamer, at the hotel, and the stranger is unconscious that the little guide is his protector. Dr. Morosini gives Ross Delmore a hearty welcome, and reminds Ross that he does not ask for his wife. Seven years before he consigns his child wife to Dr. Morosini's care. Ten years before the major sees his idol crumble into dust. He goes to Mexico a reckless man. Receiving a severe wound he is nursed by an old Spaniard, Don Jose. He has possession of a secret that will bring untold wealth. Ross sees someone at the window. The dog growls. He resumes his story. For six weeks he lays helpless with Don Jose's little daughter as nurse. He hears the child pray in simple faith for the life of the American. She softens him, and as a child he learns to love her. Don Jose is taken suddenly ill and Ross Delmore promises to defend his child the old man misunderstands him and insists upon a marriage, which Ross is too bewildered to oppose. Claude realizes Ross has a wife he does not want and he must be brave—either take her to his heart and home or else let the law set her free. The old love is dead, but if she can come to the old man, brighten the years that are left he will welcome her and cherish her as tenderly as a husband can. If she shrinks she shall be free. The dog moves uneasily. The doctor makes a spring and grasps a man by the throat.

The great bell in the tower tolls the noonday Angelus. The center of a small group is a little maiden with wonderful beauty. She wears a ring with the Spanish inscription, "Forever 'til Death." The good nurse keep the secret of Inez Fernandez's marriage. The "Recluse" is the object of much discussion. She asks to speak to Inez. The girl shrinks. She should no longer be a child, and the nun glances at Inez's ring. The wife of a brave man must be brave. His life hangs by a thread. Inez must save him. The package is more dangerous than if it held a serpent's sting. It contains the secret that was fatal to her father's life. His dying breath tries to save her. They who seek the secret stop at nothing. The Recluse is done with life and only lives to set wrongs righted. Dr. Morosini calls for Inez. The Recluse starts violently. Her husband is at the lodge. It's a woman's privilege to choose her own husband. The law recognizes the fact. She seizes her ring to her husband. "No law can sever the tie that binds."

Major Delmore drives slowly in the direction of Mount Darcy. His meditations are interrupted. A note is passed him. His life is in danger. "By the memory of the dead past, beware!" The major's horse is stopped. He jumps from the carriage. He is gagged and bound. A happy group gathers in Mrs. Morosini's cheerful parlor. There is the sound of wheels. The doctor opens the door to welcome Ross and his bride. The carriage is empty. The doctor discovers a slip of paper torn by a dagger and the words, "By the law of might." It means ward town. Inez waits patiently for the coming of her husband. The Recluse is called away suddenly. A close carriage thunders beneath the stone arch. Sister Bernice admonishes Inez to let her watchword be fidelity and she places in her hands a silver cross with the inscription, "Faithful Unto Death." Her husband awaits her in the parlor.

### CHAPTER V.

#### IN SEARCH OF THE GROOM.

THE apartments of Mr. Braddon, the young lawyer of Milton, presented the usual incongruities peculiar to a bachelor's establishment. Guns, fishing tackle, law books, and love letters, boots and bills lay around in the most promiscuous confusion, and would have appealed to the eye of the most fastidious as a chaotic jumble of household gods.

Frank Braddon himself was enjoying a few moments' repose, after another day's waiting for his "first" case, which as yet had not come. It was eight o'clock and he was just ready to start out for the evening, when looking out of the window he saw Dr. Morosini drive up to the door.

"What in the thunder can be the row? Doctor Morosini up here this time of night, his horse reeking with foam! Perhaps he intends to take me over the coals about Marian. Well, I am ready for him on that score. Love vs. Love, my first case. I expect that I can carry it through."

"Good evening, doctor!" as the door opened, and our old friend made his appearance, his face pale and stern. "This is an unexpected pleasure. Nothing wrong home? Good God, sir!"—as with a full look at the doctor's countenance, the young man's voice changed—"what is the matter?"

"Braddon," said the doctor, in a strange, hoarse voice, "I want your help. I have seen beneath the careless thoughtless manner you seem to see fit to wear, that you are a shrewd, practical man. I can trust you?"

"You can, sir," was the brief reply. "A crime has been committed tonight. One of the bravest, noblest of men has—how can I speak of it?—has tonight been foully murdered!" and the doctor sank into a chair, trembling with emotion.

"Murdered! Great heavens! Where and by whom?"

"By whom?" repeated the doctor. "God knows, for Ross was good and honest and has never harmed a living creature."

"It was Braddon's face paled, and he spoke low, in sympathy with the grief before him. "This is Major Delmore, then? I must know something at once so as to give the alarm. The criminal is making use of every one of these precious moments."

"I can tell you nothing that will aid in pursuit," said the doctor, "but I have my suspicions of the murderer, and he is one whom no common means can trace or capture. Pursuit, open pursuit, is worse than useless."

And the doctor related, in brief, excited terms, all that had passed from Major Delmore's arrival at Milton until that night.

"I saw that fellow at the court-house," said the lawyer, thoughtfully, "and I believe directly or indirectly he is concerned in the crime."

"Well, it may be so, but it is strange, for up to that morning in the court-house Ross did not even know his name."

"I remember the name—Carlos Del Puente, was it not? And Major Delmore was on his way to Mount Darcy?"

"I know nothing, sir," said the doctor, "save what I have told you. As for the tomorrow I may be myself again, tonight I have neither strength of body nor power of mind."

"Then, sir, my first act will be to examine the word 'here' to Mount Darcy. It, as you say, has been done, there will be some sign of a struggle. The lady herself may know something you have not even questioned her. This alarm may be entirely false. The evidence

that you have would count for nothing in a courtroom. Let us go."

"It is useless, I tell you, they cover their tracks," he said, "but I will follow them."

"My dear sir," said the young man impatiently, "real criminals are rarely so melodramatic in their action."

"We will go then," said the doctor, rising slowly, "we will examine the road by which he traveled to his death. But I cannot face Inez tonight. Tomorrow will do—tomorrow."

As they arose the doctor laid his hand on the young man's shoulder and said in an expressive manner:

"I would think poorly of you, Frank Braddon, if I thought you could be bribed to the cause of justice; but faithful service deserves its reward. Serve me in this matter as I desire to be served, and your fortune will be secured, with the hand of one that I know you have loved long, and silently and hopelessly."

The young lawyer raised his eyes searchingly but respectfully to his patron's face.

"It is agreed, sir, on one condition," he said, quietly.

"What is that?" asked the doctor in surprise. "Your entire confidence, sir, the knowledge of more of this matter has led you to this fatal certainty."

"You are right. I have the certainty that Ross Delmore has met his death from those who neither know mercy nor fear justice. Look here!"

He lifted the dagger that had attached the slip to the cushion of the carriage. Holding the hilt up to the light he showed Braddon its form and inscription. It was a death's head, wrought in the metal, and beneath the word "Morte."

"This has a meaning to you?" said the young man, gravely.

"It has a meaning," said the doctor, in trembling accents. "It is the motto of a band of men, who, leagued together by a terrible oath, fear nothing, neither law nor justice, neither heaven nor earth."

"How do you know of this?" asked Braddon.

"What I know, I learned not as a man, but as a Physician. Honor seals my lips. Open

reason to fear, and we want to know about the letter. Now do you understand?"

"I do, sir," said Mr. Murray, in quite a subdued tone, "and I'll call Pattie."

"Pattie!" he called, going to the foot of the ladder, "come down."

No answer, and Mr. Murray, with many abjurations, was obliged to mount the ladder leading to his aerial chamber.

"Pattie's gone! Pattie's gone!" he sobbed. "He children, for there were Murphys of all ages there, around, with well directed kicks."

"Where is Pattie? ye young varmint?"

A low sniffing in the corner attracted his attention. It proceeded from the youngest boy, an urchin of about four years of age.

"Pattie's gone! Pattie's gone," he sobbed. "He crept up here to kiss baby and me good by. He won't never see us no more."

"Gone!"

Mr. Murray scratched his head with a queer expression, half vexation, half relief.

"He's gone, sir," said he, descending the ladder, "but not to his grandmother's she's been to heaven these ten years."

"Where he is, Murray," said Braddon, sternly, "May I never spake again if I do! I gave the lad a larupin' this evening for comin' home late and not tellin' me where he got the gold he had in his pocket, and told him to be off himself, and fair I believe he's taken me at my wurruk!"

"Ochone! ochone! Pattie gone! My poor Pattie!" the mother began to wail. "I'll never forget ye for this night's wurruk!"

"Well, Mr. Murray, I must take you at your word. But when Pattie comes home, send him to me immediately. I mean no harm to the lad, Braddon, you know."

"Fair, an' I do," replied Mr. Murray, adding as the gentlemen drove off, "Stop yer cryin' and thank yer stars that Pat is out of the way!"

And he was out of the way. Trudging along the moonlit road at the rate of four miles an hour—his heart filled with strange, unchildish

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pursuit is worse than useless. We must work in the dark. Ross Delmore's blood must be avenged!"

"Well, let us make a beginning by starting on our journey to explore the road to Mount Darcy," said Braddon, impatiently.

They drove slowly and quietly along the road. The moon had risen, and all objects along the way were made clearly visible by the full mellow light. The lawyer's keen eyes darted restlessly from side to side, seeking some clue to the mystery of Major's Delmore's fate; but the calm repose of everything along their way seemed to preclude all possibility of a deed of violence having been committed there. And yet, what else could cause a bridegroom's strange absence on his wedding eve? What meant the ominous message sent in the vacant carriage, the dagger with its dread emblems, the scroll with its defiant boast?

"You know of nothing that could have prompted these desperadoes to lay violent hands upon your friend? He had no jewels, no valuables of any sort about him?" asked Braddon, after some moments' silence.

"None, save a simple wedding ring, belonging to his wife," replied the doctor.

"If it were not for the singularity of his wedding, the seclusion in which his bride has lived, we might conjecture a jealous lover had some hand in the matter."

"Impossible," said the doctor, "positively no foundation at all there, sir. By the bye, he continued, in another tone, as if struck by a new thought, "Pat Murray was at the house this afternoon, inquiring after Major Delmore. He had a letter, or note, or card, or something for him. He may throw some light on this mystery."

"We will stop there, for the house is right here, I believe!" Braddon said eagerly.

He drove close to the door and rapped loudly with his whip handle.

"Is Pattie in, Mr. Murray?" he asked of that gentleman, who appeared pipe in hand, backed by his substantial spouse.

"And is it Pattie ye'd be wantin', sir?" said Mike Murray, slowly.

"Yes, Pattie, your son. You are Mr. Murray, I believe?"

"Yis, sir, I am. I am sorry to disappoint ye, sir, but Pattie is at his grandmother's. I sint him there Saturday night; for she's bad with the rheumatiz, and I'm thinkin' he won't be back for a week or more."

"That is strange," said the doctor, interrupting Mr. Murray's glib story, "for he was at my house today."

"At your house, sir?"—for once Mr. Murray was slightly taken back. "Shure you must have mistook the lad, sir," he said recovering himself.

"No, I did not," said the doctor, rather roughly. "Come my man, you are deceiving us. Where's the boy? There's been foul work up the road this evening, and we have reason to believe that your son can throw some light upon it. He was the last person seen looking for the murdered man."

"Murder! Ochone! Ochone!" That we should have lived to hear this, Katie dear."

"I said nothing about your son being a murderer," said the doctor, impatiently, "nor do I suspect him of having any share in this matter that could be brought against him. He had a letter today for Major Delmore. Now Major Delmore has disappeared, by foul means we have

bitterness, his body still sore and aching from the blows dealt by an unreasoning hand, went the only witness that could have thrown any light upon Major Delmore's fate."

Doctor Morosini and Braddon drove on in almost silence. Both realized their melancholy position, and each shrank from the sad duty of breaking the news to Inez.

"I cannot meet her—I cannot speak to her!" said Doctor Morosini, huskily, as the white towers of Mount Darcy became visible. "Forever 'til death," those were her sweet words to me yesterday when Delmore offered to free her. And now she is free—free! But, God! What a freedom!"

They drove to the door; a deep silence brooded over the house; the bell clanged harshly in the quiet hall.

It was Braddon that questioned the portress, who opened the grated door with an alarmed expression upon her face.

"Have you seen, or heard anything of Major Delmore?" he asked in hurried accents. "Is his wife still here?"

"His wife? Inez Fernandez? She left more than an hour ago."

"With whom?" Doctor Morosini thrust his friend aside. "Only an hour ago! Great God! With whom?"

"With whom?" echoed the frightened nun. "With her husband, with her Major Delmore himself, or someone calling himself by that name."

Braddon had to support the doctor for a moment, he fairly staggered beneath the shock.

"She too gone—gone! You should have been more careful," he said, turning fiercely upon the trembling nun. "It was not Major Delmore who came for that coqueting girl. Only an hour ago—an hour ago—the empty chaise was at my door with its fiendish message. Braddon, this plot is deeper than we dreamed!"

### CHAPTER VI.

#### IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY.

With Mother Bernice's benediction still echoing in her ears, Inez opened the door of the parlor to meet her husband.

A man stood by the open window—a tall, wiry figure, shrouded in a cloak. He looked up as Inez entered, and for a moment his eyes rested upon the young girl with a fixed, searching gaze.

Her tender, girlish beauty, the gentle innocence of her downcast eyes, the vivid blush mantling cheek and brow—these he saw and recognized; but the proud spirit, the strong heart, the woman's will hidden beneath that childish exterior, he could not see, and hence he dared not do so.

"And we have met at last, Inez—my long lost Inez," he whispered, drawing her to him and kissing her fair white brow. "I scarcely dared to hope for this, my beautiful one!"

Why did Inez shrink from the caressing touch? Why fancy that deep tone had a ring of falsity in it?

It was not the earnest, hearty greeting she expected from him who had been all things to her—friend, father, husband, all in one.

"I am glad to see you, Major Delmore," Inez felt that her words were cold and constrained, "glad to thank you for all that you have done for me these long, happy years; glad," she added, humbly, "to repay you, by all the devotion in my power, for your kindness and tenderness towards the—friendless orphan."

"Tut! tut! No gratitude is needed," was the abrupt reply. "And now if you are ready to go, we will do so, and not keep this good lady waiting, unnecessarily."

"Yes, I am ready."

Inez pressed her hand to her bursting heart, and tried to swallow the choking sob rising in her throat. This was the meeting she had looked forward to with such sweet, shy happiness. This—this!

He handed her into the carriage with courtly ease. The coachman had already lifted the little trunk to its place.

Inez shrank back amid the cushions, and no word was spoken as the carriage passed beneath the swaying shadows of the oaks. Inez' heart was too sorrowful for tears.

A close grasp of her hand awoke her from her reverie.

"Inez!" the voice had lost all of its tenderness now. "Inez, look at me!"—the disguising beard was torn aside and hung through the open window—"look at me. Do you know me now? Do you recognize me?"

The shriek that was upon Inez' lips died there. She was too paralyzed by her horror to breathe.

A white, crafty, evil face looked out upon her from beneath the low-brimmed hat—a face that she remembered as well as all remember the first frightful dream of our childhood.

"Uncle Sebastian!" she whispered.

"Ah, you have a better memory than I fancied," he replied. "Yes, Uncle Sebastian. You are glad to see me, are you not, little one, after all these happy years? Glad to thank me for all my kindness and tenderness to you in all these years? I will give you the chance, perhaps, oh, yes, the chance?"

"Why have you done this?" the brave young spirit began to rise again. "Why have you deceived me in this way? Where is Major Delmore?"

"Where is Major Delmore? Where all good husbands go—kind, tender-hearted husbands. Major Delmore is in heaven, I hope by this time."

"You have killed him!" said Inez, while a cold, sickening shudder ran through her veins, "you have killed my husband!"

"Killed him! Oh, no. I never kill," replied Uncle Sebastian, deliberately. "Bah! No, it is dirty work."

Inez looked up at the cruel, mocking face, her wonderful eyes blazing with a new fire.

"I believe you are a fiend!" she cried, in quiet despair.

Uncle Sebastian bowed.

"I have had worse compliments," he said, smiling, "but never a more sincere one. It was a bad business, that marriage of yours. Your father never was any kind of a manager, but that last move was his worst."

"What are you going to do with me?" asked Inez, returning to the point. "Why have you torn me from my friends in this unmanly way? It was base—cowardly!"

"Gently, my little one, don't excite yourself. You have your father's temper, I see, and it does no good. I have a little piece of cambric here, soft and white, you see, I won't hurt that pretty mouth of yours, but I am compelled to use it," and with a quick but not a rude movement, Inez was gagged.

"Too tight?" he asked, suavely. "Well, well, we will loosen it a bit. Now I am sure you are quite comfortable."

Inez' lips could not speak, but her eyes fairly blazed at this new indignity.

"Now I can explain matters to you quietly. This intrusive old husband being removed, it is clearly my duty, as next of kin, to look out for you—you and the little property your father bequeathed to you. But fearing that this privilege might be called in question, I took the matter into my own hands, and by a little artifice obtained the position which is my natural right—your guardian."

In a moment her father's dying words flashed back into her mind, and Inez knew that she was in the hands of her mortal enemy, whom she both hated and feared. A dull, humming sound in the distance told her that they were nearing the sea. The carriage stopped before a long, dark stone house.

A wild impulse came into Inez' mind to leap from her uncle's side. But at her first movement, his cold clammy hand was upon her arm. "So you would escape me, little one, you would try your wings. Tomorrow you may take a walk, but not alone—oh, no! It would not be safe."

And lifting Inez from the carriage, he opened the house door, with a key which he took from his pocket, and entered the wide stone hall with his prisoner. He led her into an arched doorway, which was cool, damp and dreary as a vault.

The girl shivered as she cast frightened, horrified glances around her. One dim lamp, hung a dismal light upon the bare, paved floor, and upon the rough walls, blotched with mildew and oozing with dark moisture. Sebastian Del Puente opened the door leading from this gloomy entrance, and lifting aside a crimson curtain that further shielded the apartment within from the dampness and draught, ushered Inez into a chamber furnished in almost Oriental luxury. He removed the bandage from her eyes.

"Now we are home again—and not such a bad home after all. Better than the bare cloisters of Mount Darcy, eh? Look about you now, isn't this a home fit for a princess? It shall be yours. Now, what do you say? Who is as good as your guardian, eh?"

Inez did not reply as she looked at the tall figure standing in the full blaze of the firelight, his thin lips curled with a smile of triumph, his cold cruel eyes filled with a mocking light.

"We will now have some supper," he said.

He touched a silver call bell, and the summons was answered by a strange figure—a hump-backed dwarf—whose elfin-like locks fell unkempt about his shoulders, whose drawn, withered countenance had almost lost its semblance to a human being.

"This is Coal, my familiar," said her uncle, seizing the dwarf by his long locks, as if he were a dog, and drawing him nearer.

Coal shook his head angrily, and uttered a short, snarling cry.

"He has no tongue, you see," continued his master, and Inez saw, with horror, as the creature opened his mouth, that the organ was almost entirely gone. "It is very inconvenient, sometimes, to have servants with tongues, so I disposed with Coal's."

Uncle Sebastian could have said nothing worse to increase Inez' loathing for him.

"We will have some supper now, Coal, my supper as usual, and something nice and dainty for the lady, who is my niece and your mistress."

In a few moments the dwarf returned bearing a silver salver, upon which was some delicate French rolls, cold chicken, and foreign sweetmeats, together with a richly chased coffee urn and its appurtenances.

He placed the supper upon the marble center table and withdrew.

Uncle Sebastian placed a chair for Inez and asked her to be seated. He helped her politely, placing the choicest morsels upon her plate, and urging her to eat. He filled the delicate, shell-like cup with the strong black coffee, dashed it with a drop or two of cognac, drank and refilled it, three, four, five times. This with a morsel of dry bread was his supper.

"Ah, then, is nothing like coffee, after all! It is the only true stimulant. It is the elixir of life!"

He filled the cup again, and drank hurriedly. "Now, we are refreshed," he said, pushing aside the silver, "now we can talk business."

He arose and stood with his back to the fire, facing Inez.

"First, let me assure you that I mean no injury to you, because, to speak candidly, it is to my interest at present, to take care of you, very good care of you indeed. You believe that?"

"I can believe nothing good of you," said Inez. "You are all evil in thought, and word and deed."

"So your father used to think. He called me his evil genius, and yet—" a dark look crossed his

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



# ONLY A GIRL or, From Rags to Riches By Fred Thorpe

Author of "The Silent City," "Frank, the Free Lance," etc., etc.

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A dispute arises between Madge Mason and Annie Kelly two girls of the street, and Madge Mason springs upon Annie like a tigress. Dave Lane, a good-looking lad of fifteen pulls them apart. Ralph Straight, who buys papers of Madge, places his hand on her shoulder. He is surprised and asks the girl to go with him. The boys mistake him for a fly cop, and Dave tells him if the girl is in trouble he'll go bail for her. Ralph turns to Madge: it is a pity for a girl like her to be selling papers on the street for a living. He will get a place for her in the bindery. His sister Alice will show her. Madge goes to Ralph's home, and she opens her heart to Mrs. Straight and tells of her mother and the counsel she gave when dying. "I think day's kept me good more than anything else." Ralph walks home with Madge and there is no happier girl in New York City.

Shirley Everton at sixty, retires from business to enjoy his wealth and the companionship of his son whose tastes are different. It is whispered that Mr. Everton has been a little wild. The father dies suddenly leaving Shirley sole heir to his estate. He receives a visitor, Richard Harold, who convinces Shirley he is not the only heir. There is indisputable evidence of a child by a former marriage. Shirley cannot buy the papers but he can his silence. The price is one half million. It is absurd. Shirley will pay well for the proof of the girl's death. There is a rap and Harold is confronted by a shabbily dressed old man. He passes the papers to him and tells what Shirley demands. Stanley is in a rage that he divulges where the girl is to be found.

A big printing press is in the place where Alice Straight works. Her seat is near a slowly revolving wheel encircled by a belt. Her hair blows dangerously near the belt. A well-dressed young man asks Dave Lane if Madge Mason works there. Dave points to Alice, whose hair becomes entangled. Madge comprehends the situation and seizes a pair of shears to cut her hair. Shirley Everton grasps the girl's hand. Madge struggles. In one minute Alice will be beyond human aid.

Shirley Everton is seriously disturbed. The marriage certificate bears the name of Shirley Everton and Annie Hilton. It is the old, old story. The girl's station in life is humble—she can neither read nor write. His social position is higher. He marries and exacts an oath that she keep his identity a secret, and that she be known as Mrs. Mason. Within two years he makes a marriage of convenience, with Alida Fenton, the daughter of a banker, and nothing is known of the existence of the other. After the birth of Madge he deserts his first wife and causes a notice of his death to appear. Shirley Everton goes out to find his half sister. Dave Lane, believing him to be a masquerade points out Alice Straight. As Everton grasps Madge, Dave Lane deals him a blow, and Madge seizes the shears severing Alice's hair, and she is saved. Shirley sees the resemblance to his father in Madge, and explains why he prevents her going to Alice. Ralph Straight appears and demands an explanation from the millionaire. Madge knows where she hears the name of Everton. In her mother's last sickness she calls, "Everton, Shirley Everton!" There is mystery and Everton is uneasy.

He is visited by Richard Harold. For one million dollars he agrees to bring proof of Madge Mason's death. She is beguiled by a scheming woman, and under pretense, as a favored guest to a dinner, enters her carriage. A peculiar odor overpowers Madge, and she becomes unconscious. As the woman descends from her carriage she is confronted by Johnny Brownlow. He recognizes Madge Mason who is carried in by the coachman. Madge awakens in a luxuriously furnished room. She is met by a negress Mrs. Fairleigh enters. She admits to Madge she is an adventuress, and gets Madge there for a young man who loves her. Mrs. Fairleigh prevents Madge leaving the room and she is a prisoner. She pushes aside the damask hangings and finds bare unbroken walls. Richard Harold enters. His intention is to force Madge into a marriage. If she becomes his wife every luxury she desires is hers. Harold talks with Mrs. Fairleigh. Leave all to her and the Everton millions will be divided between them. When she is acknowledged as Shirley Everton's widow she shares the estate evenly. Harold thinks it risky. The only one to interfere is Stanley, an escaped prisoner. Dave Lane is employed by Mrs. Fairleigh. The bell rings and he admits Mr. Harold who is closeted with Mrs. Fairleigh. He takes two vials from his pocket. She may want to bring Madge back to life again. Harold enters Madge's room. She insists upon being released. Mrs. Fairleigh enters. She steps between them and forbids him to annoy her any further. Madge can go. Before they part they lay their adieu over a bottle of wine. Mrs. Fairleigh engages the girl's attention and Harold pours the contents of a vial into one of the glasses. Dave witnesses the act and changes the glasses. Harold takes the one intended for Madge. The glass drops from his hand and he calls for the antidote. Dave helps Madge make her escape. Harold recovers. In a few days he will see Mrs. Fairleigh mistress of the Everton fortune.

## CHAPTER XV.

### SHIRLEY EVERTON'S VISITOR.

"HAT scheme of yours won't hold water," said Harold who was rapidly recovering from the effects of the poison.

"You think not, eh?" said Mrs. Fairleigh in the most composed and determined manner possible.

"I do."

"Why not?"

"For a hundred reasons."

"Mention one or two of them."

"In the first place, that girl or her friends will have the police after us both for abduction."

"I guess not."

"I am sure of it."

"Well, if they don't come very soon they won't find me."

"What are you going to do?"

"Vacate the premises, dismiss the servants, take my jewels, and—vanish."

"But the house, the furniture—"

"Both are mortgaged to their full value. I tell you, Dick, I'm in worse straits than you imagine, but this Everton affair will put me on my feet again."

"Oh, it can't succeed," said Harold, impatiently.

"It can't eh? Let's have another of your hundred reasons?"

"You mean to personate Mrs. Everton, otherwise Mrs. Mason, the legal wife of the late Shirley Everton?"

"I do."

"You seem to forget that you are known by hundreds of people as Mrs. Fairleigh."

"I do not forget it, but what difference does that make?"

"You think it doesn't make any?"

"I do. Harold, you are unusually dull today. Don't you suppose I can invent a story that will account for everything?"

"Yes, but—"

"Can't I get dozens—hundreds—of people to swear to anything I choose to assert?"

"Probably, but—"

"Never mind the 'buts,'" interposed Mrs. Fairleigh, impatiently. "Just get one idea firmly fixed in your mind."

"What idea?"

"That I am Mrs. Shirley Everton."

"I'll try to believe it."

"Oh, you'll succeed if you only try hard enough."

"Well, when are you going to commence your new career? Today, I suppose."

"Today? No, indeed!"

"When, then?"

"As soon as my plans are fully matured. Rome wasn't built in a day. But I shall disappear from this locality within a very few hours."

"And you really expect your career as Mrs. Fairleigh to be forgotten? You think that you can begin a new life in this big city, where you are so well known?"

"Of course I do. My dear, simple-minded Dick, there can be no better hiding-place than a great city. Believe me, Mrs. Fairleigh is dead, and Mrs. Shirley Everton, Sir., has renewed her existence."

Four days later, while young Shirley Everton was preparing to go to his club, a servant announced the arrival of a visitor.

"It's a lady, sir, and she says she must see you."

"A lady?"

And Everton's face brightened.

"Yes, sir."

"Is she young?"

"I don't know, sir."

"You don't know?"

"No, sir. She has a veil over her face."

"Humph! What name did she give?"

"She wouldn't give any, sir."

"Humph! A book-agent, I suppose. Tell her I'm engaged."

Here Tompkins, the valet, interposed.

"I'd see her if I were you, sir," he said with the familiarity born of long and intimate acquaintance with his master.

"You would?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"She's no book-agent—I saw her. She has an aristocratic look, and I'd swear, sir, that there's a pretty face under that veil."

"You're chaffing me, Tompkins," said the Anglomaniac with a smirk.

"No, I'm not, sir."

"By Jove!"

"I think you've made a conquest, sir."

"Aw! I believe I will see her, Tompkins."

"If she turns out to be a blooming book-agent I'll get rid of her."

"Do, sir."

"Unless she turns out to be pretty."

"Exactly, Tompkins. Ha, ha, ha."

Tompkins "made up" his employer in the highest style of his art, and then the rapid youth went down to the reception-room.

Seated near the window, her head resting on her hand, was a lady, dressed in deep mourning and heavily veiled.

"Aw," began Everton, "you wished to see me?"

The lady started, as if interrupted in a reverie.

"You are Mr. Shirley Everton?" she said in a clear, melodious voice.

"I am, don't you know. And you?"

"You shall know my name later. Mr. Everton, I have a painful communication to make to you; I am forced against my will to give you a terrible shock."

"Aw, by Jove!" gasped the young fellow.

His visitor threw aside her veil.

Perhaps Everton was a little disappointed, for the face revealed, although a handsome one, was that of a woman, some years his senior.

"You do not know me?" she questioned.

"Aw! no."

"I suppose not. Your face, however, is familiar to me."

"By Jove! May I ask—"

"My name?—yes. I am Mrs. Shirley Everton, the wife of your late father."

Everton started from his seat.

Once more intense excitement made him forget that he was trying to be English.

"My father's wife?" he exclaimed. "Why, how many wives did he have? a dozen?"

"No, only two. But I was the first, and of course the only legal one."

"But," cried Everton, taken completely off his guard, "my father's first wife was known as Mrs. Mason."

"Exactly," said Mrs. Fairleigh—for of course it was she—composedly; "I am Mrs. Mason."

"Nonsense!" almost shouted Everton, pacing the room excitedly. "Mrs. Mason is dead."

"Oh, no, she isn't."

"But I have proof that she is."

"I have better proof that she is not."

"What proof?"

"Isn't my presence here proof enough? Do I look like a corpse?"

"But you are not Mrs. Mason."

"No, but I am the woman whom your father forced to bear that name so many years. I am Mrs. Shirley Everton."

"Is your unsubstantiated word the only proof you have of the truth of this absurd statement?" sneered Everton.

"By no means."

"What other proof have you?"

"My marriage certificate and other important papers."

"But—"

"Wait a moment. Mr. Everton, I know all; I know how that man, Harold, has attempted to bleed you, and how nearly he has succeeded. He told you that I was dead, but he will not dare repeat the statement."

"The scoundrel!" gasped Everton.

"That is just what he is. But never mind all that; let us get to business."

"Well?"

"Well, are you ready to surrender the property to me?"

"No," replied Everton, with considerable emphasis.

"That is just the answer I expected, of course. But you will be forced to do so in the end."

"Shall I?" returned Everton, with an attempt at bravado which was a dismal failure.

"You will. The proofs that I shall present of the justice of my claim are indisputable, and the property will surely be awarded to me. But the estate is by no means the only consideration with me."

"Indeed?" said Everton in surprise. "What other consideration influences you?"

"The family honor," replied Mrs. Fairleigh, with well-simulated emotion.

"The family honor!" repeated the young man.

"Yes; I do not forget that I am an Everton, and I wish to protect the name of my late husband from scandal as far as possible."

"How do you propose to do it?" asked Everton.

"By dividing the estate with you."

"Equally?"

"By no means; but I will give you an allowance which will enable you to live in the style to which you are accustomed."

"I will not for a moment consider such an absurd proposition," said Everton.

"Oh, yes, you will. My lawyer will visit you today, and will explain matters to you better than I can, and you will see that you have no choice but to yield."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Send 15 cents for a renewal, or new subscription for one year, and read the next chapter, "A Cloud in the Horizon," when Stanley in disguise visits Mrs. Shirley Everton.

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

and cut from the cobs and spread on a sheet quite thin and put it in some good place where it is free from dust. If it is where the sun can shine on it all day it will dry in less time. I dried two fifty pound sacks last summer. When ready to cook put on the back of the stove where it can simmer, and not boil hard. It will be more tender, and does not need to be soaked. If anyone would like to know anything more about cocoon flowers just write me and I can help you out.

Mrs. WALTER H. IVERSON, Oasis, Millard Co., Utah.

## Comforting Hints of All Sorts

When tired drink hot water as a tonic. When hot and thirsty drink it as a cooler, for it never disappoints.

Onions are stated to be almost the best nerve known. No medicine, it is claimed, is so useful in case of nervous prostration, and there is nothing else that will so quickly relieve and tone a worn-out system. Onions are useful in all cases of coughs, colds and influenza, and if taken regularly are very good for the complexion.

How many know that mutton suet has more curative and healing qualities than any or all the lotion and creams in the shops. Melt the suet in a bowl set in hot water, strain through cheese-cloth, put in cold cream jars or cups, when cold it will be snow white.

A. L. GAUTHIER, Pittsfield, Mass.

If you have corns, tetters or bunions, take salicylic acid, stir in a little lard, and apply, wrapping with a thin cloth. It will not injure the foot, and if repeated a number of times will give ease.

For bumps and blackheads, take ten drops of lactic acid, it's extract of sweet milk, put in a teaspoonful of unsalted butter, stir well, and apply gently, but do not get it in the eyes, or rub it in. Do not wash the face for three days, and it will draw all to the surface and cure them forever.

A good dandruff cure is made by mixing equal parts of bay rum and glycerine together. Rub on the scalp, and brush the hair well.

Mrs. A. PITTS, Bobbin, Texas.

## Whiskey Cure

One half ounce ground quassia steeped in one pint vinegar. Take a teaspoonful in a little water every time the whiskey thirst comes on. I hope everyone will try the Whiskey Cure as drinking is the curse of our land. R. A. B.

## Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

The writer's name or initials will appear at the end of one or more of the recipes.—Editor.

## American Goulash (Sent in by Mrs. Linden)

One pound each of veal, pork, mutton, and beef, cut in small pieces. Then mix with the meat, three table-spoonfuls of finely chopped onion, three table-spoonfuls of lemon juice, and three table-spoonfuls of butter, salt and pepper, allow all these ingredients to simmer slowly, until the juice begins to come out of the meat, then add a cup of stock or water, also a glass of wine, some potatoes cut in dice, and one carrot cut finely, two bay leaves, small bit of celery and a sprig of parsley, cook slowly until thoroughly done. If I were cooking this I should not add the potatoes until nearly done.

## Meat Balls

Take cold beef, veal, or any other meat, the more variety the better, hash it finely, and mix with two eggs, a little grated (or finely chopped) onion, melted butter, two crackers pounded, pepper, salt. Form into balls, and fry in butter. Serve with drawn butter flavored with lemon.

## Drawn Butter

Melt three table-spoonfuls of butter, then add one table-spoonful of flour, stir till smooth, then add boiling water or milk, till the consistency of thick cream.

## Meat Pie

One pint flour, four table-spoonfuls of butter, lard or cottolene, one table-spoonful of salt, two table-spoonfuls of baking powder (or one table-spoonful of soda and two of cream of tartar), mix with water and roll as for pie crust.

Take a deep tin or basin, put in bits of cold meat, or fowl, one layer, then a layer of cold potatoes, onions and so on until dish is full, seasoning of course (salt and pepper), cold gravy if there is any, if not a cup of water, soup or stock, put on crust and bake.

## Fish and Potato Cakes

Mash cold boiled potatoes, and cold fish together add a beaten egg, season (salt and pepper), make into cakes, dip in beaten egg, then in flour or corn meal, fry in hot fat.

## Stew of Cold Beef and Vegetables

Cut cold beef in inch squares, brown it in hot drippings, sprinkle it with flour and let that brown, cover it with boiling water, and season with salt and pepper; add to it any cold vegetables cut finely, heat thoroughly and serve hot.

## Vegetable Hash

Chop any cold vegetables finely, heat all together adding a little butter and seasoning. Cabbage and potatoes warmed up together are nice with the addition of a little vinegar. Hash can be made of bits of cold meats, cold fried eggs, potatoes and onions, it is surprising how much one can do with these odds and ends.

Ham or bacon can be chopped fine and added to omelet or scrambled eggs.

Any canned fruits, left over (different kinds) grapes and apples, blueberries, blackberries and apples, rhubarb and apple and other combinations can be made into delicious pies.

## Squash Pie

Take two large patty pan squashes, wash and boil, when tender take out and peel while hot. Take out seeds, and while still hot mash up very fine. Then add a cup of sugar, a table-spoonful of butter, and beat up. Then add five eggs, take a cup of milk and mix with a table-spoonful of flour, mix slowly, then stir this into the rest, add any desired flavoring, and bake with one crust.

## Sour Milk Pie

One and one half cups of sugar, two eggs, one cup of sour milk, one cup of raisins, one cup of currants, one table-spoonful allspice, cloves, and cinnamon, one table-spoonful of vinegar, and one and one half slices of bread crumbed up.

## Mock Lemon Pie

One table-spoonful tartaric acid, one pint water, scant spoonful lemon, two eggs, table-spoonful butter, thicken and fill crusts. Boil water and thicken, add one half cup sugar, let cool before adding eggs well beaten.

## Baked Meat Loaf

One pound beef, one half pound pork, chopped fine, one cup bread or cracker crumbs, one cup milk, one cup ripe tomatoes, one small onion if liked, salt, pepper, work well together and bake in a loaf in a large skillet or roaster, keep water

around the loaf, about a pint, as it cooks out add more. Bake one hour, when done thicken gravy and serve over hard boiled eggs.

Mrs. W. W. ALLEN.

## Letters of Thanks

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I wish to write a few lines, to thank all who so generously replied to my request for my aunt, Miss Elizabeth Kitchings, which was printed a few months ago.

I had some trouble in getting the scraps, cards, etc., to my aunt as I had to pay postage on some, for I have changed my address, but I was repaid for it in knowing how pleased she was in receiving them.

Anything that anyone wishes to send will be truly appreciated, as hers is a very lonely life. As someone requested her age I will give it, she is between fifty-one and fifty-two years and her

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

# Music Lessons Free

IN YOUR OWN HOME.

A wonderful offer to every lover of music whether a beginner or an advanced player.

Ninety-six lessons (or a less number if you desire) for either Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Banjo, Cornet, Sight Singing, or Mandolin will be given free to make our home study courses for these instruments known in your locality. You will get one lesson weekly, and your only expense during the time you take the lessons will be the cost of postage and the music you use, which is small. Write at once. It will mean much to you to get our free booklet. It will place you under no obligation whatever to us if you never write again. You and your friends should know of this work. Hundreds of our pupils write: "Wish I had known of your school before." "Have learned more in one term in my home with your weekly lessons than in three terms with private teachers, and at a great deal less expense." "Everything is so thorough and complete." "The lessons are marvels of simplicity, and my 11 year old boy has not the least trouble to learn." One minister writes: "As each succeeding lesson comes I am more and more fully persuaded I made no mistake in becoming your pupil."

We have been established nine years—have thousands of pupils from eight years of age to seventy. Don't say you cannot learn music till you send for our free booklet and tuition offer. It will be sent by return mail free. Address U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 12, 225 Fifth Ave., New York City.



## FREE GOLD Watch

This beautifully engraved Solid Gold Filled American Watch, equal in appearance to a \$50 year, is given free to every person who orders a watch from us. Send for our Free Catalogue and you will receive this watch and a \$5.00 gold chain. The watch is guaranteed for one year. Order today! Write to: STANDARD JEWELRY CO., Dept. 20, CHICAGO, ILL.

## I'LL HELP YOU MAKE MONEY.

Wanted immediately, an honest, energetic man or woman in every town, to commence work at once. Experience unnecessary. Permanent employment and one of the most liberal big money-making propositions ever offered. \$3 to \$5 or more a day sure. Don't put it off. Write now for full particulars and examine sample from T. M. SAYMAN, 2118 Franklin Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

**MEN WANTED** in every locality in the United States to advertise our goods, take up showcards in all conspicuous places and distribute small advertising matter. Commission or salary \$83 per month and expenses \$4 per day. Steady work the year round; entirely new plan; no experience required. Write for particulars. WM. R. WARNER MED. CO., London, Ont., Canada.

**16 POST CARDS FREE** Beautifully Colored Comics, Art, Pretty Girls, scenery, etc. Send only Ten Cents for a 32-page, 8-color, Family Magazine 3 months, and we will send the 16 cards postpaid. Large catalog and premium list free with each order. W. J. Dickson Co., Dept. 24, Des Moines, Ia.

**Farmers' Sons Wanted** with knowledge of farm stock and fair education to work in an office, \$60 a month with advancement, steady employment, must be honest and reliable. Branch offices of the association are being established in each state. Apply at once, giving full particulars. The Veterinary Science Association, Dept. 10, London, Canada.

**OUTFIT FREE TO AGENTS** Best selling Handkerchiefs, Dress Goods and Fancy Goods on the market. Quick sales, big profits. Deal direct with a large manufacturer. Send stamp for full particulars. FREEPORT MFG. CO., 351 & 353 Jay St., Brooklyn, N.Y. Dept. 60

**CASH FOR YOUR FUR** no matter where you are. If you trap or buy fur write today for our new plan to make extra \$5 on fur. CORRY HIDE & FUR CO., P. O. Box 127, Corry Pa.

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**Agent's Outfit Free.**—Delight, Biscuits, Cakes and Doughnuts, Apples, Corn, and Strawberries. 5 articles in one. Sells on sight. Large Catalog free. RICHARDSON MFG. CO., Dept. C, BATH, N.Y.

**PLAYS** Large List. Dialogues, Speakers, Hand Books, Drills. Catalogue free. T. A. DENISON, Pub. Dept. 8, Chicago.

**POST CARDS** 24 Nice Post Cards different sorts for only 10 cents. 3 Nice lots only 25 cents stamps. Satisfaction guaranteed. India Trading Co., McKinley Park, Dept. 3, Chicago

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**20 Post Cards 10c** Beautiful Photo Post Cards (see sample) 10c each. Retail everywhere at 25c each. 10c each. All sent postpaid. Write to: SOUVENIR CARD CO., 222 Lakeside, CHICAGO.

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**\$350.00 MONTHLY EASILY MADE** selling exceptional. Free Booklet "R" tells how. Write today. NATIONAL OPTICAL COLLEGE, St. Louis, Mo.

**Rheumatism** Guaranteed Cure 50c. Sample treatment sent Absolutely Free to any address. Write today. MAGIC REMEDY CO., Box 310, Niagara, N.Y.







## TOLD AROUND THE STOVE



### The African Telegraph

"From Cape Town to Egypt they have been building a telegraph line for the past thirteen years," said a traveler who looked as if he had been over the route, "and now they have only about 500 miles to string before Table Mountain and the Pyramids will be in touch. The line will be fifty-six hundred miles in length, with 540 miles of wireless, because it is impossible to put up posts and string wires over one stretch of swamp and bad country. One hundred engineers and thousands of natives have been working at it, and the work has been done under the greatest difficulties. Special boats were built in England and sent to Africa to carry materials, and over one section of 200 miles transportation of materials cost \$150 a ton. After the line is finished in many places it will be washed away by floods, and another source of trouble is afforded by elephants and other large animals pushing the posts over by using them to scratch against. That may sound funny, but it is no joke."

### Helping Nature

"Man is helping nature all he can," said the man who looked like a college professor, "and he is busiest among growing plants, because he has let that go by itself longer than the other things. For the past two years at Cornell University experiments have been made in treating plants with ether and some of the results have been astonishing. Some plants do not respond at all, some are affected as persons are and seem to go to sleep, while others take to it and grow so fast you can see them almost. Asparagus for instance, rushes up to the size of a bush in a single night, and rhubarb is nearly as responsive. However, the asparagus is not fit for use, being merely sticks, but the rhubarb is better than that grown as usual. It showed an increase of 60 per cent. in yield, which means that some day etherized rhubarb will be produced by gardeners all over the world. With flowers, similar results are obtained, and the time of their flowering is advanced from two days to two weeks. To Easter lily raisers this means a very great deal. Experiments are now being made with grains and fruits and if successful the whole field of agriculture will be tried. The cost is so small that if results are obtained of value, every gardener and farmer can use ether. As yet the work has progressed only beyond a beginning, but in due time it will reach a point when plans and instruction may be given to the world so that anyone who wishes may introduce ether in his farming operations and gather whatever profit there may be in it."

### Force of Imagination

The man, who looked like a civil engineer, laid down a newspaper he had been reading and surveyed the crowd as if he had something to say. They responded in the affirmative and he proceeded.

"Something in this paper about a man blowing himself up with dynamite reminds me of a man I had working for me once who didn't. My man," continued the engineer who saw that the crowd didn't quite get his meaning, "was a nervous high-strung young fellow who had charge of the blasting operations I was carrying on in making a railroad cut. He handled all the dynamite we used and was perfectly familiar with it. Incidental to his work in this line he had a sweetheart, as most well regulated young men have, and as sometimes happens, even to the best of men, the girl gave him the mitten in the most heartless fashion. So painfully was it done that for a week or more he wandered about the place like a disembodied spirit, and I was on the point of letting him off for awhile, when one day he disappeared without asking leave. He didn't show up next morning, and I sent a searching party out for him, fearing that he might have done away with himself, as sensitive, or over sensitive, people do sometimes on such occasions, before they get over it. An hour after my party went out, my fears were realized, for one of the men came back to report finding the body in the woods within a hundred yards of the cut where the men were working."

"I went at once to the scene of the suicide and there I found the young man stretched at full length on his back along a huge log, and resting quietly on his chest was a dynamite cartridge weighing a pound or more and having power enough in it to have blown him to atoms. It was the kind we fired with a fulminating fuse, but for some cause or other the fuse had gone out close to the cartridge and the unexploded stick lay there as guiltless of human blood as a turnip. The man was quite as dead though as if it had gone off with all its force, and the question immediately arose as to what had killed him, as there were no marks of violence on his person, nor indication of any kind to show what had produced the fatal result. It was apparent enough that he had intended to kill himself, and it was quite as apparent that he had not carried out his intention. Later, after a post mortem and a number of guesses we concluded that when the suicide had made every preparation and laid himself out on the log with the dynamite on his bosom and the fuse burning, waiting for it to tear him to pieces—a blast had been set off in the cut near him and the shock of it had snapped the cord of life already drawn to the limit of tension, leaving the dynamite on his chest innocent. That the fuse went out was only one of the usual things that happen to dynamite cartridges, and it is fair to suppose if the blast in the cut had not exploded when it did, the man's life would have been saved, for a person of his temperament never could have lit that fuse a second time. You see he knew the time of the fuse and it was time for his cartridge to go off when the one in the cut unexpectedly answered the purpose. That's the story," concluded the engineer, "and I'd like to know whether it was a case of actual suicide or not."

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

### Letters of Thanks

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

address is Miss Elizabeth Kitchins, Williston, R. D., 1, S. C. Care of Mrs. Martha Kitchings. Thanking you all again, MISS MYRA C. BOYLESTON, Box 81, Statesboro, R. D., 2, Ga.

### Dear Sisters:

Since my request appeared in July issue for the song, "Break the News to Mother," I have received at least thirty-seven answers. Most of these came the week following my mother's death, so I know you will all excuse my delay in getting around.

Alice of Old Vincennes. I have not forgotten. I liked your letter very much, please drop me a card giving your address and I will try to explain my long silence. Will the sister who asked for leather post cards also do likewise as I have lost your letter.

Hattie Miles. Please write again. Mrs. H. S. FRANK, Clark's Corner, Colo.

### Dear Mrs. Wilkinson and Sisters:

May I come again? I never enjoyed anything so much as I did the universal chat with the sisters I have had, since the appearance of my last letter in this corner, from North, South, East and West they came, all interesting, charming letters. I have endeavored to answer all and especially those who sent stamps (because I am not a rich girl), and it is rather difficult to reach all, but I think I did reply to very nearly all, so dear Mrs. Wilkinson, I beg you to extend my thanks to those who didn't receive my answer; they will receive this letter. I returned all souvenir postals and thank those who sent them to me.

If I may, I will come again and give another suggestion. Miss JENNIE STEFFEN, 84 John St., West Covington Ky.

### Dear Sisters and Friends:

I want to express my thanks to all who have remembered my son, Johnny Schanz, and to tell you that the tokens of friendship and love to him carry a feeling of gratitude to you that words cannot express. It will be quite a help to him. We would like to answer the many good letters personally, but it may be impossible, so we take this means of thanking one and all. May God be with each one.

Your friend through "COMFORT." His MOTHER.

### Dear Sisters:

I wish to thank all who kindly sent me remembrances. I received many packages of lovely "pieces" for my slumber robe, about a hundred post cards, and many letters. I would like to answer each personally, but it is impossible. I thank you all for the pleasure you have given me. Many asked me when my birthday is; it is Feb. 7.

Miss DOROTHY E. GILLET, Westerville, R. D., 4, Ohio.

### Dear Sisters:

I wish to thank you for all the kind letters and remembrances which I received. They certainly gave me much pleasure. Although I am broken in health, I can see God's goodness and appreciate the blessings I have.

Mrs. ELLA MANCHESTER, Sherburne, N. Y.

### Dear Mrs. Wilkinson:

Please allow me a little space in the sisters' corner that I may thank all who kindly sent me money, letters, papers and quilt scraps. I cannot find words in which to express my appreciation of these precious mementos. The sight of them will ever be associated with sweetest thoughts of far-away friends.

I would love to write a few words separately at least to those who have rendered me their sympathy and sought to comfort and cheer me, however, I trust that all who do not receive a personal reply will consider my weakness and kindly excuse my shuffling sister.

Mrs. NANNIE WOOD, Union City, R. D., 5, Oblion Co., Tenn.

### Dear Comfort Sisters:

I wish to thank all who kindly responded to my requests for pieces for patchwork and reading matter, words said to express how much I appreciated your kindness. I am almost well again. We really don't realize what health is worth until we lose it. May God bless you all and our editor also.

Miss BESSIE LITTLE, Livingston, R. D., 1, Tenn.

### Dear Comfort Sisters:

I want to thank you each and all for writing to me. I never received so many letters in my life before in so short a time, six hundred, just think of it! I tried to answer all personally, and sent silk scraps, quilt blocks, pieces of calico, cards, pictures, and samples of smoking to those who asked for them, but if I neglected to answer any of the letters sent me, you must please excuse me. I also thank all for sending me souvenir cards.

Mrs. MINNIE PERKINS, North Platte, Nebr.

### Dear Mrs. Wilkinson:

Will you please come to my aid? Our dear COMFORT family has swamped me outright. Since my little old letter appeared in the September issue, I have received over eighty letters from my dear "sisters" nearly all requesting information (regarding Fla.) and lots of it. At first I started in bravely, determined to answer every letter, but am compelled at last to make a retreat. Every mail brings from two to five more letters, and I see I cannot do as I would really like to, but will have to ask you to please state that I shall be unable to reply to any more letters. I hope that no one will be offended, but just "take it home to themselves." With best wishes for COMFORT, and for all who have written to me.

E. M. DeCOSTER, Winter Haven, Fla.

### Miscellaneous Requests

If either Esther or Jane Richard who formerly lived in Elkins, Ark., see this, will they kindly write their old friend,

Mrs. LIZZIE MITCHELL, Liberal, Kans.

Can any reader give the recipe for "India Relish," such as one buys in the stores?

Mrs. HATTIE CROSS, Rio Dell, Cal.

### Dear Mrs. Wilkinson:

I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for three years, and now wish to ask a favor in behalf of my mother. Will the sisters please give her a Valentine letter party sending any little token that will take her mind from her sorrow. She lost her youngest daughter last May and cannot become reconciled, but grieves constantly. Do not expect a reply, as she is nearly blind. Try and bring a few rays of sunshine into her life, in the name of the Master.

Her address is Mrs. ELLA STEVENSON, Waupaca, Wis.

### Dear Editor:

Please allow me through COMFORT to ask the readers if any of them know of a successful remedy for locomotor ataxia for the benefit of one shut in for past five years. If anyone does and will write me the same will be appreciated.

J. W. MOORE, W. Main St., Knoxville, Tenn.

### Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

This exchanging of Post Cards has become a great deal over the world, and we are now helping our readers get thousands of postals without cost.

Get up a club of subscribers to this paper and have your name put in this list free; you will then receive many exchanges in souvenir postals of all kinds, and will be in a position to return the favor to all who see your name in the list and give you cards. The Publishers simply ask

the slight service from you of getting up these small clubs. We will send an assortment of six cards for clubs of three, or twelve for a club of five. In sending in your club, say whether you want them from any particular city or just assorted. You can start your collection this way and then exchange with others as you see their name in the list. The following persons wish to receive Souvenir Postals and agree to return all favors. Positively requests will not be inserted here, unless a club of at least three subscribers is sent with the name. The publisher will then send you an assortment of Postals free, per offer above.

Frank Mead, Box 47, Walden, N. Y. Jeremiah E. Hamilton, Cor. First and Montgomery Sts., Box 47, Walden, N. Y. Miss Margaret Hilmer, 260 Summer Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Mrs. F. R. Whitney, 259 Sabattus St., Lewiston, Maine. Elsie Chaffield, Bancroft, Nebr. Miss Ethelene George, Conneautville, R. D., 35, Pa. Minnie Dunton, Box 503, Rico, Colo. Wm. Kersting, 640 Fisher Ave., New Durham, N. J. Mrs. Geo. Harper, Merle Beach, R. D., 14, Mich. Charles A. Perrin, Box 15, Allen, Ind. T. Harry Cohn, Care Col. Phone Co., Bridgeport, Conn. Miss Dora Proctor, Bylesville, Guernsey Co., Ohio.

### Good Old Songs We All Love

By special request from many of our readers we print the words of a few songs and will continue to do so each month as space allows. We invite our readers to send in the words of popular old songs which they think would please our six millions of readers. In copying, give each line of poetry a line by itself, do not run it in, as though solid. Please write on one side of paper only.

#### Ring Out Wild Bells

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light;  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new;  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

The above poem was written by Alfred Tennyson in loving memory of his best friend, Arthur Hallam, a son of the eminent historian and the affianced husband of the poet's sister. This sonnet without title is the 106th section of the poem in Memoriam, which was published in 1850, seventeen years after Hallam's death, and in the year that Tennyson succeeded Wordsworth as laureate.

Alfred Tennyson was born in the year 1809 at Somersby, Lincolnshire, England, his father being rector of the parish. He was the third of a large family, several other members of which shared with him in some measure the genius which has won for him undisputed rank as the first English poet of his time.

### Maryland, My Maryland

The despot's heel is on thy shore,  
Maryland!  
His torch is at thy temple door,  
Maryland!  
Avenge the patriotic gore  
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,  
And be the battle queen of yore,  
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark! to thy wondering son's appeal,  
Maryland!  
My mother State to thee I kneel,  
Maryland!  
For life and death, for woe and weal,  
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,  
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,  
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,  
Maryland!  
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,  
Maryland!  
Remember Carroll's sacred trust;  
Remember Howard's war-like thrust;  
And all thy slumberers with the just,  
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,  
Maryland!  
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,  
Maryland!  
Come! to thy own heroic throng,  
That stalks with liberty along,  
And give a new key to thy song,  
Maryland, my Maryland!

Dear mother! burst the tyrant's chain!  
Maryland!  
Virginia should not call in vain,  
Maryland!  
She meets her sisters on the plain  
Sic semper, 'tis the proud refrain,  
That baffles minions back again,  
Maryland!

Arise in majesty again,  
Maryland, my Maryland!  
I see the blush upon thy cheek,  
Maryland!  
For thou wast ever bravely meek,  
Maryland!  
But lo! there surges forth a shriek,  
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,  
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,  
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the vandal toll,  
Maryland!  
Thou wilt not crook to his control,  
Maryland!  
Better the fire upon thee roll,  
Better the blade, the shot, the bowl,  
Then crucifixion of the soul,  
Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,  
Maryland!  
The old line's bugle, fife and drum,  
Maryland!  
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb;  
Huzza! She spurs the Northern scum!  
She breathes! She burns! She'll come! She'll come!  
Maryland, my Maryland!

### Cancer Cured.

CABLE, OHIO, DEC. 20.—Mr. E. P. Linvill reports that he has been cured of cancer by Dr. L. T. Leach of Indianapolis, Ind. He states that the Doctor has a finely equipped sanatorium, but a great many patients are cured with home treatment alone. Mr. Linvill says that everyone afflicted should write to Dr. Leach for his 100-page book, which can be had for the asking.

## IT IS EASY TO EARN



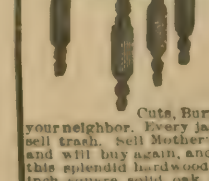
beautiful premiums by selling only a few jars of "Mother's Salve" at 25 cents a jar. The greatest cure known for Catarrh, Group and Gleet. The world never saw its equal for healing Cuts, Burns, Sores, Chaps, Piles, etc. Every jar guaranteed. It doesn't pay to sell trash. Sell Mother's Salve; what the people want and will buy again, and see how quickly you can earn this fine \$3000.00. Back has 5 hand-turned drop heads makes it dust proof; 5 drawers; all finished in golden oak, nicely varnished, all tools and attachments together with manufacturer's guarantee included; for selling 7 doz. Also Tea Sets, Iron Beds, Silverware, Rugs, Clocks, Curtains, Kitchen Cabinets, Stairs, Furniture and anything in household goods. NO MONEY REQUIRED IN ADVANCE. Just send name and address and we will mail six jars with large premium list and full instructions. Satisfaction guaranteed. If you cannot sell them you may return—no harm done. For 14 yrs. our Premiums always the best. Compare with others. See our other ads in this paper. Mother's Remedies Co., Dept. DF1128—35th St., Chicago

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beautiful premiums by selling only a few jars of "Mother's Salve" at 25 cents a jar. The greatest cure known for Catarrh, Group and Gleet. The world never saw its equal for healing Cuts, Burns, Sores, Chaps, Piles, etc. Ask your neighbor. Every jar guaranteed. It doesn't pay to sell trash. Sell Mother's Salve; what the people want and will buy again, and see how quickly you can earn this fine \$3000.00. Back has 5 hand-turned drop heads makes it dust proof; 5 drawers; all finished in golden oak, nicely varnished, all tools and attachments together with manufacturer's guarantee included; for selling 7 doz. Also Tea Sets, Iron Beds, Silverware, Rugs, Clocks, Curtains, Kitchen Cabinets, Stairs, Furniture and anything in household goods. NO MONEY REQUIRED IN ADVANCE. Just send name and address and we will mail six jars with large premium list and full instructions. Satisfaction guaranteed. If you cannot sell them you may return—no harm done. For 14 yrs. our Premiums always the best. Compare with others. See our other ads in this paper. Mother's Remedies Co., Dept. 21135—35th St., Chicago

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## TWO GOLD RINGS FREE



Sell 10 packs Prof. Smith's Hair Growth and Dandruff Remedy at 10c each, (the great hair and scalp remedy). WE TRUST YOU. When sold return the \$1 and we will promptly mail you the 2 beautiful gold laid rings, or choice from our large premium list. An honest offer by a reliable firm. Estab. 13 years. Rosebud Perfume Co. Dept. A, Woodburn, Md.

## \$3.95 GUARANTEED 20 YEARS

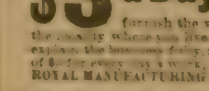


Please mention COMFORT when you write.

## How To Quit Tobacco

A new discovery odorless and tasteless, that Ladies can give in coffee or any kind of food, quickly curing the patient without his knowledge. Anyone can have a free trial package by addressing Rogers Drug and Chemical Co., 1332 Fifth and Race Sts., Cincinnati, O.

## \$3 a Day Sure



Send us your address and we will send you a package to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you how to get your work in the time of your life. Send us your name and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a complete cure of \$3 a day every day a week, absolutely sure. Write at once ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 900, Detroit, Mich.

## A BEAUtiful neck, face and arms. Don't pay 50c.

but send 10c. for sealed package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moths, black head, wrinkles, etc. A perfect skin and food powder combined. Warranted absolutely pure. TOILET COMPOUND CO., Box 1927, Boston Mass.







# A New Year's Call from COMFORT'S Publisher

MY DEAR FRIENDS AND READERS:

Permit me the pleasure of introducing myself to you as COMFORT's publisher. I beg the favor of a personal acquaintance with you, each and all. Were it possible, nothing would please me so much as to feel the hearty grasp of your hand on this New Year's day so full of cherished hopes and good resolutions, and face to face, with my living voice instead of in cold type, to wish you a Happy New Year; real happiness in the only true sense through earnest endeavor to attain your highest and noblest ambitions and to keep and perform the best promises that you have made to yourself. And with all this I sincerely wish you good health and material prosperity; but whatever the hand of Providence may have in store for you, continued and honest effort to keep faith with your own conscience is the surest means of securing the enjoyment of prosperity and the strength to endure and overcome adversity in life's struggle.

As our Editor told you last November, COMFORT was twenty years old that month.

I am the founder, manager and publisher of COMFORT. So to speak, COMFORT is my child. I have devoted twenty years of hard work, the very best years of my life, in founding, sustaining, upbuilding and developing COMFORT, and I am pardonable in taking *fatherly pride* in what it has grown up to be.

Our genial Editor chats familiarly with you every month, so that you have come to know him and to love him. He has talked with you for me, and no one could have done it any better; but still there is nothing like personal acquaintance.

I regret that in the work, worry and responsibility of publishing and managing COMFORT I have not found time to attend to social duties and get in personal touch with its readers; and so I have made a New Year's resolution to reform in that respect, and have promised myself the pleasure of calling upon you (metaphorically speaking) in your homes each New Year's day hereafter.

As this is my first call, and by force of circumstances must be in spirit only, I take the liberty of presenting you my picture as a substitute for my personal presence.

I ask the favor of an introduction to your family, if, as I hope, you have a family, and that you will sit down with me at your fireside and permit me a few minutes' confidential talk on matters of mutual interest.

But first, in order that we may become better acquainted, you ask me to tell you something more about myself, and I will do so.

I was born in Augusta, Maine, of Pilgrim ancestry, fifty-three years ago, and have lived there all my life.

My great-great grandfather was the first settler in Augusta, and as commander of Fort Weston entertained Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr when they passed through Augusta on Arnold's famous expedition against Quebec.

I was one of a family of fourteen children, and at eight years of age needy circumstances compelled me to leave school and go to work in order to assist my mother in the support of her large family, and since then I have had to make my way in the world without assistance.

I reside in the outskirts of Augusta on a one-hundred-and-sixty-acre farm, which enables me to indulge in farming as my favorite pastime and for health and recreation. I believe that this means of keeping in close touch with nature has done much to preserve my health and enable me to bear the severe labors and anxieties of a most strenuous business life.

I am a deacon in my church, and my fellow townsmen have honored me by electing me to represent the capital city in the Legislature of Maine for two successive terms.

Should you honor me by returning my call at my modest but cozy home, I should be proud to have you know my family. My wife makes my home what every American home should be. And that is the highest praise that man can bestow on woman.

My son, in the vigor of his early manhood, renders me able assistance in the management of COMFORT, and it is his ambition as well as mine, that when in old age I shall no longer be able to bear the strain of business cares he shall take up and carry on my lifework.

My eldest daughter, just arrived at womanhood, is her mother's main reliance in all matters domestic and social.

My youngest daughter is still in school.

Now that we are acquainted, let us talk about the outlook for the new year, and about the subject which, next to my wife and children is nearest and dearest to my heart.

For twenty years, through good times and bad times, through prosperity and adversity, in sickness and in health, I have toiled and struggled incessantly to make COMFORT the best paper published for the price anywhere or at any time. It has been my determination to give the people the best and the most for their money. I have had to meet sharp competition and some unfair competition. But it has been my settled policy, a matter of principle with me, in meeting the competition of low subscription rates or the difficulties of hard times or of increased cost of production never to economize at the sacrifice of literary merit or quality of reading matter. I have run only high-class stories. I buy and pay high prices for them. COMFORT never steals or copies them from other papers. I employ able editors and department writers at high salaries who furnish this matter exclusively for COMFORT. It is not syndicate matter, and you will never find it duplicated in any other paper. This costs a large amount of money, but it is what makes COMFORT valuable, interesting, entertaining and instructive. Some of my competitors, who by the liberal use of paste and scissors or by printing cheap syndicate matter, have saved most of this expense, have dropped their subscription price and have compelled me to drop mine below what I fairly ought to receive for COMFORT. Instead of cutting down the cost of literary and editorial matter I have improved it, and have met the competition by increasing the number of COMFORT subscribers and by reducing the mechanical cost by the introduction of improved printing presses and other improved machinery.

You must appreciate the fact that at fifteen cents a year, or twenty-five cents for two years for COMFORT, we are giving you a great deal for your money, especially since we combined and consolidated the two Lane papers, "Sunshine for Youth" and "The People's Literary Companion" in COMFORT, commencing with our last month's number. No doubt you wonder how it can be done. I will tell you. It is simply because of COMFORT's enormous subscription list. Of course it costs no more for the editorial and literary matter for an edition of one million copies than for one thousand, and expenses of stock,

printing and binding are less in proportion on a larger edition than on a smaller one.

You are well aware that nearly everything you have to buy has advanced in price during the last two years, and I assure you that the expense of the labor and material that goes into the makeup of a paper is no exception to the rule. In our December number our Editor announced that generally increased cost of production and especially the recent sharp advance in the price of paper emphasized the necessity of putting our subscriptions on a strictly paid-in-advance basis, and probably would compel us to raise our subscription price in the near future. He took occasion to advise our readers as well as the former subscribers to the two Lane papers to subscribe or renew their subscriptions at once at the present low rates of fifteen cents for one year or twenty-five cents for two years, while they could. What he told you was straight. And I thank you for the promptness with which you are generally responding by sending in a veritable flood of subscriptions and renewals.

I have kept COMFORT up to its high standard of merit, and so long as I have my health and strength shall continue to do so. By the recent acquisition and consolidation of the two Lane papers and their subscription lists, and the installing of a new and improved press to facilitate the printing, I have done all that I can to keep down the subscription price; but causes beyond my control have raised the cost, and, unless something unexpected happens, will compel me to raise the subscription price at an early date. How much I cannot say. That depends on you, my friends. I want to keep the price as low as possible, and still make it pay. I have done all that I can, I have reached my limit, and I appeal to you for your kind co-operation and assistance along the lines that I have indicated.



First, I want all you, both Comfort and Lane subscribers, who have not already done so, please to renew your subscriptions for two years for twenty-five cents at once. Even if your subscriptions do not expire for some months yet, please send in your quarter now, taking advantage of the present low rate and have your subscription extended two years beyond its present expiration. This will be to your advantage and will help me in two ways. Besides securing you against the inevitable advance in price, it will save you the bother of annual renewal and the risk of forgetting your renewal until your subscription has expired and you are reminded of it by not receiving your paper and missing a part of the interesting stories which are always running in COMFORT. If you fail to renew, this will surely happen, because, as our Editor told you last month, we cannot carry credit subscriptions and we never send back numbers.

Our edition is always exhausted each month. It will save me the trouble and cost of clerk hire to go over the subscription list and enter your renewals each year. It is only half the cost to do it once in two years. It will help me in another very important way. If you will all renew at once, I shall know just what to rely on when I come to figure out on the first day of February to see how much I must raise the subscription price of COMFORT.

As a favor to me, please not put it off, but send in your subscription or renewal at once. Thus it will be off your mind and on our books. It is a very small thing for any one of you; just to send me a quarter of a dollar this month for a two years' subscription to COMFORT, and so perhaps you think that I shall never miss your particular quarter. But I shall, my friend, if you don't send it, and I am obliged to strike your name off our list. Just remember that it takes every one of you to make up our million subscribers. Bear in mind the parable of the good shepherd who left the ninety and nine sheep safe in the fold while he went in search for the one lost sheep. Let us all work together not to have any sheep lost from COMFORT's great fold on the first day of February.

When you send in your subscription, a word of encouragement and appreciation of COMFORT would be very gratifying if you are so inclined. Besides the host of old friends who are renewing their subscriptions, we have cause to rejoice at the large number of new subscriptions which are pouring in upon us by every mail. This shows that our liberal offer is appreciated by many of those who have not before been our patrons.

One more favor, let me ask you; make COMFORT a New Year's present of just a little of your time. Surely you can spare it at this season of the year. You have friends. You know them, and I do not. Introduce COMFORT to them and get them to subscribe. Surely you can get me one new subscriber, and quite likely you may find it easy to raise a subscription club and get one of the nice premiums which we offer in our advertisements or premium list.

This ought to be easy now. For since our December number went to press, the government has issued an order cutting off from the second class mail privilege ninety per cent. of the sample copies heretofore permitted to be sent through the mails; and practically restricting the mailing of monthly papers at the second class postage rate to paid-in-advance subscribers. The second class postage rate on newspapers is one cent a pound and no publisher can afford to pay more than this. This order goes into effect on New Year's day. So those who have been accustomed to have their subscription to some paper continued along on credit, or have relied on getting sample copies of various papers, will soon find their supply of reading matter cut off and will be glad to subscribe for COMFORT.

You remember that before this government order came out we had given repeated notices that COMFORT must run its subscription department on a strictly paid-in-advance basis. This will help COMFORT by removing the unfair competition of cheaply gotten up papers that thought they could afford to extend long credit to their subscribers and run the risk of never collecting their subscriptions.

Just a word more and I bid you good by.

Next November COMFORT has its twenty-first birthday, and I hope to celebrate the occasion appropriately by giving its readers a special edition that will be worth keeping and remembering.

COMFORT promises you better things than ever the coming year, and you know that it always keeps its promises. I shall do my part if I live; but COMFORT has grown so large that I must ask you kindly to help and co-operate with me.

Wishing you all many happy returns of the day, I am,

Sincerely yours,

*William H. Gannett*

January 1, 1908.

Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. Please address all letters to "Publisher of COMFORT," same as on subscription coupon which you will find on page 29, so that they will be delivered promptly at my publishing house. Don't address W. H. Gannett, as mail so addressed goes to my residence in the outskirts of the city and then has to be all sent back into the city and mailed twice. In sending money, it is easier to send a quarter of a dollar wrapped between two pieces of pasteboard in a letter, than fifteen cents and less bother than to go to the P. O. for stamps. Send the quarter for a 2 years' subscription, for we positively cannot accept a subscription for more than 2 years.





**Premium No. 176**  
A Fine Duchess Rug, 57 inches long and 30 inches wide. We can supply Floral, Oriental or Animal designs. It will be sent by express at receiver's expense. Given for a club of twenty-four.



**Premium No. 99**  
Made of Walrus Leather. Has purse for change and case for cards. Given for a club of twelve.



**Premium No. 90**  
Our Old Reliable Knife, two blades. German-silver bolsters, brass lining, keen cutting blades. Given for a club of six.



**Premium No. 659**  
Ladies' Ruby Ring. One of the prettiest little imitation Rubies you ever saw. Set in gold-filled stock. When you order give size. We send this Ring for a club of five.



**Premium No. 161**  
Gentleman's Watch, a reliable timekeeper, nickel-plated case with patent winding attachment. Given for a club of eight.



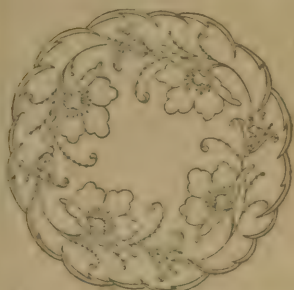
**Premium No. 74.** Gentlemen's Fine Stem-Wind and Stem-Set Watch. Imitation gold. Given for a club of fourteen.



**Premium No. 72**  
The Eagle Flash Fountain-Pen. Simply Press the button and it fills like a flash. Given for a club of twelve.



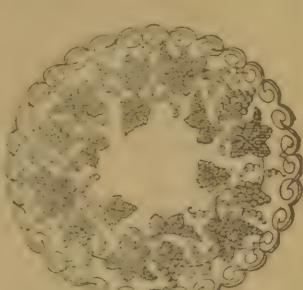
**Premium No. 130**  
We Won't Go Home Till Morning. This fine Pillow, with plain back, is regular size, 22 x 22 inches, stamped on fine art-ticking. We send one for a club of two.



**Premium No. 233**  
Extra Large Mount-Mellick Center-piece, beautiful floral design size 24x24 inches. Given for a club of three.



**Premium No. 103.**  
Our Leader Family Bible contains marriage-certificate, family record, colored maps, etc. Weighs more than 4 lbs. Given for a club of twenty.



**Premium No. 368**  
Mount-Mellick Grape Centerpiece. Size 35x36 inches. Given for a club of seven.



**Premium No. 628**  
Post-Card Album. This Album is bound in cloth, handsomely decorated covers, and holds one hundred post-cards. We send one by mail, postpaid, for a club of five.



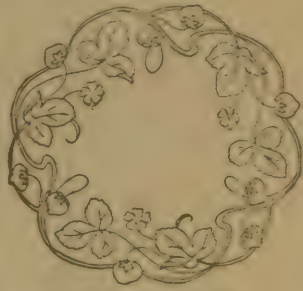
**Premium No. 91**  
Embroidered Bureau-Scarf, size 18 inches wide by 53 inches long, manufactured of fine linen. Embroidered ready to use. Given for a club of six.



**Premium No. 138**  
Nickel Alarm Clock, full size, an accurate timekeeper. Sent by mail or express, charges prepaid. Given for a club of sixteen.



**Premium No. 196**  
A Large Package of Fancy Silks for fancy work and patch-work. Given for a club of two.



**Premium No. 243**  
Strawberry Centerpiece, in colors. Size 20x20. Given for a club of four.



**Premium No. 238**  
Two Mount-Mellick Centerpieces, each 12x12 inches, stamped with a design of Pine Cones. Given for a club of two.



**Premium No. 114**  
Our Best Food-Chopper. Cuts food of all kinds. On account of weight this premium must be sent by express at receiver's expense. Given for a club of eleven.

## GIVEN FOR CLUBS

Any of the articles described on this page will be given to those who form clubs for **HEARTH AND HOME**, at the regular subscription-price of 15 cents a year each. The number of subscriptions required to secure each article is plainly noted in the description of the article. We will send a sample copy of **HEARTH AND HOME**, FREE, to all who would like to examine it. A copy of our Premium-List will also be sent FREE to all who are in need of profitable employment. **HEARTH AND HOME** is a magazine for the people. It has been published for more than twenty-two years. Each number contains from 24 to 32 large four-column pages filled with the choicest serial and short stories, with several valuable departments, each carefully edited. **HEARTH AND HOME** is in every way equal to the leading publications of the world, no matter what the subscription-price, and could not be published at the low price of 15 cents a year, but for the fact that we own our own printing-plant, and do such an enormous business at the minimum of cost. Now is the time to take advantage of some of the offers herein made you. Address all communications to

**HEARTH AND HOME,**

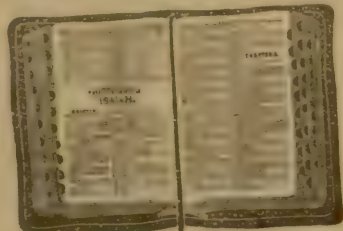
Weston Street, Augusta, Maine



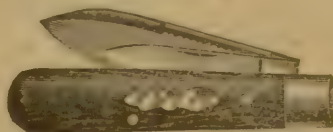
**Premium No. 183**  
Our Handy Set of Tools. A most useful combination of ten selected tools. Given for a club of six.



**Premium No. 169**  
Contains everything needed for the Workbox. Every woman should have one. Given for a club of five.



**Premium No. 174**  
Illustrated Teacher's Bible, with references, indexed, revised version. Flexible Morocco Covers. Given for a club of eighteen.



**Premium No. 166**  
Fine Knife. Two keen cutting blades. Every knife guaranteed. Given for a club of five.



**Premium No. 83.**  
Everybody's Satchel. For School-Children, Ladies' Shopping, Lawyers and Doctors. Given for a club of five.



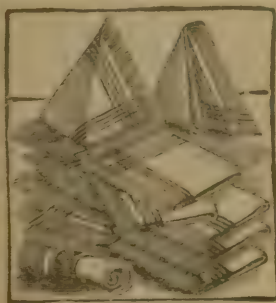
**Premium No. 197**  
Six Linen Towels. Real Irish Linen. Size 38 1/2 inches long by 20 inches wide. Given for a club of eighteen.



**Premium No. 328**  
Fringed Irish Huck Bureau-Scarf. Size 16x50 inches. Given for a club of three.



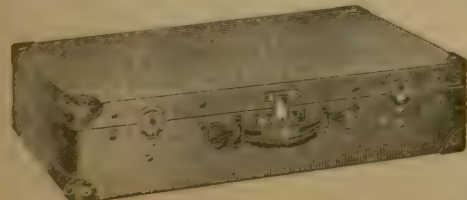
**Premium No. 657**  
Ladies' Pearl Ring. These are two genuine Pearls, set in fine gold-filled stock. We send it by mail, postage prepaid, for a club of five.



**Premium No. 678**  
Real Linen Napkins. In size they are 18 x 18 inches. Have handsome colored border and fringe. We send 1 doz. for a club nine.



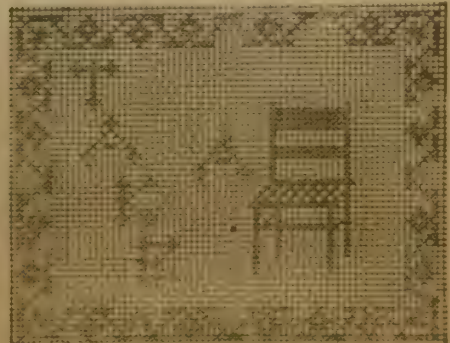
**Premium No. 137**  
Famous Books of Humor. Peck's Sunbeams, Peck's Uncle Ike, Peck's Red-Headed Boy. One book sent for a club of five.



**Premium No. 195**  
Dress-Suit Case, 24-inch size, lined with lining, brass buckles and catches, hand-riveted, and well made throughout. It will be sent by express at receiver's expense. Given for a club of nineteen.



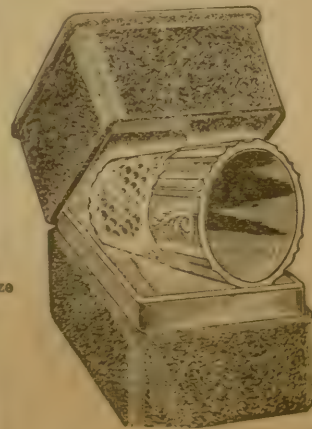
**Premium No. 273**  
Family Carving-Knife and Fork. Given for a club of fifteen.



**Premium No. 68**  
Take a Chair Tidy. This is an odd but very pretty chair-back or head-rest. Prepared by our editor expressly for the readers of **HEARTH AND HOME**. We send it free by mail, for a club of two.



**Premium No. 330**  
Fringed Linen Scarf. Size 17x54 inches. Given for a club of four.

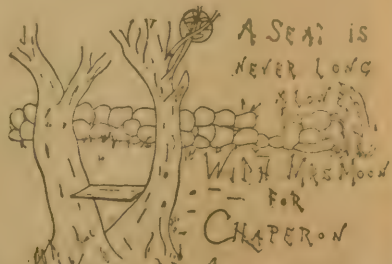


**Premium No. 23**

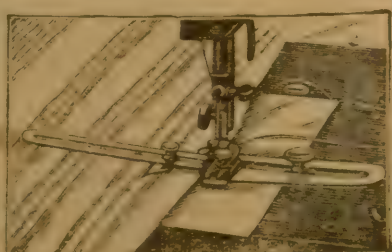
Fine Solid Silver Thimble. Guaranteed to be solid silver; We have all sizes and can fit you, if you give the number you wear, or send a slip of paper that will meet around your finger. Sent in a handsome plush case, for a club of eight.



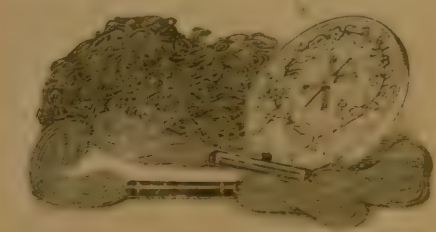
**Premium No. 92**  
A Fine Bedspread of a handsome conventional design, size 86x74 inches. Given for a club of twenty-two.



**Premium No. 349**  
A Seat Is Never Long Alone. This is an always popular design. It is stamped on fine Art-ticking, size 22x22 inches. We send it postpaid, for a club of two.



**Premium No. 651**  
The Magic Ticker. Your sewing machine is not complete without this device. Will fit any machine, and tucks any material, of any quality, equally well. We send one, postage prepaid, for a club of five.



**Premium No. 128.** Embroiderer's Own Outfit. A complete outfit with instructions for doing all kinds of embroidery. Given for a club of four.



# Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

charitable institutions, one of the largest free public libraries in the U. S., the Illinois State Library, the fine library of the State Historical Society, and the Museum of Natural History and of Minerals. Near the city is Camp Lincoln, with a state arsenal. Now uncle, I have given you and my cousins a description of Springfield and one of myself must be given according to the rules.

I am five feet one inch tall and have brown eyes, and golden brown hair. Only my friends say I have golden brown hair, but my enemies say I have red instead. Now what would you say about it? If you say "red," I will never forgive you.

Uncle, give a guess to my age, and if you guess correctly all of my kisses go to you instead of Maria, Toby and Billy.

I wish to exchange postals and letters with all my cousins. I have been a silent (not bashful) reader of COMFORT for four years and expect to be all the days of my life, for ever and ever.

CLARA E. ARNOLD.

Springfield Clara, seems to be all to the good, and you certainly have a very attractive city. Your capital is quite a big affair, though I am sorry they spent over four million dollars for a building for politicians to gather in. About four cents would be all I would spend on a state capitol just now. When women vote and graft and lobbying are abolished, and men get together for the good of the people and the glory of the state and the nation, I'd give them a glorious temple such as you have now. By the way your description of the capitol fits me exactly. I too am built on classic lines, and handsomely ornamented inside. The ornaments inside me are particularly handsome at present, as I have just swallowed two of Maria's biscuits. I always swallow them whole, and trust to Providence for the rest, as I can't bite or chew them. Your capital has bas-relief, that's where it gets the bulge on me. I can't get relief of any kind. As you manufacture textiles, I wish you'd send me a couple, as everyone says I'm a tile or two shy on my roof, and a tile with a text on it, would fit in with my religious architecture finely. Clara, I hope your hair is red, because I'd rather have a red-headed girl than any other kind. I just adore red hair. I never knew a red-haired girl yet that was not kind-hearted and lovable, and her skin is always as white as ivory. Then too, it is fine if you have the toothache, you can rest your cheek against that dear redhead until the pain is all burnt out. Look too what you save in coal and light, when you have a nice illuminated head in the house, always radiating light, and heat to the world at nothing a clip. I love, adore and worship red-headed girls. I never guess ages Clara, and to omit your age when you're inviting correspondence is simply idiotic. You can't tell how old they are. Our letter list is a farce, because not one in fifty give their age. The next one we publish will contain ages or nothing.

BOX 14, CALLAS, R. D., 3, Mo., Sept. 9, 1907.

MY DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:  
I'll now give you a description of myself. I am a blonde daisy, seventeen years old, weigh one hundred and sixteen pounds; say uncle, can you make any kind of music? If you can, you come down and play some on my organ, and give me some lessons. I have taken two, but can't play any yet. I am going to try and get the subscriptions and win your book, as soon as I can. I like to read things that are jolly. Uncle, do you think there is any harm in kissing games? Well, uncle, I'll close before Billy gets this, my best love to you and the cousins. Your niece and cousin,  
MAUDE DAVENPORT (No. 17,570).

Maude, you ask if there is any harm in kissing games. Well, that would all depend on how clean the games were. I have a cupboard full of all kinds of games from chess and checkers to ping pong and diabolito outfits. If you kissed any of these you would be liable to get a dose of germs that would make the services of an undertaker an immediate necessity. Personally I never believed in kissing games, it is a waste of time. When I wanted to indulge in osculation, I waited for my heart's desire to come along, or went out and hunted her up and got busy in the immediate vicinity of her rosy lips. There is a limitless amount of bliss in kissing a girl, and vice versa in a girl kissing the right kind of a boy, but kissing games are unhealthy, foolish, and a waste of time. As for playing on your "organ" I don't think I could manage it. What kind of an instrument is an "organ" anyhow? Is it a wind or string apparatus. I can play an organ, but an "organ" is beyond me, and I'll have to pass it up. I couldn't give you a "lisson" either, but would be willing to listen for about ten seconds at one hundred dollars a second, if you made the seconds good and short—no long seconds mind. I'm glad to know you have taken two lessons and are still able to be up and around. I trust you will be able to take another without fatal results. I'm glad you're getting subs for my book. As soon as the subs come, Maude, I'll come down with the book and play a tune on the "organ," if you'll insure my life first.

ST. JOHNSVILLE, N. Y., Oct. 30, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:  
I am six feet tall, weigh one hundred and seventy-five pounds, have dark hair and brown eyes, and am what is called an old batch. St. Johnsville has two thousand five hundred people, five churches, two schools, four hotels, six saloons; a piano factory where have taken gold medals at several places. The Mohawk Condensed Milk factory, where they condense forty thousand quarts of milk daily. This is also the loading station of the New York Central Railroad, where are used nine thousand tons of coal per month. The New York and West Shore Railroad also pass through here. The large canal is in course of construction through here. It will allow the passing of one thousand ton barges. I would be pleased to hear from any of the cousins and will try and answer all. I might send them an electric piano, if they don't ask for too many. JOHN HENNESSY (No. 18,893).

John, you say that you are an old "batch," but honestly I don't believe you. The dictionary says a "batch" is a quantity of bread baked at one time, and I don't believe that you are an old batch of stale bread. On the contrary I think that you are a well-bred boy, and not an old "batch."

St. Johnsville seems to be quite a hustling little town, but I notice that the saloons exceed in number the churches and schools. I should like to see them condensing milk. If you squeezed the water out of the milk I get

handed me, there would be nothing left. It is no good crying over spilled milk, it only makes it more watery than usual. One thing that I don't like about your town is the behavior of the electric pianos. You say they have taken gold medals in several places, and I don't approve of that kind of conduct. I think any piano caught taking a gold medal should be immediately arrested. I don't approve of dishonesty at any stage of the game. I wouldn't want an electric piano. I should think a piano of that kind would make shocking music.

FLAT ROCK, MICH., Oct. 10, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:  
This is my third letter and I hope I will succeed this time.

My father is home from Oklahoma now and we have great times with him. While he was gone I milked cows all the time and played cowboy. Well uncle, we have a new horse, his name is "Dick". He is a dandy, but I am a little afraid of him. When I go to clean him off, I clean him all but his hind legs. My sister is not afraid of him. She drives him and takes care of him. But none of that for me. My chores are: Get in wood and kindling, milk cows, and take care of chickens, and sometimes take care of the calf.

Do you skate? I don't, but have great times sliding. I get more bumps than slides. I will tell you what our Thanksgiving turkey turned out to be, well, it was a chicken. We thought it was a turkey but when we had it dressed it was a chicken.

Well, uncle, I will close. With love to all the cousins and you, and Billy the goat, your niece,  
FLORENCE ERVING.

Florence, I am glad to know that Papa got home safe from Oklahoma, glad for his sake, your sake, and most of all for the cows' sake. You say that during his absence you milked the cows all the time, and I must inform you that by our League rules, you are compelled to be kind to animals and not abuse them. Now to milk a cow all the time is the very quintessence of cruelty; and your cows have written me a letter to say that if you don't quit milking them all the time, they are going to complain to the local Board of Health, as they are positively sick to death of being milked all the time. Twice a day is quite sufficient to milk a cow. Now dear, for Heaven's sake give them a rest, or I shall have to ask the cows to call the police. No, I do not skate now. I have permanently engaged a seat on the water wagon, and my skating days are over. Your Thanksgiving turkey was a chicken eh? You were in luck. My Thanksgiving turkey turned out to be a kidney stew, and a cent's worth of pickles. Toby killed the kidney stew, and Maria, Billy and myself picked all its feathers out, and we had a remarkably good dinner. We closed our eyes as we ate it, and Billy got under the table and made a noise like a turkey, and it tasted like the real thing. Imagination is a great thing.

## Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of COMFORT, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aim and objects, the following facts will be of interest:

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Though the older folks are admitted, the young folks will always be the first consideration, and Uncle Charlie will write his page with a view of entertaining our young people solely.

Those who wish to join our League can do so by subscribing to COMFORT for one year or inducing some one else to subscribe, and sending us their subscription. No premiums will be given those sending in members for the League.

If you are already a subscriber you can join by renewing your subscription or subscribing a year ahead. You can have the membership card and button sent to yourself and the COMFORT to a friend, if you already take the paper. All who join the League will receive a button and a handsome certificate of membership, also COMFORT for one year, and the privilege of having their names in the letter list.

## How to become a Member

In order to become a full-fledged League member and procure a card and button, you must become a paid-in-advance COMFORT subscriber by sending fifteen cents to the subscription department, for yourself, or renew your own subscriptions now. When you do this, send five cents extra, or twenty cents in all, and say that you wish to join COMFORT's League of Cousins.

The five cents additional pays your membership fee and for the League button and membership card engrossed with your own name and membership number. All previous League membership offers are hereby withdrawn and only those who strictly comply with our above offer will be admitted to membership. It costs but twenty cents to join the League, a League which promises to be the greatest society of young people on earth.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could twenty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate, join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members, who desire a list of the cousins residing in their several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1442 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y., our grand secretary. Some of the lists contain hundreds of names, so our secretary must have some trifling remuneration as she is devoting the whole of her time to this work.

## League Sunshine and Mercy Work for January

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto these, ye have done it unto me."

References from responsible persons must positively accompany all appeals for help.

Miss Azubah Lee, Dunn, R. D., 2, N. C. Sweet patient sufferer. Helpless, charming writer. Remember her. James C. Shirah, Box 218, Mineral Wells, Tex. Jim gets about in his wheel chair, and prints cards for a living, and supports himself. Write to this plucky cousin. Fred W. Bizzell, Newton Grove, N. C. Has curvature of spine, and rheumatism. Wants spinal brace. Costs twenty-five dollars. Worthy case. Tuney Belle Cooper, 864 W. Main St., Lexington, Ky. Bedridden. Charming writer, and sweet patient soul. Shall be glad if you'll bear her in mind. Robt. A. Hearst, Holmsburg, Pa., is suffering from a nerve collapse. Is well educated and writes elegantly. Cheer him up with sunny letters. Sarah Deister, Mt. Carmel, R. D., 3, Ill. Young blind woman. Is not an invalid. Wants

advice how she may help herself. Sarah, write to G. W. Jones, Institution for the Blind, Jacksonville, Ill. G. D. McLennan, Guilford, Pa. Crippled thirty years. Send cheery letters. Myrtle Poole (23), 627 E. Temple St., Washington, C. H., Ohio. Bedridden and needy. Sweet patient sufferer. Lovely and lovable. Remember her. L. S. Pittis (27), Freeport, R. D., 2, Ohio. Send this young man cheery letters and reading, and anything to pass the time. Miss Jennie Moon, Cody, W. Va. Poor orphan. Helpless from rheumatism. No means of support. Do what you can for her. Miss May Burrett, Roanoke, R. D., 5, Va. Deaf and dumb. Wants cards and letters. Nannie Pillow (18), Russellville, Ky. Bedridden three years, spinal trouble. An orphan. Aunt caring for her. Needy. Help her if you can. Ben C. Knight (54), Enfield, N. C. Crippled for thirty-nine years with rheumatism. Very needy. Chronic sufferer. Mrs. P. Ellison, Riley, Marion Co., Ky. Widow, delicate and needy, with five little children. Clothing, etc., needed. Mrs. Myrtle Davis, Ridgeway, R. D., 1 Mo. Husband has had accident, will be unable to work all winter. Two small children to be cared for. Money all gone in doctor's bills. Roy G. Brown Big Isaac, W. Va. Helpless. Send twenty-five cents for his book. It is worth it. Rufus G. Duffey, Carrollton, R. D., 2, Ga. Has had rheumatism twelve years, confined to his bed. Will reply to all who send stamps, and will be grateful for any kindness shown him. John A. Curry, McClure, W. Va. Blind and bedridden from rheumatism. Cheerful sufferer, with noble, devoted wife. Send twenty-five cents for his booklet. He is worthy of your love and help. Mrs. L. T. Wilson, Apollo, R. D., 2, Pa. Shut-in ten years. Would like some cheery letters. Fannie Fain, New Market, Tenn. Wants silk pieces and reading only. Ed. Voight (16), New Braunfels, R. D., 2, Tex. Wants souvenir postals only. Mrs. A. C. Hottinger, Hebron, R. D., 1, Ohio. Poor and helpless. Wants spinal bed with rollers, bed clothing and help. Irene Abbot (16), Velpen, R. D., 24, Ind. Partially paralyzed, wants invalid chair, letters and postals. Daniel J. Parker (76), Box 46, Garden, R. D., 1, Ala. Poor old feeble man. Too old to work. Wants cheer. Mrs. Susan J. Crocker, Fulton, N. Y. Wants silk pieces and cheery letters. Is crippled, but manages to get out and work. Mrs. Nora Gossard, Sedalia, Ohio. Has had leg amputated, owing to cancer. Wants artificial limb. Husband can earn little, as he has to take care of house and children most of the time. Nannie M. E. Jones, Yorkville, R. D., 4, S. C. Sick for years. Wants to go to hospital thirty miles away. No friends. Poor family give her shelter. Mrs. E. Garrison, Riverton, Warren Co., Va. Suffers from rheumatism. Husband old and feeble. Has family, young girls (all delicate), to care for. Clothing and help needed. Pearl McCown (17), 309 E. Walnut St., Johnson City, Tenn. Spinal trouble, has not walked for four years. Wants cheery letters and postals only. Will reply to those inclosing stamps. Joseph Morpheus Tracey, N. C. Bedridden nine years. Wants wheel chair, so he can try to get outdoors for a change. Wheel chairs can be opened out like a bed. Mrs. W. Austin, 2739 Poonville St., Springfield, Mo. Seventy years old, bedridden five years, husband old and feeble. Help sadly needed here. Mrs. Mattie Fester, Mountain Grove, R. D., 6, Mo. Thanks you for past favors, and would like letters and anything to relieve the tedium of invalid's life.

There's a big bunch. Start the New Year right, by opening your hearts to those who are sick and in need.

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*In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.*

M. E. Seio, Ohio.—Acknowledge every courtesy that is extended to you, small or great, either by letter or by thanks, if done in person. Many persons are very neglectful in this regard, and it is not at all to their credit. (2) As to the young

mine. Though his dying vengeance kept it from me. It shall be mine, though a thousand lives stand between me and its possession. For seven years I have watched and waited, and Sebastian and Phoebe never waited and watched in vain. But you are overcome. I will trouble you no more tonight. There is your chamber: you



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TO BE CONTINUED.

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# Aunt Hetty's Strategy

By Hadda Clifford

TWO ladies were waiting for their automobile, and Higgins dubbed them Spring and Autumn, as they watched them, and Bob said as he lit a cigar: "It's a bold, brave man who ventures to win either."

"Why?"

Bob grinned. "The elder speaks for herself, and the younger is going to develop into the same kind of woman, she is evidently the picture of what the elder was at her age."

"Aw, dry up!" Higgins snapped as the ladies' car swung into place, and the bright-eyed, fascinating girl stepped into it, utterly oblivious of her companion.

"Daisy, you ought to help me a little," the latter said gently, in a rich low voice, extremely attractive, and rather unexpected in a woman of her age.

Daisy tossed her head, with its crown of ripe, golden brown hair, and said carelessly:

"Aunt Hetty, I'm young now; soon I'll be old and ugly like you. As long as I keep my beauty, I'm going to use it to bring me what I want, and I can't spare the time I'm helping you," and seemingly unconscious of the presence of Bob and Higgins, although they knew she saw them, Daisy gave the signal, and the car went speeding down the dusty village street.

"I put my money on Aunt Hetty," Bob said very gravely.

"Why boy, you're a fool. What can you see in that piece of antiquity? The girl for mine."

"With that temper and selfishness?"

"But the childishness of youth."

"The selfishness of youth. The same disregard of age that is thrusting useful men of forty-five into the corners," and Bob's eyes flashed.

"I intend to make a try for that little girl. She looks good to me and I'd like to win out with her."

Bob said nothing to this, but he had his thoughts, nevertheless, and to the disgust of his friend, when Higgins asked the niece to go anywhere, Bob brought the rear with the aunt.

Higgins thought the matter over, and finally referred to Daisy. She shook her head, but asked slowly:

"Perhaps he may have heard of Aunt Hetty's wealth."

"She is rich?"

"Rather."

"And you?"

"I may get a few pennies, if I mind her and marry to please her."

"But if she marries?"

Daisy looked at him with such a curious expression about her mouth that he did not understand until long afterwards, and then with a burst of merry laughter managed to say:

"I won't worry about that just yet."

Bob was having a delightful time. He was certain that the aunt was younger than she sought to appear. Then he noticed another thing. One day as he rode by her side, he suddenly gave an exclamation, and bending kissed one of her hands. It was a beautiful hand, rather large, but exquisitely kept, and showing not the slightest sign of age.

The moment he had taken the liberty, Bob drew back, saying earnestly:

"I sincerely beg your pardon."

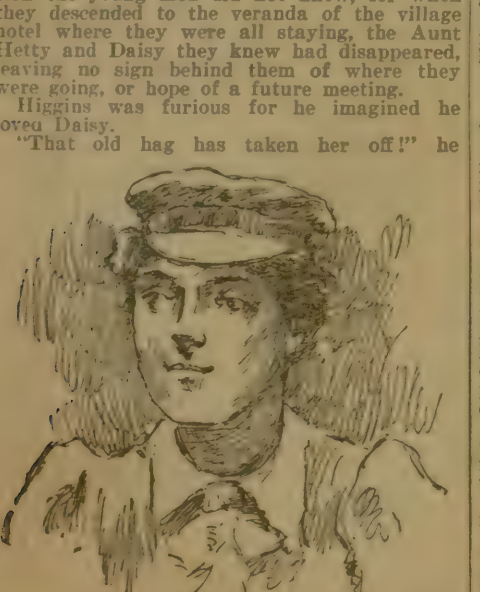
He was answered with a pleasant smile, and the words:

"Never mind, in times gone by, I have had my hand kissed more than once. It has been thought a pretty one."

"It is the most artistic hand I ever saw," was his enthusiastic reply. Bob was puzzled, uncertain, and worried, and he felt like shaking Daisy for her rudeness to this really wonderful Aunt Hetty. The lady, however, did not appear to notice it, but whether she decided not to remain any longer, for her niece was growing to think too much of Higgins, or that Bob was too open in his admiration the young men did not know, for when they descended to the veranda of the village hotel where they were all staying, the Aunt Hetty and Daisy they knew had disappeared, leaving no sign behind them of where they were going, or hope of a future meeting.

Higgins was furious for he imagined he loved Daisy.

"That old hag has taken her off!" he



DAISY.

shouted. Bob was silent, although he missed Aunt Hetty as he would have believed impossible. Beneath the wrinkles, seen through the veil she always wore, he had seen the strong, noble character and conceived a warm friendship it was hard to lose.

He still remembered her with affection, and longed for another chat such as they had enjoyed when in that old-fashioned village, even when the summer faded into fall, and the latter was lost in winter. Bob had been thinking of the little adventure when he met Higgins one day on Broadway, just in front of one of the big theaters.

After exchanging greetings, as it was bitterly cold, Bob suggested:

"Let's go in," and Higgins not having anything more amusing to do, assented, and they sauntered in, without noticing the name of the play. Seating themselves, they found they were late, but both started when they saw before them on the stage a replica of the old-

fashioned village where they had met Daisy and Aunt Hetty. More than that, they recognized in the two women talking together the very ones they had met.

Bob was delighted. Higgins was not quite so much so, for another had taken the place Daisy had occupied, for he was not a serious-minded young man, and his likings were many.

"I'm going to send a note to Aunt Hetty," Bob said decidedly, drawing out his fountain pen, and a card, on the back of which he wrote:

"If Aunt Hetty is as honest as Bob thinks, she will explain the fascination she has exerted over him."

This he inclosed in an envelope, addressed to "Aunt Hetty" and had it delivered to "Aunt Hetty" as Daisy was saying, in a tone much gentler than that which she had been using on the stage:

"I'm a regular shrew. How can anyone admire me in such a character! They see your



AUNT HETTY.

true character, dear," and she looked with strange admiration at the lined face of her companion, who laughed, patted her cheek, and then went on the stage in response to the cue, leaving Bob's note in Daisy's hands.

While Aunt Hetty was delivering some sentences that made the audience applaud vigorously Bob received a note, written in Daisy's handwriting:

"If you and Mr. Higgins want any explanations, be at Room 4, Hotel Wellington, any time after five-thirty."

The two young men listened to the play, which was well worked out, and in the end saw Daisy softened through Aunt Hetty's influence, and her love of a romantic lover, and Aunt Hetty, stifling the love in her own bosom for this same man, loading them down with her worldly goods so they may be happy.

"Rotten end," Bob muttered as they made their way out, preparatory to taking a cab to the Hotel Wellington.

"Oh, I don't know. Aunt Hetty would have been a fool to expect the man to marry her," Higgins returned.

"Aunt Hetty is worth a dozen Daisies," Bob snorted, and then they rode in silence, Bob hoping to renew his acquaintance, and Higgins wondering if he could manage to keep up his flirtation with Daisy, without dropping any of his other girls.

Arriving at the hotel, they were shown to Room 4, where they were greeted by a refined, dignified and much more lovable Daisy, and a handsome young man.

Bob looked, round-eyed at the latter for an instant, then caught the beautifully groomed hands held out to him, crying eagerly:

"Aunt Hetty!"

"Exactly," laughed the young man cordially.

Higgins stared, then asked the young man:

"Who are you?"

"Lyndon Gerton, and if you will permit me to introduce Daisy properly, my wife, a much sweeter and ladylike party off the stage than on."

"Then you were rehearsing this summer?" Bob asked wonderingly.

"Surely. The part was written for Mrs. Gerton, but it did not fit her, and I am so tired of those romantic parts, that I did not want to be the hero. I saw in the part of Aunt Hetty's Strategy great possibilities, so Mrs. Gerton and I went to the very village chosen as the scene of the play, and lived our parts. You happened along and we tried them off on you."

"Did we really fool you?" asked Mrs. Gerton with a roguish glance at Higgins, and he, remembering all the silly things he had said to her, blushed redly, while Bob cried:

"You certainly did. Your character work is wonderful, Mr. Gerton."

"You helped me a great deal, for I never felt so sure of my success as when a clean, honest young chap like you, saw something beneath the outside lack of beauty. You noticed the name of the play? We changed it to Aunt Hetty's Strategy after we met you, and under that name we are gaining fame and money."

Bob expressed his congratulations, and then asked a little anxiously:

"I have lost my 'Aunt Hetty' but I still want the friendship she established."

"It's yours," the actor cried, again extending his hand, which Bob grasped.

Higgins decided that he had too many girls already, and did not ask for a continuance of his acquaintance with Daisy.

**MONAZITE SAND**, worth 5 to 15c. lb. Sample. Will give \$50 to any one who can detect it. **FRANK O. SHILLING**, Navarre, Ohio.

**\$80** in C. S. A. money sent to any address for \$1. Will give \$50 to any one who can detect it. **FRANK O. SHILLING**, Navarre, Ohio.

**ITELL**

Your Fortune and Life Reading also Photo your Future Husband or Wife with True Love Charm and Wedding Ring. All for 10 CENTS and your birth date. **LOCK BOX 100, DEPT. 7, PALATKA, ILL.**

## The Scientific Mind

"I'm on the move," the Clock remarked, "From spring to second-hand, I work all hours. Who can do more, in all this busy land? I keep two strong hands moving, And never turn my face, But nothing comes of all my zeal—I must be out of place!"

"Round and round goes every wheel In endless Dervish dance, But on me no one even wastes More than a passing glance! The tongs and poker tend the fire; The broom keeps clean the floors; The busy needle mends the clothes; The keys guard all the doors."

"For each some useful task is found; All play an active part, But I stand helpless on the shelf, I vow—it breaks my heart!"

"Humph!" quoth the antique Candlestick, "So reasons callow youth! 'Tis age alone gives wisdom To know and tell the Truth. I've noticed every seventh day The housemaid by you stands And winds the spring you have uncolled, To exercise her hands."

"Your daily task unwinds that spring, And thus her hands grow strong, To scrub the floors and fiercely pound The loud sonorous gong. Your puzzle thus is solved, my friend. An answer one may find To every problem, if one has The scientific mind!"

Then brightly beamed the Candlestick, The Clock's face lost its frown, It gayly ran at double speed To let its spring run down.

## A Big Cargo of Games, Puzzles, Etc., Free

We will present to every reader of this paper a copy of "Parlor Amusements," consisting of a collection of Acting Charades, Parlor Dramas, Shadow Pantomimes, Games, Puzzles, etc., among which will be found the following: Bean-Bags, Questions and Answers, The Feather Game, Cupid's Coming, How Dye Like Our Neighbor? One Old Ox, Opening Oysters, What is My Thought Like? Cross-Questions and Crooked Answers, Twirling the Plate, The Star Puzzle, Hidden Words, Diamond Puzzle, Mathematical Puzzle, The Great Triple Prize Puzzle. All of the above and many other puzzles, games, etc., more than enough to entertain a large company through all the long winter evenings, will be sent absolutely free, by mail, postage fully prepaid, together with a copy of our Premium List, to all who request it. Remember it is FREE to you. You are not to send a single cent. Address **HEARTH AND HOME**, Weston Street, Augusta, Maine.

**PUBLISHERS' NOTE.**—We are personally acquainted with the publishers of **Hearth and Home** and know them to be honorable gentlemen who may be depended upon to perform all they promise. We would call the attention of every one of our readers to their full-page advertisement which appears on page 18. We hope our readers will take advantage of the offers made them. (Editor.)

## "CIQS" for Nervous Prostration.

50c. postpaid, Belsel Co., 423 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

**Sufferers of Rheumatism or Asthma**, write to Dr. M. O. WEBBER, Box 681, Bath, Maine.

**Song Writers.** Particulars for stamp. Co-operative Music Co., Long Branch, N. J.

**\$90** A MONTH for men to put out Merchandise and Grocery Catalogs. Mail Order House. Blew Bros. Chicago.

**\$10 Cash Paid** PER 1000 FOR CANCELLED Postage Stamp. Send 10c for List. Paul A. SCOTT, CORNERS, N. Y.

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**\$1 SOLID GOLD 12c.** Pattern SIGNED KING. 10c. Kinsman, Box 862, Augusta, Maine, will send FREE. Sent with Premium List for 10c. SHELL NOVELTY CO., Dept. C 5 25 Chambers Street, New York.

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# An Awakening

By Ora Anice Eastman

"AND so you don't want to come here to live?" came half laughing from a pair of rosy lips, and the question was directed to a young man, strong, well-built with good features, and honest blue eyes set in a tanned face.

Sid Wilson looked about him; at the towering buildings, that bore upon his spirits, seeming to crush them; the thundering elevated road, with its many trains; the rattling cabs, tooting motor cars, and thousands and thousands of people surging back and forth, enveloped in a cloud of dirt and grime. Then he thought of his farm with its cool, green meadows, and fields of wheat and corn. He could see his sleek-sided cattle, his blooded horses, and his up-to-date milkhouse, where a bubbling spring, with ice he cut during the winter from a stream running through his property, kept things sweet and cool.

"No, Miss Jessie, I don't, and what's more, I want you to come back and have a real vacation. I'm going in a couple of days. Come with me, you know mother wants you."

Jessie Harper had never seen country life, but her mother had been a country girl, and had often spoken of it to the girl death obliged her to leave so young.

"Yes, I can get my vacation, now, or in August. I thought of taking it then."

"Come now, in July, the country is so lovely now," pleaded the young man, who had met Jessie the year before, while in the city on a visit to a cousin, at whose home Jessie was a visitor. Going home, he had nursed his delighted admiration into a very warm love, and returned, with a letter from his mother, inviting the lonely girl to the farm.

Jessie longed for that country, for it was so hot and she was weary of standing all day long behind the counter, and yet she hesitated. Sid Wilson was too true a son of nature to be able to conceal his feelings, and she knew he loved her. If she accepted this invitation, she felt it would be a tacit acceptance of his heart and name.

"Please come, we'll give you a good time," he pleaded, and Jessie decided to let fate govern her actions.

Hooper township is not such a distance from Chicago, yet when Sid lifted her down from the neat buggy, drawn by a spirited horse, which had met them a dozen miles away from his home, she felt she had come into a new land, a mystical place, in which new adventures awaited her.

The first was a warm, tender greeting from Sid's little, white-haired mother, a most delicious meal, the best the restaurant-fed girl had tasted since her mother died, then such a wonderful sleep, away from nerve-racking sounds, in a white chamber, so big she nearly lost herself.

In the days that followed, Jessie, lived, really lived, but all the time her heart was growing very heavy. When her two weeks came to an end, at the earnest solicitation of her new friends, she wrote and obtained two weeks more, at her own expense. Still she knew she had no right there, knowing the son was becoming more and more in love with her, while the little mother was growing to think of her as a daughter.

"I can't marry him," the girl would whisper to herself, "when I do not love him, good, kind and lovable as he is," and yet the days went by, and the time was very near when she must return to the city.

One day early in August, while Sid was in the field, his mother in her garden, the most wonderful place in the world to the city girl, with its flowers, herbs and vegetables in charming confusion, a buggy came to a stop in front of the hitching block, and two women climbed out. Recognizing them as the gossips of the neighborhood, Jessie lay still in a hammock Sid had hung for her on the veranda almost concealed by the heavy honeysuckle.

Trying the screen door, and finding it fastened in the inside, they settled on the steps, and resumed a conversation evidently begun in the buggy.

"It's a shame, too, I tell you."

"Well, yes, why Sid's been keeping company with Martha Jenkins since they went to district school No. 7 together."

Jessie shrunk back, forgetting she was listening.

"How does she take it?"

"Take it? She just stays indoors, and cries," answered the other.

Jessie's head whirled. Had she been so vain that she thought she had won a love that was given to another? Had she broken the heart of another girl, and was Sid Wilson breaking his word to another?

With almost superhuman stealth, she managed to get out of the hammock, over the rail of the veranda, and down to the little brook, where Sid had fixed her a cozy seat, just before the stream entered the milkhouse. Here it was always cool and in it she kept a book or two. Today, however she could not read, but sobbed until she could cry no more. What seemed to make it worse was a secret she discovered. While she was so sure of her right to Sid, she had not known that she loved him, but now she would have given years to be where she was that morning. Worn out, at last she fell asleep, and there Sid found her, after he and his mother had been driven distracted.

With a sad expression on his handsome young face, he sat and looked down at her, with flushed face and swollen eyes.

"There is no hope," he said gravely, "she does not like country life, and yet we would have tried to make her happy, mother and I. Just think mother told me this morning that she would be willing to go away, if she wanted it, but Jessie would not drive away poor mother. I know her too well for that. It's not mother, but me she objects to," and he started up to leave her. The sound of the brooding twigs, startled Jessie, and she raised her head, brushing back her un-brown hair.

Sid stood watching her, and wondering what had driven her into hiding, and made her cry as he saw the had been doing.

Jessie springing to her feet, tried to smooth her hair, and asked in a voice, still affected by the crying:

"Have I been asleep long?"

"I don't know when you came here, but I've been hunting for you all the afternoon."

"Then I've missed your company?" she asked.

"You knew those old cats were there?" he asked, feeling sure he was getting very near the seat of the trouble, for he had never known them to stop anywhere that they did not leave heart burning behind.

"I heard them talking, while I was in the hammock, and slipped away," said Jessie, scarcely realizing how much she was confessing.

Sid advanced, took her little hands between his own brown ones, and asked quietly:

"Was it something they said that sent you here to cry?"

"Why do you ask such a question?" she asked, trying to get away from him.

"Well, they usually make everyone cry, always gossiping and lying. They had mother in tears as usual. I'll make them cry, if they have hurt you," he said with a gritting of his strong, white teeth.

"Sid," Jessie asked softly, and he noticed that she called him by his first name, "have you neglected anyone to make my visit pleasant?"

"Why Jessie, you know I haven't."

"Do you know Martha Jenkins?"

His face cleared, and he, drawing Jessie back to her seat, half knelt beside her, saying in a low tone:

"Those wicked women. Probably they saw you in the hammock, and tried to make you unhappy. Martha married two years ago. Her husband was a good-for-nothing fellow, who deserted her and her baby. I have been there now and then, to try and cheer her up, and most of the time mother has been with me."

Jessie caught his arm, whispering:

"I might have known it was all a lie."

Sid's eyes were very bright, as he leaned his head near her, asking in a trembling voice:

"Why did you care?"

Jessie's face dropped in her hands.

"Is it possible, sweetheart, that you can love me? That you will be willing to stay here in the country?"

Up came the daintily flushed face, from hands which fell about his shoulders, as his arms drew her towards him, and she whispered:

"Just ask me."

Gilbert, Nameless, Homeless, Penniless;  
OR,  
The Adventures of a Young Hero.

## SYNOPSIS AND ENDING OF THE STORY.

We herewith give our readers the synopsis and ending of the story that was running in "Sunshine" and which, for lack of space, we are unable to print the full chapters with which the story ends this month.

Shurbert Nelson and Gilbert Morse talk seriously. Gilbert is the scapegoat of the family and bears from his mother and stepfather all the blame belonging to his half brother Jim Morse, who is wild and reckless. Shurbert is to keep on at school, while Gilbert is to go into his stepfather's store and have his board and clothing until he is twenty-one. Mr. Morse demands of Gilbert: "Where is James?" and the answer comes, "I'm not his keeper." His mother gives a shrill scream, crying, "So Cain said of Abel," and the words change the whole tenor of the boy's life. Gilbert hears a young girl sing, "For love is music, and love is light." He rescues Elsie Whitlock from drowning. She does not want to live longer. Gilbert bids Shurbert good by. He takes what money he has, and decides to call himself Gilbert Gilbert or G. Gilbert. The first night he finds a cave near a small stream and sleeps there. The fourth night he sleeps in a hotel and registers G. Gilbert Freighton. The landlord talks over the telephone. "Well, well, went after him with bloodhounds, you must have loved him!"

A man and a girl rush along in a motor car. In front of them a young girl is trying to control her horse. Gilbert springs forward and stops the horse. A firm hand grasps his shoulder. Gilbert tells his story in a few words, and the owner of the auto promises escape.

The landlord changes an address on the register to Albert Saunders, Boston. He witnesses Gilbert's bravery. He is accosted by Gilbert's stepfather, who insists that Gilbert takes one thousand dollars. That is the reason Colonel Breton loans his bloodhounds. They search the register and house and find no trace of Gilbert.

Philip Wheaton puts many miles between Gilbert and those who hunt him. Gilbert accepts the gift Mr. Wheaton offers and some day he will return with a name of his own. Daisy presses a package in Gilbert's hand. There is a roll of bills, a locket with her picture and a long golden curl, and pencilled in straggling letters, "Yours until death. Daisy." He meets with friends on a freight car.

Elsie Whitlock knows her life will be lonesome if Shurbert Nelson goes out of it and she promises to marry him. Gilbert decides to settle at Grandview, Texas. He meets Horace Newman, a consumptive and proprietor of a hotel. He wants a big strong man and offers one hundred dollars a month and board. Doctor Newman gives him a list of goods to buy and a roll of money. He knows he is unusually trusted and leaves as a pledge Daisy's gift to him. "If I had such a son I'd be willing to lie right down and die," says Doctor Newman.

Gilbert returns and Doctor Newman slips a package in his hands. Gilbert writes Mr. Wheaton when he becomes worthy of a visit to his house he is going.

Two years since Gilbert left home and the climax is reached when the post office is rifled and Nathan Kratz disappears. Bloodhounds are put on the trail and Shurbert and Elsie come upon James Morse bleeding and torn. Before he dies he divulges where Nathan Kratz is. His father refunds the stolen money. Shurbert visits Gilbert. Explanations clear doubts. The longed for name is discovered and Gilbert's father is found in Doctor Newman. Gilbert asks Daisy to share the name with him.

## Better Than Spanking.

Spanking does not cure children of bedwetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box 315, South Bend, Ind., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money, but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

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## When Father Raised the Mortgage on the Farm

BY CHARLES NOEL DOUGLAS.  
(UNCLE CHARLIE.)

'Twas awful sad 'bout poor old Dad, for twenty years he'd toiled To liquidate the debt that Fate, had round the homestead coiled. But who'd he worked and never shirked his life one ceaseless grind. Things didn't pay, and ev'ry day, he further got behind. One year the rain washed out the grain, and spoiled the crops, Dad's cup Was brimming o'er next season, for the sun it dried things up. The barn by tramps was burned, "the scamps," said Dad, "have done me harm. But spite the blaze some day I'll raise the mortgage on the farm."

A worse setback soon came, alack! put Dad in awful straits, A big cyclone, and Dad was blown, sky high 'cross sixteen states. It dumped him down in some far town—I think the place was Rome. One hundred "cold" it cost in gold, to get the old man home. And when Dad reached his home, he screeched, the poor old hoodooed soul. The farm was gone, cyclone had torn it up, and left a hole. Said Dad, "it's plain that wind raised Cain, gee whis that was a storm. But it couldn't lift or raise or shift, that mortgage on the farm."

Well Dad pitched in, had to begin all over once anew. He built and planned and tilled the land, and in a year or two Fortune had paved the way, he'd saved enough his debts to pay. And off one noon to Lawyer Boon, he started blithe and gay. But on the pike Dad chanced to strike, a man, and he was sick: They made a trade, and Dad he paid two "thousand" for a brick; Dad said 'twas gold; Oh, he was sold, they worked him like a charm, Just made Dad ill, that mortgage still, was hanging o'er the farm.

To work Dad went, his back was bent to labor night and day. But drought or rain made toil in vain, and Dad just couldn't pay. The Lawyer called, and Dad was galled, his eyes with anger blazed, For Lawyer Boon he'd never get that pesky mortgage raised. "The cash I'll stake, the bet I'll make two thousand—cold 'gainst one." The lawyer's odds were big ye gods! Dad took him up, 'twas done. "Next Wednesday heed, you bring that deed," said Dad, "have no alarm. Ere many days you'll see me raise that mortgage on the farm!"

The great day broke, a thousand folk towards the homestead drew, A derrick high into the sky, Dad raised, why no one knew. Old Lawyer Boon arrived at noon, Dad 'neath the derrick stood. "Hand up that deed," said Dad with speed, "and then I'll raise it good." Dad hitched it to the rope and drew it way up in the sky. 'Twas great to hear the frantic cheer from thousands gathered nigh—Dad yelled aloud to all the crowd, "The homestead's saved from harm, The Lord be praised at last I've raised, the mortgage on the farm!"

The crowd it laughed and loudly chaffed, hats in the air folks threw. And Lawyer Boon, he vanished soon, or they'd have raised him too. A brass band played, the trumpets brayed, the cornet gave a screech, While everyone enjoyed the fun, and shouted for a speech. Dad's throat was cleared, while thousands cheered, and then he shouted, "Boys! My bet is won, the deed is done, so just keep up the noise. I've taught today a lesson, may it help poor tolling man, If cash can't raise a mortgage, well, a durned old derrick can."

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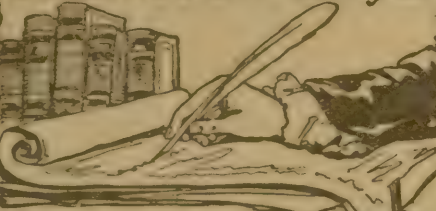
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## Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending After (15) cents, in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

J. G. P.—The record of will of the County in the State of which your grandfather was a resident at the time of his death should furnish you the information you desire.

Mrs. B. E. P.—Under the laws of the State from which you write, we are of the opinion that, except for minor provisions, your husband can by his will cut you out from any share of all such property as he is the sole and separate owner.

C. V. S.—Under the laws of the State from which you write, we are of the opinion: (1) that, if the property you mention belonged to your father absolutely, your mother upon his death would be entitled to dower of one third of the real estate and the balance of the real estate would be divided equally among the children, provided of course your father left no will to the contrary; (2) that the property can be divided before the minor child becomes of age and her share held for her until she attains her majority by a general guardian appointed by the court for that purpose, but that she personally cannot be competent to take any steps to compel a division of the property or to convey her interest in the land before that time; and that her rights must be protected and disposed of either by a judgment or decree of the court; (3) that either of the two heirs who have reached their majority may, by bringing the proper action or proceeding, compel a division of the estate and enforce their rights to whatever interest they may have in the property. We do not think that the mother can be compelled to provide a home for such of her children as have reached full age, as the theory of the law is that at that age they are able to provide a home for themselves; but that she can be compelled as we have stated, to turn over to them such property as belongs to them.

M. S. D.—We are of the opinion that your legal name would be that of your own parents, but, as you state that you do not know what that is and that you have always used the name of your foster parents, we think you might continue to do so, as even though you should be able to discover your correct name is, it would only lead to confusion for you to use it at this late day. Under such circumstances as you relate, we think that no one could successfully dispute your using this name, which you have been known by since infancy. We think you are quite within your rights to use the name you are now using and may continue to do so. We think you could and should compel the payment left to you by your foster parents in the terms you describe. We think that you would be showing no disrespect to them in demanding your rights, as, unless they had wished you to have this property, they would not have left it to you.

Mrs. L. T.—Upon your statements to us we are of the opinion that, if the widow of the man you mention is by the terms of his will appointed your executrix or trustee thereof, she would have the legal right to try out the provisions of the will which are probably to the effect, that she reduce the property either personal or real or both to cash, and hold the proceeds for the trust created in the will; if such is the case she would have the legal right to sell the property you mention, but she must account to the other legatees or devisees for all the receipts and payments, and if she does not do this voluntarily the other persons entitled can bring a proceeding and compel her to do so; if upon such an accounting it is proved to the court that she is squandering the property, proceedings will lie for her removal as such executrix or trustee.

Mrs. A. A. T.—If the absolute title to the property you mention is in your name alone, we are of the opinion, that the signature of any of your children to the deed is not necessary for you to sell or convey the property.

"Questioner."—Unless there is some understanding or contract to the contrary, we are of the opinion, that the woman you mention could recover in a proper action, from the man you mention, reasonable compensation for her services for such portion of the term of her employment as is not barred by the statute of limitations.

Mrs. E. H. O.—In such a case as you submit, we are of the opinion, that in the absence of any binding agreement of fee, the lawyer or collector would be entitled to a reasonable fee for the time spent in making the collection, taking into consideration, of course, the small amount involved.

G. E. G.—Under the laws of the State from which you write, we are of the opinion, that you have no standing in Court and can take no proceedings to compel a division of the estate of your husband's father; that such a proceeding could only be brought by one of the persons entitled to a share, or a creditor of the estate; and that in the absence of a will the widow, we think, would be entitled to one third absolutely of the personal estate and dower of one third for life of the real property and that the balance would go to the children and the children and the descendants of any deceased child; so that, in the event of your husband's death, your boy would be entitled to his share, and then if you were appointed the child's guardian you would have standing in the Court, but that during your husband's lifetime you have none; and that he must be the one to bring the proceeding.

J. M. T.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that, if the minor child you mention obtained good title to the older brother's share of the property you mention and then proceeded to bring the proper action by way of petition, and if such an action was properly conducted according to law and no fraud was practiced, then the children you mention cannot recover any part of the property you mention. It will be necessary for you to examine or have examined the records where the action was brought to find out whether that was the way the title was acquired by the present owner; from your statements we think that is what has happened, but it is only conjecture with us, as we could only be positive after knowing what the records would show.

Mrs. E. W.—You can bring an action for the money value of your ring against the man who took it; we very much doubt that you could hold him criminally without a stronger set of facts than you submit to us.

A. J. S.—An examination of the title records would be necessary for us to render you an opinion on how the deed should be signed. If the title stood in the names of the man and his wife, we think that their signatures would be all that would be necessary to convey the property even though their heirs were mentioned in the deed to them, and that the interest of the heirs in the property would only commence at their death.

Mrs. L. A.—An examination of all the records and documents in connection with the property you mention would be necessary for us to form an opinion as to whether your title is a good one or not. It will be necessary for you to have such an examination made by some local attorney. If you and you have title to the property, we think you should bring an action to establish your right and enjoin all other persons from interfering with your enjoyment of them.

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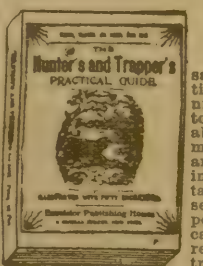
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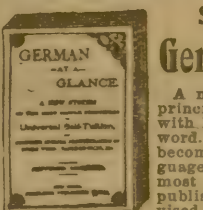
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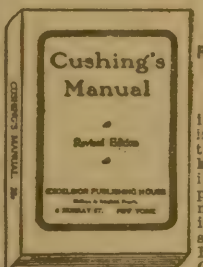
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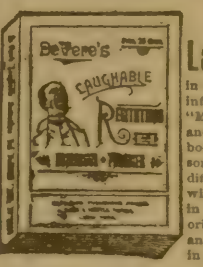
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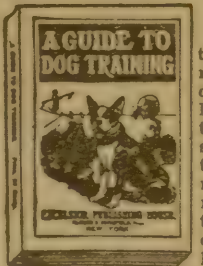
### CUSHING'S MANUAL REVISED EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

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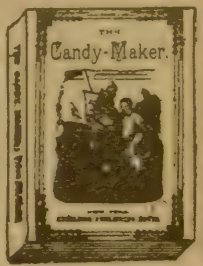


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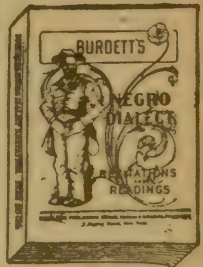
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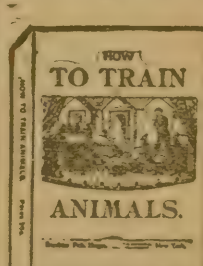
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In selecting material for this book, every piece of doubtful merit has been discarded and only the tried gems of humor retained. This book has the advantage of bringing together in one volume all of the best selections of a comic nature which have hitherto attained a wide popularity through the public representations of the most renowned humorists of the day.



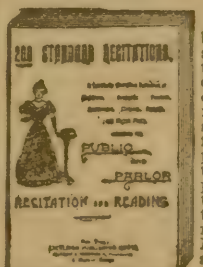
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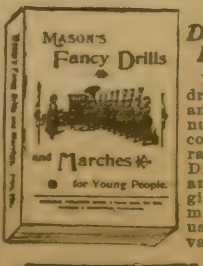
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### BURDETT'S PATRIOTIC RECITATIONS AND READINGS.

This work contains 66 American Patriotic selections in prose and poetry, expressly adapted for public or parlor recitations. Comprising the best selections of soul-stirring patriotic orations and speeches published. Illustrated colored cover.





## The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Address The Family Doctor, Comfort Augusta, Maine.

M. E. L., Mt. Vernon, O.—The roots of superfluous hair may be destroyed permanently by applications of electricity, but they can only be made by specialists and they are expensive. Such specialists may be found in Cleveland, Cincinnati, or possibly Columbus. Consult the newspapers of those cities for advertisements of dermatologists. You may easily remedy the "horrible defect," if you wish to pay the price.

Farmer's Lad, Georgetown, Minn.—You are probably suffering from indigestion. Suppose you try dosing yourself for a while eating no pork, few potatoes, drinking no coffee and taking a dose of salts about every other morning before breakfast. Eat eggs, vegetables, rare beef, not much of it, rice, milk with crackers in it, stale bread or bread cooked brown and after meals take half a teaspoonful of cooking soda in a glass of hot water. If this does not relieve your dizziness within a month, you had better consult a physician.

Imagine, Woodland, Cal.—Cancers don't begin that way at all, and you have no fear on that score, but you should consult a physician. The trouble is local and the treatment we believe will be simple, but the affected parts must be examined and your condition known before proper remedies may be applied. The physician, if you go to a good one, will, make his charges meet your circumstances if you tell him you are not able to pay much.

If H. R. G., Rosedale, Ind., making inquiry in this column, will write to A. B. Evans, Virgil, Kans., he may hear of something that will do him good.

Worried, Gatesville, Texas.—Varicocele is not a disease for you to cure by mail. You will have to consult a good physician and the sooner you do so, the better. At the same time don't make matters worse by thinking you are doomed to despair. Get the physician's advice and his remedies and use them both as he directs.

J. B. T., Kerens, Texas.—The physicians who have examined your eyes are no doubt correct in their diagnosis, and you should, if possible, give an oculist an opportunity to prescribe for you. You have overworked your eyes and nature is demanding a rest for them, in the only way she knows how. Don't trust your case to any but a regular practitioner, either private, or in a hospital. There are various Eye and Ear Infirmarys in the United States, and Texas must have her share, though where they are located we have no means of knowing.

M. E. L., Mt. Vernon, Ohio.—Catarrh of the stomach may be cured, or at least relieved, by careful dieting. The bowels should be kept free, and no food should be eaten except such as readily digests. To a great extent you must determine that yourself, but generally speaking, rice, eggs, milk, gluten bread, or bread browned hard, with chicken or rare beef at intervals, may be taken. Raw cabbage, as a relish, is quite digestible. Drink no coffee or tea. Food ferments because the juices of the stomach fail to act upon it as they should, owing to the weak condition of the digestive organs. Don't take vinegar, weak or strong, and if raw apples do not digest, do not eat them. Drink after each meal, half a teaspoonful of cooking soda in a glass of hot water.

H. E. J., Orchard, O.—You only think you dream that whole night through. Scientists have proved that dreams are of very short continuance. Their effect, however, is more lasting. They are caused by various disarrangements of the functions of the body, especially stomachic, and if you keep your digestion in good order, you will have few dreams, and they mostly pleasant ones. Don't sleep on your back. That prevents circulation and results in bad dreams. (2) "Getting lost," so called, has been shown to be psychological and is really a mental rather than a material condition. Its prevention is hardly possible as long as mind and body are correlated as at present. (3) The corn plasters you may buy at drug stores are the best remedies for them, and a preventive is to wear shoes that fit, neither too large, nor too small.

Subscriber, Abbeville, S. C.—Warts may be removed by applications of lunar caustic, simply by putting the caustic on the wart, being careful not to get it on the surrounding skin. But moles are not warts. If you try caustic on them, you will have something much worse than moles. Better let the moles alone unless you can have them attended to by a specialist.

Pansy, Branchport, N. Y.—Your red nose, hot face and uneasiness of stomach are due to indigestion. Read in this column what we have to say to several sufferers from the same trouble, and apply the remedies given. Indigestion is the cause of more general ailments than any other one human affliction.

Reader, Oshkosh, Wis.—Since you have tried without success every known remedy for colds, we hesitate to offer one lest it should have been tried and found wanting. Possibly the colds are not what you think they are, but a form of herpes zoster. Suppose you ask a physician who can use them if they may not be some kin to the "shingles".

J. W., Leroy, Kans.—The very best thing you can do is to marry. You have got into a sort of a "doze" condition by thinking about your bodily weaknesses and you need constant company to get your mind off of yourself. You will have others to think of, if you marry, and in very short order you will be quite a different sort of man.

H. N., Detabridge, La.—At sixty-five one must expect the organs of the body to be less efficient than at twenty-five, and still with a little care the older person can manage very well. You may need a little medicine, but you need more a good long talk with a kindly physician who will tell you all about yourself and put you on the way to getting a great deal of comfort out of the next twenty-five or thirty years that we hope will be yours.

Mrs. S. A. G., Loomis, N. Y.—You have all the symptoms of indigestion long continued. We do not know, but we venture that you have paid very little attention to what you eat and how you eat it. Read in this column what we have to say to other sufferers and act upon it as far as you are able.

E. G., Riverside, Cal., suggests castor oil as a sure cure for warts if applied to them daily till they disappear.

Mrs. L. J. C., Leon, Ia.—A bad tooth in the upper jaw might produce all the results you mention, but there would have to be extraordinary causes. Evidently there was an inflamed condition of nerves that extended over your entire face manifesting itself at the weakest points. Of course you have seen a physician.

H. U., Newark, N. J.—The white spots on the eyelids are merely the clogging of the sebaceous glands and if you will massage them frequently by simply rubbing them between the thumb and finger they will disappear.

Dolly Gray, Dunningville, Mich.—We will first have to know what causes the ringing noise in the head. It may be from a catarrhal condition, or it may be from some defect in the auditory organs. Probably from the latter, as you are deaf in one ear. Consult an aurist, an ear doctor, in other words.

C. S. S., Seneca S. Dak.—Consumption is a contagious disease and it may be contracted by living in the same room with a consumptive and breathing the infected air. The germ is in what the patient coughs up and when dry it may scatter and infect many persons. There is not much danger in washing for a consumptive if the clothes or linen be thoroughly boiled before washing.

## The Story of Hildreth

BY JAMES B. HAWLEY.

IT may be, when you read this story, that you will dub it a lie, and truth to tell, I have never expected anything else. Yet every word of it is, "to the best of my knowledge and belief," as the lawyers say, the Gospel truth. I don't pretend to explain it, and in all probability I should never tell the tale were it not for the fact that its repetition fills me with a malicious joy that there are still some existing which civilization, with its science and philosophy, cannot explain. And the story of Hildreth is one of them.

No one could justly say that Hildreth was a bad man; no more could his best friends, and I was one of them, call him good. He seemed always to hover between the two. There is no doubt but what he might have evolved into something decently big had he not started the whole business handicapped by a vision of Agatha Sloan's pretty face. And it was his own fault, too. Although I admit that Agatha did flirt with him outrageously and give him all sorts of encouragement, most men would have recovered from a nineteen-year-old girl's dismissal in about three weeks at the outside and found solace in the arms, figuratively speaking, of Mrs. Reeder or one of her pupils at the station. Mrs. Reeder was a wonderful woman at giving solace. I can remember a man who—However that is another story.

But Mrs. Reeder's charms produced no effect upon Hildreth. There must have been a depression of the skull bone for inside of a week he changed from the laughing good fellow to a silent, sullen machine.

That was just the way he did his work—like a machine and in his leisure he could sit and did sit for the space of five years mooning to himself over his lost Agatha or becoming sickly sentimental over a faded photograph.

When he came out, we all did our best to make things pleasant for him; but one does not waste an inordinate amount of time on a man who doesn't want things pleasant but prefers to isolate himself with a morbid memory or wander about the native quarters. So gradually people ceased to ask him about and the time quickly came when his taste for solitude must have been satiated to the extreme. If it was, he never showed it; but spent more and more time snooping about the native quarters and getting himself generally disliked by the whole of the Post.

One fine morning, a bill-man, a farmer whose lease had expired, came into the station to have the matter arranged and with him came his daughter.

She was, without doubt, the most perfect physical specimen of womankind I have ever seen and had she been white I will wager that

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Mrs. Reeder would— But betting is immoral. I have used the word white only in the sense of caste for Janonna was almost as white in color as myself and the dark Oriental eyes were all that told her people.

About the first man of the station to see her, as she shuffled down the dirty street followed by her massive dog, was Hildreth and from that moment his undoing was fated. It seems that the poor fellow thought he saw in her Oriental beauty a resemblance to Agatha. And it was the end.

No one knew much about the matter until it was too late. Murdson was the first to learn the facts and that happened through accident. Murdson was going home one evening and his way lay by Hildreth's house. He was greatly surprised to hear a peal of silvery laughter issue from this usually somber home. He stopped short, and I blush to tell it, he looked through the window. What he saw I have never known, but I do know that Hildreth was there with Janonna.

Murdson told his wife and she told mine and she in turn told me; so the four of us tried to see what we could do.

But as I have said before, it was too late. When we mustered up our courage to protest we were told, quietly but firmly that even if Hildreth's business were ours, we had nothing to complain of because he had married the girl three days after she had entered the Post.

In India there is, as you know, few ways that a man can so completely damn himself as by marrying a native. Let him run away with some other man's wife; let him steal if need be; let him even commit murder; and ten chances to one the crowd will find extenuating circumstances. But let him leave his class, in wedlock, and he is a downright fool and no man pities him.

So even the few men who had even kept up the show of friendship with Hildreth before, openly scorn him now.

It didn't seem to worry him though. He went about his work in the same old, quiet way and the absence of the mooning and the photograph made it appear as though he were almost happy. And one after another the people dropped him as a topic of conversation to discuss the coming of the new Viceroy.

However there were still some of us who kept an eye on Hildreth and, as the doctor of the Post, I was one of them. I saw after the first few months had passed that the novelty of the new toy had worn off and he again took up his nightly prowling among the natives.

But nothing decisive happened until the night when his baby was born. It was late, very late, when Hildreth rushed in crying: "For Heaven's sake come and see it. The damn thing's black!"

Sure enough when I saw the child I had no doubts of its parentage. It was a full-fledged little Indian with straight black hair and its mother's eyes. As it lay in her arms, the cries it gave resembled, or perhaps my nerves were unstrung, the shouts of the hill-chief when bent upon murder and sudden death.

This last event was even too much for Hildreth. The next morning when I stopped at

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

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**A Lot Sent You Free SET UP POST CARD** We help you get good assortments to sell. They WON'T COST YOU ANY MONEY. All you do is to tell your friends about them and they will come and let them over and buy them. They come assorted, so you can SELL THE CARDS FOR A GOOD PRICE singly or by the dozen. We send you the Cards free, and if you talk about them THEY WILL SELL QUICK. NO RISK TO YOU. Everybody Post Card crazy. People cannot get enough pretty Post Cards.

**Big Profits Made DEPOT AT HOME** You will find that one lot of Cards will not supply your friends, as they use so many. THEY WILL WANT THEM EVERY WEEK. So you can establish a regular Post Card Agency and make money right along selling Post Cards. Many women and girls send for two and three assortments and go about displaying them in a Post Card Album and let the people select what they want in that way same as in city Post Card shop.



As we have business connections with a firm who has lately bought over Five Million handsome Lithographic Colored Post Cards we are in a position to supply you with nearly every known variety of Post Cards. Buying in such great quantities and at such low prices we can afford to send you the largest number of choicest cards for the least work of any firm in America. Many of these cards are lithographed in six or eight different colors, and they comprise the finest lot of interesting subjects obtainable. We have Views of all the great Cities in America and Europe, many historical scenes, Views from all over the world. Then there are Motto Cards, Birthdays Cards, Cats, Kittens, Dogs and Animals Cards of all kinds, Battleships, Comic Cards, Sentimental and Love Cards, Religious and Verse Cards, and beautiful Holiday Cards; in fact every sort of card you can imagine, all printed in fine quality. Many of our subscribers get up stock cards of subscriptions and send these Cards free. They then sell some of the cards to friends as this doesn't cost you anything but a few moments' time to send and this fine monthly. All you have to do to get a big lot of Cards without cost to you is to get up these small pieces of subscribers to this paper and we thus pay you back sending lots of cards for your trouble. You can first get as few as two or four subscribers and have lots of Cards sent you for your right work. You can sell the cards and keep the money for your profit. If you want one hundred Cards sent you at once for your own use or to send to friends at any price you like. Get up the list of seven as per offer below. **CLUB OFFER.** If you get a batch of only 2 yearly subscribers to this paper at 15 cents each, we will send you 12 cards. If you get a batch of 4 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each, we will send you 24 cards. If you get a batch of 6 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each, we will send you 36 cards. If you get a batch of 8 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each, we will send you 48 cards. If you get a batch of 10 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each, we will send you 60 cards. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.





## Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 26th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

Mrs. L. S. Palause, Wash.—Simply press the juice out of the green walnuts or bark. To this add a little rectified spirits and a few bruised cloves. Set away for a week or ten days shaking once or twice a day, then pour off the clear juice, or strain. Keep in a cool place. In applying to the hair don't get it on the skin, or it will show.

K. W. M., Deep River, Wash.—April 15th, 1892, Sunday; April 14th, 1889, Monday.

Enterprise, St. George, Utah.—It is a matter of opinion which you may decide for yourself. Ask a lawyer or two, and see if they don't differ.

G. M. R., Woodburn, Ore.—Bridgeport, Conn., is, we believe, one permanent address of the Barnum-Bailey Show. A letter sent to any of them in care of Dramatic News, or The Clipper, New York City, will be forwarded.

J. L. K., Easton, Md.—Your accomplishments seem to us about what would be necessary for a nursery governess. The pay is according to the family you may find a place with. You could probably find a position in the city if you knew someone to introduce you. A stranger is hardly the person that would be employed as a governess for children. Try an advertisement in the Sunday papers of Baltimore.

M. L. G., Weiner, Ark.—You can only sell a patent by advertising it and bringing it to the notice of possible buyers. (2) Write to James H. Mann, Lewistown, Pa., to Frank Brown, No. 208 Broadway, Jersey City, N. J., and to American Tool and Machine Co., No. 253 Broadway, New York City, about nippers, etc.

I. M. W., Johnson City, Tenn.—Write to Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Troubled One, Cottageville, W. Va.—If you could get in advance orders from the people who live in your neighborhood for socks and stockings you could do very well with a knitting machine at home. It is not at all difficult to learn, we believe. You might build up a little trade with the stores in your vicinity, as people knowing your crippled condition would be willing to give you the preference. Write to knitting machine people and get all the information about the machines you can, and see the stores about selling what you make. The Lord helps those who help themselves and you have the right spirit.

J. H. P., Nottawa, Mich.—If a publisher accepts your music he will have it copyrighted, which is the usual plan. Royalty is a certain per cent.—usually four cents a copy on music—paid to the author. Try the Whitney Music Co., Detroit, Mich.

C. M. S., Merville, Ia.—We haven't space to print list of proverbs. Write to Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa., for their book of Proverbs.

W. P. S. R., Brodshaw, W. Va.—Write to Editor Numismatist, Monroe, Mich., for information along that line.

M. B., Elyria, O.—You can only find out about property left to you in Germany by putting the matter in the hands of a lawyer who knows how to look for it. Give it to an Elyria lawyer on a contingent fee.

J. H. S., Sebawang, Mich.—We do not know where you could get such information unless from the Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C. Suppose you write to him.

Box 220, Waukegan, Ill., wants to know if any COMFORT reader knows anything about one Fred Carpenter, formerly of West Madison St., Chicago.

Nurse, Pratt, Minn.—As far as we know hospitals do not teach nurses. But whether they do or not, we advise you before taking any steps to become a nurse to talk with several physicians and learn whether or not you are fitted for the work. The majority of persons who think they would like to be nurses lack most of the essentials. It is a difficult work requiring special capabilities.

W. L., Louisa, Va.—We know of no one who does that sort of work exclusively, but you may get information by writing to Jacob Becker, No. 71 Nassau street, and Schmidt & Buhler, No. 145 Fulton street, New York City.

K. F. M., Hathorne, Mass.—Try Wm. Brown, No. 212 Broadway, and S. A. French, No. 108 West 28th Street, New York City. If they don't do the work, they can tell you who does.

D. L. B., South Hamilton, N. Y.—Write to Thompson-Pitt Co., No. 941 Eighth Ave., New York City.

E. W. E., Buffalo, N. Y.—As far as we know they are reliable and honest, as the majority of advertisers are.

J. L. C., Laguna, Texas.—Write to F. H. Richards, No. 9 Murray Street, New York City.

Subscriber, St. Louis, Mo.—We have not received such information yet. Consult some member of the society in your town.

B. S. F., Canton, O.—Possibly your letter to the Chicago firm did not reach its destination. Try again. Business firms are not losing business intentionally. We know of no better firm. Have you made inquiries of local photographers? Canton should have plenty of them. Get one of the photograph magazines or all of them from your news stands and read the advertisements.

Subscriber, Godfrey, Ill.—Write to Motor Age, Chicago, and the Motorcycle Magazine, New York City.

A. B. Williams, Village Springs, Ala., would like to hear from "Mo. Boy, Southwest, Mo.," who recently had an inquiry in this column. He wishes to correspond and exchange specimens of drawings.

Tired Wife, Ft. Collins, Col.—Your husband is about as mean a specimen of husband as we have heard about in years. He ought to be tarred and feathered. You ought to leave him, but don't. Stick by the home and the children and buy what you need at the stores and have it charged to him. He will have to pay. As you are a good woman and a hard worker you ought to have social pleasures and if you will simply take them and tell him to stop you if he can, we think it will not be long until he learns that a wife has some rights a husband is bound to respect. Get your spunk up and show him that you are his equal in every way, except meanness.

M. L. B., Coal Hill, Ark.—Write to Burma Diamond Co., No. 1225 Broadway, and to La

Perla Diamond Co., No. 1265 Broadway, New York City.

Reader, Kensington, Kans.—As you want to know of a Woman's Exchange near you, suppose you address letters to Manager Woman's Exchange, Kansas City, St. Louis, Omaha, and any other town you think large enough to have one. Put your name and address in the corner of the envelope and if there is no one to receive such a letter it will come back to you. That is the quickest way we know of to get at it.

D. S., Sullivan, Ill.—Write to Editor Numismatist, Monroe, Mich. In our opinion it is not worth enough to worry about.

## The Story of Hildreth

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

his house I found him gone, bag and baggage, and the poor mother was stretched on the bed sobbing piteously. Across the corner of the room lay her great dog—dead.

Much of what she told me, in her broken English, it is unnecessary to repeat. The poor thing really felt badly and her grief seemed to be divided between her missing husband and her dead hound.

It was not until the last night that I really came to know the woman as she really was. Clinging her dead baby in one arm she rose, almost naked, yet looking like a princess, from her bed and, setting forth her free hand, she cried in her native tongue:

"Sahib, my husband is gone; my baby is gone; my dog is gone. Now let me go too. But mark my words the vengeance of India will follow that to his death!" She fell back into her old position—she was dead.

Three eventful years passed in which I suffered many misfortunes, but none greater than the loss of my wife, who died of cholera. After that my interest in the "Widow's Empire" waned and having news of a small inheritance I journeyed home and took lodgings in a quiet little hotel on Russel Square.

One night, rather late, as I entered the lobby of my hotel who should I encounter lounging in the smokeroom but Hildreth. The poor chap greeted me with something akin to joy and I passed an interesting hour with him, talking over old times—the man did understand the natives.

In appearance he was much the same as ever except that I noticed the whole of the time in which we conversed and when he went to the lift to be taken to his room, his left hand was continually moving up and down much as though he was smoothing and patting someone's head.

The matter of his wife was never broached between us and we, two strangers in the wilderness of London, became almost chummy. Sometimes we lunched together, always dined and occasionally we would visit one of the neighboring playhouses.

Throughout it all I remarked that the motion of his left hand continued, even when in the heights of enthusiasm at some bit of clever acting or exquisite singing.

It was after one of these excursions that the opening wedge came and I learned the secret of the pat-pat. "We were sitting over our nightcaps and Hildreth was in the middle of a long story of the last when he suddenly stopped, then shrieked, 'God she's there! See! See!'" He fell to the floor in a dead faint.

I brought him around and when I had everything straightened out and he was comfortably fixed in bed, I attempted to leave the room, but he called me back to the bedside, saying, "Don't go, old chap. I'm afraid to be left alone. She may come back."

"She? Who?" I asked.

He lay quiet for an instant, and then "I might as well tell you," he said. "It's my wife. She haunts me—she and her dog. The beast is with me always I have to pat his head. You've seen me?"

"My dear Hildreth," I laughed, "you must go to sleep and forget this madness. Your wife is dead, the child and the dog are dead—I saw them die."

He flew into a temper and cried, "Don't be a fool! It's true I tell you! Those damnable natives have a wonderful magic, or what you will. I've seen it—seen them do terrible things. And now I am a victim. Listen! Almost every night Janon comes to me. She stands there at the end of the bed, holding her baby in her arm and the other arm is outstretched, pointing at me. She mutters some words in her own language but I can never understand her."

I started. You remember how Janon died. But I saw that my patient was working himself into a fever so I insisted upon administering a narcotic and when he had fallen asleep I left him to seek some rest myself.

The next morning when I inquired at his door, I found the room empty and the clerk informed me that Mr. Hildreth had paid his bill and left, giving no new address.

Two weeks later, the death of a relative necessitated my taking ship for the United States and you may imagine my surprise when I found one of my cabin mates to be none other than Hildreth. We took up matters where we had left off and I was almost glad to have this man I knew as a companion on the voyage.

He had aged fearfully and while the motion of his hand had ceased his whole attitude expressed extreme fear and horror.

The last act of the tragedy occurred on our fourth night out. It had been blowing a gale all day and the boat rocked like a cradle. Towards sundown the sky cleared and by and by the moon rose over the still troubled waters.

I stayed on deck until midnight and when I reached my stateroom I found Hildreth and the other man asleep in their berths.

It must have been two o'clock before I dropped off and it couldn't have been later than three when I was awakened by a long shriek. A long slim body seemed to bound across the cabin. Another scream and it leaped back again, seeming to pass into the moonlight through the porthole.

The man in the third bunk jumped to the floor and switched on the lights. This is what we found.

Hildreth was dead. A horrible, bleeding wound stretched across his throat. The flesh had been torn away much as a mad dog would tear a hole in his victim. Instinctively I turned to the porthole through which I had seen the figure leap. It was closed and screwed down from the inside. On the bedclothes there were the marks of a dog's feet and on Hildreth's breast there lay a glass bangle that his wife had worn on her right arm. But when she was buried I noticed that this self-same bangle had shared her grave.

This is the story of Hildreth. Can you explain it?

## Information in a Nutshell

The British Government owns 25,000 camels. A grain of fine musk will sell a room for 20 years.

The fortress at Malta is regarded as second to Gibraltar.

The wettest hour of the day is at three o'clock in the morning.

Birthdays were kept even as far back as the time of Pharaoh.

Paris derives a huge revenue from the sale of dolls' dresses.

Two infinitesimal white eggs tax the tiny nest of the humming bird.

On the average the coolest part of the day is five o'clock in the morning.

China's trade with Japan has increased 60 per cent. in the last two years.

In a census of this world the percentage of blind persons is 64 to every million.

Air that has been inhaled has a higher electrical conductivity than normal air.

The picture postcard craze is diminishing in England, but increasing in America.

The amount of money paid annually to the world's rulers amounts to \$80,000,000.

New York City has added 33,400 families to its population in the last three years.

In the Northern Hemisphere there are 6,100 stars plainly visible to the naked eye.

Remains or irrigation systems 4,000 years old have been excavated in South Africa.

The hair from the tail of a horse is the strongest single animal thread known.

The tensile strength of a grindstone is considerably reduced when the stone is wet.

Food valued at \$2,175 is brought into Great Britain every minute of the day and night.

A mound of walrus' tusks was recently unearthed by railroad engineers in California.

The amount of coal taken into London, England, each year is well over nine million tons.

A light of one-candlepower is plainly visible at one mile, and one of three-candlepower at two miles.

It is said there are more men buried to the square foot along the line of the Panama Canal than in any other part of the world.

## Strong, Healthy Women

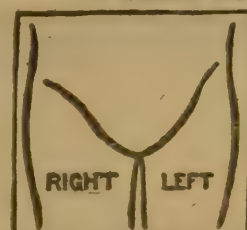
are made possible by the use of Vita-Ore, the mineral spring, condensed and concentrated. It restores health and strength in a natural way, through the blood, the vital fluid, to all parts of the body. Get a package on trial, as offered on last page of this paper. Turn to it now and read the trial offer.



**FREE**  
Ladies: lucky Swastika Brooch free; the famous lucky cross, heavily gold plated. Regular price \$1.00, but FREE just for your name and address. Write today enclosing only 2 stamps to help pay postage and packing.  
**PARKER COMPANY,**  
101 Market Street, Chicago

## FREE to the RUPTURED

A Quick New Cure



I have made new and important discoveries in the cure of Rupture and for the next 30 days I will give every ruptured person who follows these directions a chance to try this remarkable Home Cure, FREE.

Mark on the diagram the location of the rupture. Answer the questions and mail this to  
**DR. W. S. RICE, 877 Main Street, Adams, N. Y.**

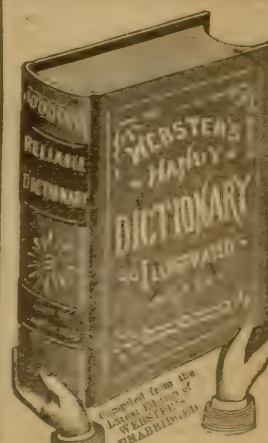
Age \_\_\_\_\_ Time Ruptured \_\_\_\_\_  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

Does rupture pain? \_\_\_\_\_ Do you wear a Truss? \_\_\_\_\_

**It Is Easy To EARN**  
beautiful premiums by selling only a few jars of "Mother's Salve" at 25 cents a jar. The greatest cure known for Catarrh, Gout and Colds. The world never saw its equal for healing Cuts, Burns, Sores, Chaps, Piles, etc. Every jar guaranteed. It doesn't pay to sell trash. Sell Mother's Salve; what the people want and will buy again, and see how quickly you can earn this elegant Morris Rocker; an improvement over the old Morris Chair, of solid oak, finely finished, height 41 in., width 30 in., seat 23 in., square, upholstered best velvet, for selling 3 doz. Also Tea Sets, Iron Beds, Silverware, Rugs, Clocks, Curtains, Kitchen Cabinets, Skirts, Furniture and anything in household goods. **NO MONEY REQUIRED IN ADVANCE.** Just send name and address and we will mail six jars with large premium list and full instructions. Satisfaction guaranteed. If you cannot sell them you may return—no harm done. For 14 yrs. our Premiums always the best. Compare with others. Mother's Remedies Co. Dept. C, 1136-35th St., Chicago.

**It Is Easy To EARN**  
beautiful premiums by selling only a few jars of "Mother's Salve" at 25 cents a jar. The greatest cure known for Catarrh, Gout and Colds. The world never saw its equal for healing Cuts, Burns, Sores, Chaps, Piles, etc. Every jar guaranteed. It doesn't pay to sell trash. Sell Mother's Salve; what the people want and will buy again, and see how quickly you can earn this fine quality Enamel Set of 12 full size pieces, 8 qt. tea kettle, 3 qt. coffee pot, size of others in proportion, for 3 doz. Also Tea Sets, Iron Beds, Silverware, Rugs, Clocks, Curtains, Kitchen Cabinets, Skirts, Furniture and anything in household goods. **NO MONEY REQUIRED IN ADVANCE.** Just send name and address and we will mail six jars with large premium list and full instructions. Satisfaction guaranteed. If you cannot sell them you may return—no harm done. For 14 yrs. our Premiums always the best. Compare with others. Mother's Remedies Co. Dept. C, 1136-35th St., Chicago.

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Having a Big run, everybody needs it. A wonderful offer. This is a standard work of real value, not to be compared with the anonymous and trashy dictionaries so largely advertised. It contains 344 pages, and upward of 30,000 words, with pronunciation and definition of each, and numerous illustrations. It is handsomely bound in cloth, and is a very neat and attractive book. To those who cannot afford a \$12.00 Webster, it furnishes an admirable substitute; in fact, unless you already have a modern, unabridged dictionary in the house, you should certainly have this. We will send this Dictionary by mail postpaid.

**Club Offer.** For a club of only two yearly subscribers to this paper at 15 cents each, you get this great value free. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## President Roosevelt and Family

A distinctive Post Card of the family of our country's chief executive. A card of our own production from an authorized photograph lithographed in color and very finely finished. The President lately repeated his previous statement that he would not be again candidate for the exalted office of President and will probably retire to private life at the expiration of his present term. His active administration has made him one of the foremost men of affairs in the whole world and his fame and ability will be historic for generations to come. This special card is very popular and in order to preserve one or more in your collection you should order at once this special assortment, which will have in addition to the Roosevelt card such cards of historic interest and importance as Bunker Hill Monument, the Longfellow Mansion at Portland, Maine, including a half-tone portrait of the famous author, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; the Tip-Top House, Mt. Washington; Faneuil Hall, (the cradle of liberty) Boston, Mass.; South Water St., Chicago, Ill., showing the busiest street in the world; the new Pennsylvania State Capitol Building, costing many millions of dollars and much agitation and investigation of "graft charges"; the famous original Liberty Bell, which is now in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, Pa., and which by a late order can never be removed; the Flag House, also in Philadelphia, where the first American flag was made; Broad Street, New York City, where the Stock Exchange and our country's financial center is situated, shows the curb brokers who daily handle millions of dollars in stocks every day in the street; the famous Bartholdi statue of Liberty in New York Harbor; Hester Street in New York City, where more people reside in the same area than in any other place in the world. The above includes but a portion of the splendid cards from which we make up this special assortment, including the Roosevelt card, illustrated above. Please remember we have but attempted to mention interesting subjects among our cards, without effort to describe the artistic beauty or perfection of each from another standpoint. Even were we to give you a detailed account of each card we could not flatter them.

In addition to offering cards for private mailing to friends we hope you will advise interior decorating with them. Framed in inexpensive frames they are most desirable and very pretty hung on the wall; a series of cards of similar character can be hung in one frame. Many varied effects are possible if one puts ingenuity and personality into it.

**Club Offer.** For a club of only two yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 15c. each, we will send one dozen above described cards, and three dozen assorted from above for a club of five subscribers at 15c. each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



# We Parted by the River, Grace and I.

BY STANLEY CRAWFORD.

*Andante moderato.*

1. There's a pic-ture in my mem-ry that is ev-er dear to me, And oft -  
2. In the dear old vil-lage churchyard stands a weep-ing wil-low tree, And 'tis

*f* *mf* *p*

times at night I sit a-lone and dream . . . Of a lit-tle white thatched cottage, and a sim-ple blue-eyed maid, A rus-tic bench be-side a run-ning  
there I wan-der at the twi-light hour, . . . For be-neath its gen-tle branch-es, sleeps the one I love so dear, She pined a-way and fad-ed like a

stream, . . . 'Twas on its banks one sum-mer morn, we part-ed long a-go, And all the world seemed sad to me that  
flow'r; . . . They told me how she wait-ed there each ev-'ning at the gate, While tears of love be-dimmed her eyes of

*mf*

day, . . . Just these sim-ple words "I love you, Jack, I'll al-ways wait for you," Now comes to cheer me tho' I'm far a-way. . . .  
blue, . . . How she prayed for my re-turn-ing, for one ten-der fare-well kiss, Her moth-er said, "Her last thoughts were of you." . . .

**CHORUS.**

When we part-ed by the riv-er, Grace and I, . . . The sun-shine seemed to fade a-way and die, . . . And the

*mf*

song-bird's sweet-est lay, Brought no joy to me that day, When we part-ed by the riv-er, Grace and I. . . .

*f* *poco rit.*

Copyright, MCMV, by JEROME H. REMICK & Co.  
Proprietors of THE WHITNEY WARNER PUB. CO., Detroit, New York.

Entered according to act of the Parliament of Canada in the year MCMV, by JEROME H. REMICK & Co., in the Department of Agriculture.

The publishers of the above music are Messrs. Whitney, Warner Co., Detroit, Mich. They have just issued a nice music catalogue containing extracts, same as we print here above, of some of the most popular late Marches, Waltzes, Songs and Dances; they will send this catalogue free to all who mention Comfort and write them at once for it. You can get an idea of all of the most popular music by running over the choruses to songs and snatches of other tunes you will find printed herein. Write them today and please say you saw this announcement in COMFORT.

**FREE CATALOGUE**



## THE GREAT CRUISE OF BATTLESHIPS TO THE ORIENT.

Everyone now Wants a Set of Battleship Post Cards.

WARSHIPS NOW READY FOR THE PACIFIC COAST TRIP.  
Battleships of all kinds are Always Interesting  
to all the People.

HERE IS A SET OF POST CARDS You Will Surely Want. You  
Can Get These Twelve BEAUTIFUL COLORED  
POST CARDS FREE.

This series comprise twelve specially prepared highly colored cards from photos taken when ships were in motion, representing various classes of naval destroyers, Battleships, Cruisers and Torpedo Boat Destroyers of different countries.

Our own American navy is well represented by the principal Battleships, Cruisers, Torpedo Boat Destroyers, etc., etc. Germany, Japan and England also are represented with types of their modern navies, giving size and speed of ship, etc. Each card is splendidly arranged to show the ships in best possible manner, their peculiar style or design is clearly shown in their true colors, and in corner of each card appears an exact reproduction of the National emblem of the U. S. A. (the Stars and Stripes), the German, Japanese or English flags, appropriate to each country's vessel.

Every detail of these cards is perfect, water and sky effects are natural and very attractively set off the ships, which are shown in motion with smoke pouring from their funnels.

There is always an interest in our navy, more intense whenever it is under special Department orders, which just now refers to the approaching visit and mobilization of the Atlantic fleets on the Pacific Coast when Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, in command on board his flagship, the Connecticut (one of our series cards) starts for Pacific waters on a 14,000 mile dash round the Horn making visits to various South American countries enroute.

On the 16th of December there departed from Hampton roads the greatest fleet of battleships ever sent on a long cruise, numbering 16 of the heaviest fighting vessels in the American navy.

Their destination is the Pacific. Their course will be nearly 14,000 miles long. Their mission is a peaceful maneuver in the administration's naval program, which is to prevent war by maintaining a great naval force at a high state of efficiency.

The journey of this fleet is unparalleled in naval history. No such force was ever gathered into a single cruising unit in time of peace.

In the minds of the people this extraordinary cruise wears a different aspect from that officially attributed to it, the establishing of a two-ocean sphere of usefulness for the navy to meet the requirements of our dual coastlines.

The man in the street, on the farm, or on the string piece of a seaport wharf whittling a stick and thinking the matter over, sees in this great armada's cruise toward the other side of the world a warning to Japan.

So plain does this appear to him that the official version of the cruise's purpose is taken merely in a Pickwickian sense. The scrappy Jap may be spoiling for a fight. If he is he will have, in a few months, in the same ocean with his own navy, a collection of battleships representing 50 per cent. more power and tonnage than he possesses.



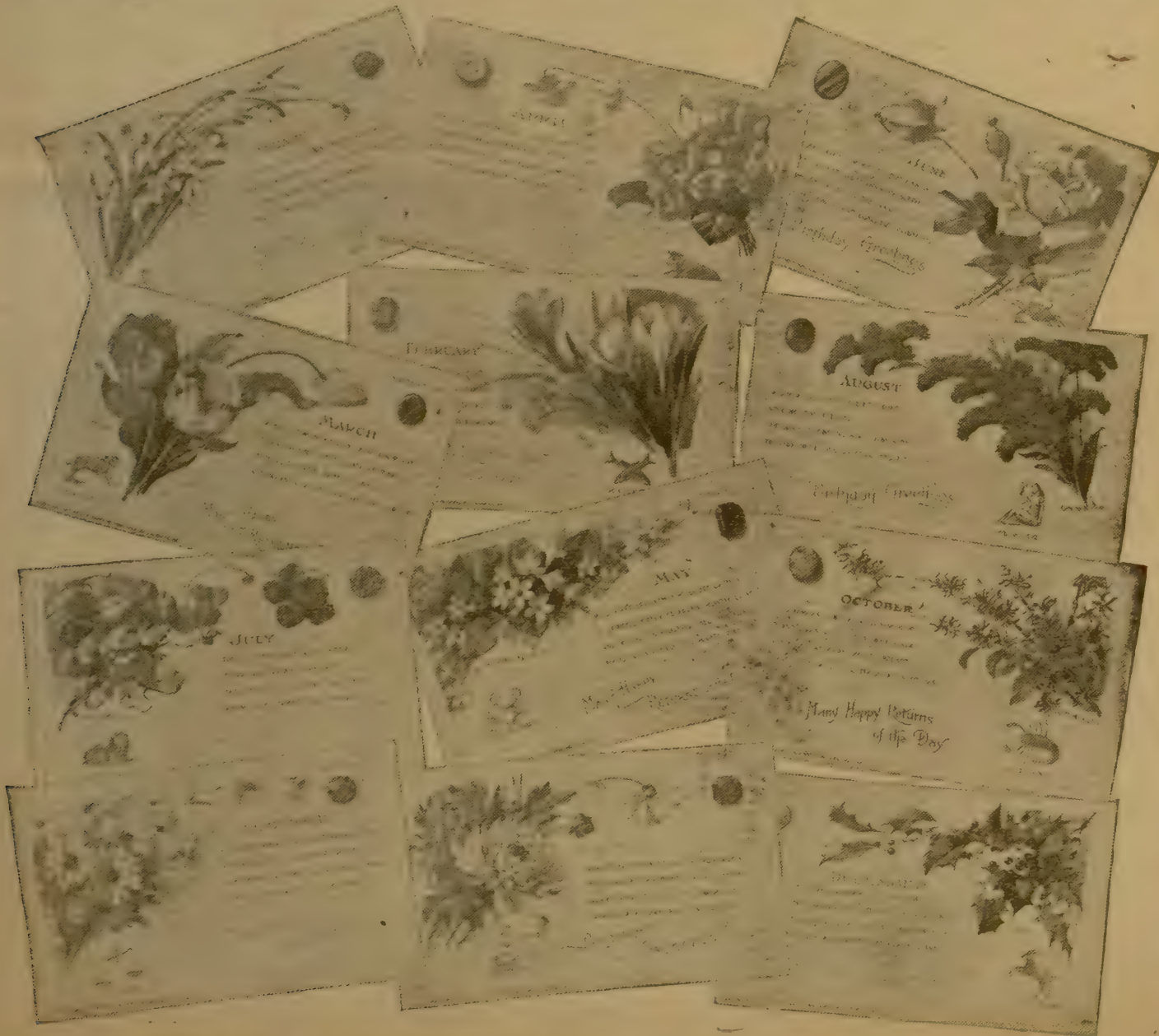
### This Set of Battleship Post Cards Given Free.

You will want one complete set of our Battleship cards for yourself, and as you are interested, so will be your friends, and from now until after the fleet arrive at their journey's end there is sure to be an active interest and demand,

and such cards can not be had elsewhere. We have had them gotten up especially for our exclusive series for our subscribers and will give a set of the entire twelve Cards for a club of only two subscribers to this paper at 15c per

year. If you will get up a club of five yearly subscribers at 15c each, we will send you three sets so you can have some to sell to your friends if you like.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



### NEW AND BEAUTIFUL HIGHLY COLORED BIRTHDAY POST CARDS.

Someone's Birthday comes every day in the year, and Birthday Post Cards are very nice to send to an absent friend, either on their Birthday or during the month of their Birthday. We have a series of twelve new Birthday Cards from original designs of our own, as shown in this illustration, and which we own and control by copyright, so you are at once assured exclusive cards that have not been seen elsewhere, and which cannot be equalled or excelled. They are beautifully printed in many bright lithographic colors. Our subjects cover the twelve months of the year, each card treating a different month in the following complete manner: January is represented by the snowdrop as the flower of the month, Garnet the birthstone and Aquarius, the sign of the Zodiac, a verse and "Birthday Greetings." February is represented by the Crocus as the flower of the month, Amethyst as the birthstone and Pisces as the sign of the Zodiac, with verse, and so on through the different months, and each card has "Birthday Greetings," or "Many Happy Returns of the Day" printed with appropriate decorations. Souvenir collectors are getting these cards in sets to keep, they are so very pretty, and all should have at least one set to show to friends and get others to send to absent ones on birthdays. We will send a set of Twelve Birthday Post Cards free for a club of only two yearly subscribers to this paper at 15 cents each. Get up a club of five yearly subscribers at 15 cents each, and we will send you three sets so you can have some to sell to your friends if you like.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### A Post Card Album That Will Hold Fifty Cards.



Our fifty-card Album is the most attractive on the market. On each page two cards may be displayed; the leaves are very heavy rigid paper stock of a heavy green shade, providing a very tasty and attractive background for all cards, and when two pages are opened together showing four cards, the appearance is extremely attractive, and one cannot neatly preserve a collection of Post Cards unless they are displayed in an Album. And better still, a very nice collection of Souvenir Post Cards represents the individual and personal thought of absent or distant relatives and friends and they are very entertaining for visitors who enjoy looking them over; so, that in an Album, arranged in order, they are readily accessible and may be examined time after time with no harm to the Cards, and thus be preserved in remembrance of the senders. No one thinks of collecting Souvenir Cards without an Album. Everyone wants an Album and the demand, just now, exceeds the supply. We are fortunate in having a large quantity on hand of first-class Albums which we are to distribute as premiums to those who will send us clubs of subscribers to this magazine as per our offer below.

**Club Offer.** For a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to this paper at 15 cents each, we will send an Album free and will include a set of four Post Cards free, as a beginning toward filling the Album. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### PETITE STEREOSCOPE And Fifty Views



FREE For a Club of FOUR

As good as a Circus for the Children. A Nice compact metal Stereoscope, 50 fine Pictures of Family Scenes, Pets and Wild Animals, and a general Natural History Exhibition.

We are able to present a very interesting, entertaining, practical and instructive little article as here illustrated. This strongly metal-made adjustable Stereoscope with its good, powerful double lenses, gives a joyful entertainment to all. The Pictures stand out real and life-like and give a pleasing and lasting impression when viewed through this Scope. It is the most instructive and entertaining idea ever devised for giving pleasure to the young folks at home, keeping them amused, instructed and out of mischief. The 50 Views are all carefully selected with the idea of pleasure and profit. There are Home Scenes of Domestic Pets, Farm work Scenes, Trained and Wild Animals, Hunting Scenes, Views from the Arctic as well as the Tropical Countries, Horses, Camels, Bear and Buffalo Scenes, Exciting and otherwise, so that a regular menagerie can be picked out besides the Home features. The Entire Outfit takes apart and folds up, being packed in a nice box to ship by mail, postpaid, the 50 Views being all packed in the metal holder and placed inside the box when sent to you. We send one of these complete outfits for a club of only 4 subscribers to this paper at 15c. each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



### Fancy Chased and Plain Band Gold Shell Finger Rings.

In the newest designs of chasing and the correct widths. Suitable for persons of all ages; a refined and dignified ring to be worn on all occasions. They are 14K gold plate and will wear a long time.

**CLUB OFFER.** For 3 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each we will send you your choice of one of these rings. Send finger measurement.

### Gold Band Finger Ring.

A suitable wedding ring and the most used ring for the wedding occasion. This is a heavy band ring of 14K gold plate wears long and satisfactorily. So many years have these rings been used as wedding rings that we need not describe them to you, except to say that the quality of these particular rings is the best and you may be assured you will not regret having made the selection of one.

**CLUB OFFER.** We will send one of these rings in a plush-lined box free of all expense for a club of 8 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each. Send finger measurement. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### Our Newest Hand Bag

Is a decided improvement over any style previously offered, as it embodies all the new features of High-priced Bags shown in the Fifth Avenue Bags now selling at Ten and Fifteen Dollars each. This new style flat bag differs from others in that it is not a round bag, but is oblong and flat, very gentle and neat in appearance, made of Goat Skin Genuine Leather, in a real seal effect, has a gun metal riveted frame with bright gilt metal finish snap fastener and handle knobs, with a leather Vienna handle.

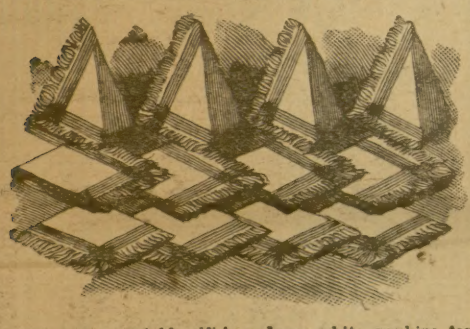
This Hand Bag is eight inches long and five inches deep, is fitted with a Change Purse, which alone is a great convenience in a ladies' Hand Bag, and for this purse there is arranged a pocket in the lining so that it is easily located when the bag is otherwise filled up with packages, etc.

These Bags are made up for us in either Black or Brown, and are exactly as represented in our illustration, which shows their soft appearance and the pebble effect of the leather.

If you would have one of the neatest and most satisfactory Hand Bags made we recommend that you send for one now.

**Club Offer.** For a club of only eight yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each, we will send you one of these Hand Bags. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### TABLE NAPKINS.



What an acceptable gift is a dozen white napkins for the dining table. A clean, fresh napkin gives a relish and delight to the table that nothing else will. There is nothing more appealing to the husband than the wife's effort to have his meals tempting. Table linen goes far to meet this effect and it will be a great pleasure for you to possess a set of one dozen of these domestic linen napkins. It matters not how many you may have in use, a few more will be acceptable and can be saved for "best" or when you have visitors. Each is the housewife who has a large quantity of fine table linen, and the privilege of adding a few pieces free of any cost must appeal to our lady readers.

**Club Offer.** We will send you postpaid a set of 12 napkins for a club of 8 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### FREE! AS BIG AS BABY. FREE

Indestructible Dolls to be Stuffed that Stand Up or Sit Down. Their Heads Will Not Come Off. These unbreakable dolls are nearly two feet high and so arranged they can either stand up or sit down. Their Beautiful Golden Hair, bright red stockings and black shoes make them very attractive for either very young or older children. You get one of these dolls and you are sure that the nose can't be broken off, the eyes can't be pulled out, the cheeks and ruby lips retain their color, and shape for all time. Every child delights to have from one to twenty different kinds of dolls in their family. Bright inventors, artists, and mechanics have been at work for years trying to perfect low-price, jointed, indestructible dolls that can stand on their heads, bend over, stand on their heads, move arms and legs, and be placed in all sorts of cute positions, either when dressed or undressed. The doll shown in cuts, just patented, is a most wonderful and successful result of long, weary trials. They are beautifully finished, and can be placed in any natural position. Will last for years. Are more lifelike than anything ever gotten out before. For hours and hours every child will play with these good old grandma style, unbreakable stuffed dolls, even putting aside the very expensive and more elegantly silk-penned and satin dressed dolls, never tiring of these as they can be dressed in many different



ways to suit the taste. They can be filled with more or less cotton just as the weight is preferred, as the material they are made of enables you to sew them together easily so as to have a good, fat, plump doll or 1 of lighter weight.

**We Send You 2 Dolls Now Instead of 1.**

A new arrangement enables us to send you a 10 inch doll free, in connection with the 20 inch doll we have already described. So you get 2 dolls for the price of 1. We have arranged to give these dolls for club raising and will send 1, all charges fully prepaid, if you send the name of 2 new yearly subscribers at 15 cents each.

**Remember.** We send this magazine a year to 1 year to the subscribers you secure and send the Dolls to you as a premium. Will send 2 sets, 4 Dolls for securing 4 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each. Set of Dolls free for a club of 8 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

# Subscribe for COMFORT

One Year 15 Cents or Two Years for 25 Cents

**LAST CHANCE Before the Subscription Price Goes Up. DON'T WAIT**

till Gabriel blows his trumpet on resurrection morning. It will be too late to subscribe for COMFORT then. You will have missed COMFORT, which you cannot afford to be without in this life, whatever the hereafter may have in store for you.

COMFORT makes life better, brighter and happier. COMFORT is interesting, entertaining, instructive and uplifting, and leads to nobler aspirations and to better things.

In our December number we told you how we had strengthened and improved COMFORT as a family and home monthly by the merger of the

## Two Lane Papers Combined and Consolidated in COMFORT

and you can see for yourself by reading this number what we are giving you for your money, 15 cents a year or two years for 25 cents

### If You Subscribe Now

We also told you last month, that because of the increased cost of producing COMFORT in consequence of the rise in price of everything that goes into the make-up of a paper, we were obliged to put our subscriptions on a strictly paid-in-advance basis and stop sending COMFORT to a subscriber when his subscription expires unless he promptly renews and pays in advance, and that for the same reason we must raise our subscription price at an early date. We said we could not promise to accept subscriptions at the present low rate of 15 cents a year or 25 cents for two years. But what we did not tell you, because we did not know it then, is that beginning with January 1, 1908, the Government is going to make all the monthly papers put their subscriptions on a substantially paid-in-advance basis.

### The Postmaster General

on December 10, 1907, issued an order amending the United States Postal Regulations to take effect January 1, 1908, which

### Takes Away

the second-class mailing privilege from all monthly papers and magazines whose subscriptions are not substantially Paid-In-Advance.

The "second-class postage privilege" is the privilege of a publisher to mail his papers to his subscribers at one cent a pound postage on bulk weight of the entire mailed edition. When a publisher loses this privilege he has to close up and go out of business, because at present subscription rates he could never afford to pay the regular individual mailing rate of one cent on each separate paper. It would cost him for postage alone twelve cents a year to mail a monthly paper of the smallest size to a single subscriber. So you can see for yourself that the Government compels all monthly publications after this to do what COMFORT has been telling you for some months past that it was doing; put subscriptions on a practically paid-in-advance basis. By this same order also, the

## Postmaster General Cuts Off 90 Per Cent. Of Sample Copies

heretofore permitted to be sent through the mails at the second-class rate. No publisher can afford to send them at one cent postage for each copy.

So you will understand that after this you cannot get your monthly paper on credit even if the publisher himself was willing to send it to you a year or two on trust.

If you have been favored with sample copies of the numerous papers in the past, and have come to rely on them as a supply of reading matter, you will be disappointed by having the most of them stop. Also, after this those who care to take a paper must pay for it, and pay in advance, too.

Now just look this number of COMFORT over and see what a valuable and interesting paper it is. Does any other paper give you so much for your money? Only 15 cents for one year or 25 cents for two years if you

### Subscribe Now

We cannot undertake to accept your subscription at that rate after this month.

Send in your quarter to us and make sure of a two years' subscription.

Some people, who know a good thing when they see it, want to send us half a dollar for a four years' subscription because they are sharp enough to see that everything is going up and that subscriptions must inevitably go up, too. They know that subscriptions to some periodicals have gone up already and that the rest must follow soon. They want COMFORT, and it is a shrewd move on their part to try and get it for four years at our present low rate, for which we do not blame them; but we have to refuse all such offers. It is no use to ask us to accept a subscription for more than two years. The prices of the future are too uncertain. That is our rule and we make no exceptions.

Our liberal subscription offer applies also to renewals of subscriptions which have expired or which expire this month.

In justice to those of our present subscribers whose subscriptions expire during the present year we make this modification in their favor of our rule against tying ourselves up for more than two years, and to this extent only. If they had to wait until their subscriptions expired before renewing, the advanced price would be in force then. So, in order to

### Give All A Fair Chance

if your subscription expires any time this year and you send us your renewal this month with 15 cents or 25 cents, we will renew and extend your subscription from date of expiration one or two years according to the sum you send in. But don't ask us to renew for more than two years from date of expiration of your present subscription.

We have at least one advantage in the way of economy of production over our competitors in other states, and that is in the cost of paper. Maine is the great paper producing State. There are paper mills scattered all over Maine. There is one in Augusta. We are right in the midst of them. Some of the largest paper mills in the world are in Maine. Uncle Sam has to come to Maine to get the paper for his postal cards.

Show this copy of COMFORT to your friends and explain the situation to them. When they understand it they will jump at the chance to subscribe. Raise a subscription club among your neighbors now, before the price goes up; now while it is easy. Send us the names and the price in money, postage stamps or money order and receive by return mail one of the nice club premiums advertised in this paper or in our Premium Catalogue. Send for our latest Premium Catalogue.

**CAUTION.** In raising your club don't take any subscriptions for more than two years.

**Special Notice.** It is of utmost importance that we know whether you are a new or old subscriber to COMFORT, or have formerly taken one of the Lane papers. So in sending in your subscription, whether you use this coupon or not, you must be sure and give us this information, stating which one of the Lane papers you formerly subscribed for.

Publisher COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

I am sending 15 cents to pay for one year's subscription to COMFORT. (Check amount sent and term subscribed for.)

25 cents to pay for two years' subscription to COMFORT.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ County \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Jan. '08.

### BABY'S FIRST RING.

These are baby sizes only and are designed for the little one's tiny fingers. Each is heavily embossed with the words BABY, PET or DARLING, just as you prefer. Made in one style only, the regular hoop or band ring of 14 karat gold filled, and will not tarnish. The demand for children's and babies' sizes has encouraged us to have this special line made up for our particular customers, and we are delighted with the patrons. They will please the parents of every lovely baby. Mamas and Papas, also friends, will find this an excellent privilege of obtaining the first ring for baby. We can promise satisfaction in fit if a bit of string or ribbon is sent showing size of the little finger. We will pack the ring in a cunning plush-lined box and you will be delighted with the whole.

**SPECIAL OFFER.** Send us only subscribers to this monthly at 15 cents each per year and we will send a ring same day and enter subscriptions for one year. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### THE FORTUNE TELLER



are revealed to you as though of the same breath. The action of your lips and your voice bring about startling and magical response. As an oracle or simple entertainer there is nothing like it. Your friends will all be delighted with you as you pose to please as well as to inform you all about matters that you have before been unable to have answered. It is a money maker. You can now tell fortunes for money or you can act as an agent and sell the Magic Fortune Teller to others. If you desire to know if Fortune or Misfortune is lurking about you, if you are to marry or not, if joy and pleasure is to be your lot through life, or if you will gain what you least expect, or any thing else that now puzzles you, just direct your thought and conversation to this Magic Fortune Teller and everything will be clear to you. These machines are strongly and beautifully made, handsomely nickel-plated. There is nothing get out of order and they will last a lifetime. Send us your order now! We want to introduce quickly and therefore offer them as a premium FREE. We will send one as a sample for a club of only yearly subscribers to this paper at 15 cents each. We send postpaid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### MUSIC, MONEY & PUZZLE



In getting up clubs, only actual subscribers count; those who agree to take the paper and pay you their money for it.

### NEW TARGET GAME



Who Can Kill Teddy Bear, Playing This Harmless, Amusing, Indoor Game? SEND for one of these complete new target games and enjoy the newest craze and the greatest fun-maker out! Printed on strong card stock, standing two feet high. Similar to the famous "Donkey" game of years ago, but more exciting, and is thoroughly enjoyed by old and young alike. It is a safe, simple and enjoyable, entertains a whole household by creating innocent rivalry. The trick is to kill "Teddy" by taking accurate aim at his heart and wielding the fatal stroke. Directions are very simple; just this: Hang the Bear flat on the wall or on a door, take a position at six or eight feet away, take aim with forefinger extended, close eyes and walk forward until finger hits wall. If you have placed your finger on the Bear it counts 10, if within a ring, counts as marked therein. The highest total score wins, and each one is to have five trials. Each Bear Game is ready to use; no sewing is necessary. These games are having a tremendous rage and in large cities people attend parties where prizes are offered the one making the highest score. You should send for one now while they are new and popular.

**Club Offer.** Send us only two subscribers to this Teddy Bear. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The enthusiasm over the 14,000 mile cruise of Admiral Evans' big fleet of warships is universal. A set of our beautiful colored Post Cards are excellent Souvenirs of the cruise and are almost necessary to complete a post card collection, or for post card albums. On page 28 of this issue we illustrate and describe thoroughly our Set of Twelve Battleship Cards. (Please read our liberal club offer and, if interested, place order early as we have a limited quantity.)





### RELIGIOUS, SENTIMENTAL, HISTORIC AND SPECIAL POST CARDS

for Christmas, New Year, Birthdays and all times, an interesting assortment of all new cards of our own special design and production to meet a constant demand for suitable cards for public and home use, church societies, institutions, etc. desiring select subjects of religious character. Without fully describing each card, would call to your particular notice these sentimental cards, "The Lord is My Shepherd, I Shall Not Want," "Consider the Lilies," etc., "Evening Prayer," "Madonna of the Olives," "The Good Samaritan." Although unable to show you their colorings, when we state they are from genuine oil paintings of great value, reproduced in many beautiful colors, and are extremely beautiful and suitable for framing, you can then appreciate that we have actually spared neither time, money or endeavor to supply these cards.

Of recent occurrence was the dedication at Canton, Ohio, of the McKinley Mausoleum, which is interestingly described as follows:

The McKinley Mausoleum is situated on Monument Hill, near McKinley's old home at Canton, Ohio. It is of Milford pink granite and bears in the interior this inscription from the President's last public address:

"Let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not conflict, and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war."

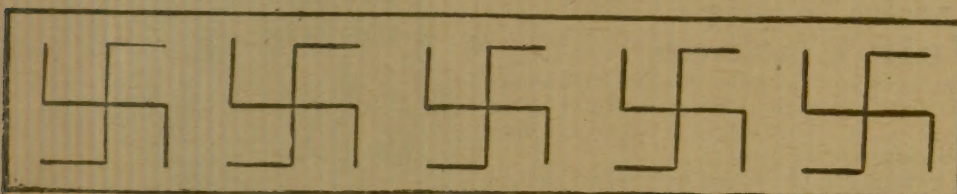
From the entrance to the grounds to the foot of the mound double driveways 175 feet in width and 890 feet long have been constructed. Between the driveways is a lagoon which is constantly filled with fresh water. Long rows of trees flank the lagoon and the driveways. It was erected at a cost of \$500,000, all of which was donated by popular subscriptions which came from every part of the Nation, no amount being over 50 cents, the greatest number of subscriptions being 10 cents each.

The allegorical card in lower right corner of illustration is very beautiful, but must be seen and studied to be fully appreciated. The subject and treatment render this card equally as desirable for Christmas.

The Jamestown Exposition gives special importance to our beautiful card, "The Marriage of Pocahontas," shown in lower left corner of our illustration. All will want one to preserve in their collection.

**Club Offer.** We will send postpaid one each of above illustrated Cards, including an additional special view Card, making one dozen Post Cards for a club of but two yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 15 cents each.

### OUR SWASTIKA GOOD LUCK STAMPING OUTFIT.



The latest novelty in a complete outfit especially for us with a larger pattern than we have heretofore. It consists of five sheets of linen wide and 28 inches long containing patterns, comprising several Shirt designs for embroidering Belts, other art pieces. The entire list here, but the following list will be superior to any we have.

#### Various Designs In

Butterfly, Anchor, 18 inch, design for embroidered cuff 15 inch Round Dolly, 7 inch Wild Roses, Collar Pattern, Conventional Spray, Tiger Swastika design for belt, other uses.

composed of four L's signifies, for the wearer.

Bootees, Shirtwaist design

cuffs, Baby's Bonnet, Baby's

dainty sprays for embroidering

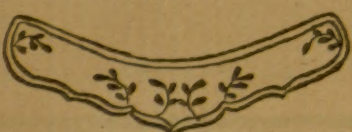
stamping outfit, just prepared and better assortment of useful had in a single outfit. This outfit bond paper each sheet 22 inches long over 3000 square inches of Waists the now popular Swastika Cuff or Collar or innumerable of contents we can not enumerate convince you this outfit is yet offered.

#### Swastika Outfit.

Tulip Dolly, Spray of Holly, edge, Daisy Collar, Alphabet, Irregular Dolly, Spray of Alphabet in 2 inch letters, Lilies, Collar and Cuff Set, cuffs, collars and innumerable. This ancient symbol or Cross Luck, Love, Light and Life Babies Bibs, Babies including front, collar and Yoke, Misses Yoke, Several waists etc.

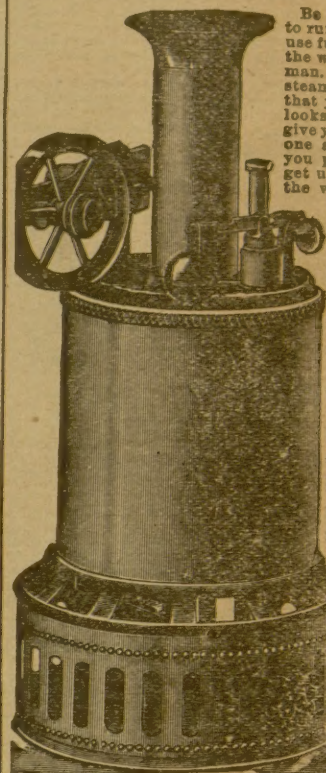
**CLUB OFFER:** For a club of only four yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. each we send one complete outfit, by mail, as above described.

Address  
COMFORT,  
Augusta,  
Maine.



### Real Steam Engine FREE.

EVERY BOY AN ENGINEER.



Be an engineer, learn to run an engine, how to use fuel, oil up and blow the whistle, just like the man. You never saw a steam engine in your life that you didn't like the looks of. Now here we give you a chance to have one all your own that you put on a table and get up steam and blow the whistle and watch the wheels go round fast or slow just as you wish, and every lad you know will be green with envy.

A Genuine Yankee Engine has the following parts and can be taken down and put up as often as you wish: Cylinder with Spring Balance Wheel, Drive Wheel, Smoke Stack,

Whistle, complete with water, stands 1 inch high, highly finished in enamel and nickel, a fine day engine a guarantee way up. With this engine you can run all kinds of toy machines you can buy or make for yourself with spoons, etc. Great fun to make toy machinery using string for belt.

every young man to have an engine; the practical side of life is well demonstrated to any youth that interests himself; so we give for the balance of the season and get new subscriptions one engine as a reward for sending us a club of only 3 yearly subscribers to this paper at the special subscription rate of 15 cents a year. This small club of eight, amounting to \$1.20, pays for the full subscription for the 8 addresses and obtains a prize Engine delivered prepaid by mail or express carefully packed and fully warranted.

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### A Big Teddy Bear FREE

On Heavy Material to be Stuffed, Stands Foot and a Quarter High, Indestructible, Sits Down Like a Real Bear.



All children like to hug a Teddy Bear. These Bears are having a great rage all over the world. Their fame is as great in Paris and London as it is in New York and Chicago. The regular Teddy Bears all made up and sold at the stores cost from Two to Ten Dollars each. These new Teddy Bears are made of very strong material and are to be sewed up and stuffed with cotton same as the Big Baby Dolls. The Teddy Bear is loved by all girls as well as boys, and are thus much more popular than dolls for all children to play with. They all want to hug and squeeze them, as they are big enough for a child to carry around with them, take to bed and sleep with, or tumble Teddy around and knock him down without harm, they are so light and strong. These Bears which you can stuff with more or less cotton, you can make them small or large, and many get three of them so to have the Large Bear, the Middle Size Bear and the wee Little Bear—same as Mother Goose's dearest.

and the last jingle is "Mary had a little lamb, it followed her everywhere—now it's laid up on the shelf, for she has a Teddy Bear." Do not fail to get at least one Bear. They are printed on heavy muslin—cinnamon brown color—and look just like a great Big Bear for all the world. There is nothing that will keep the children more quiet, or amuse old and young, more than these Great Big Bears.

**Club Offer.** We will send one Big Bear, all charges paid, for a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each. Three Bears for a club of 3 subscribers. Remember, they are each 15 inches high, very nicely colored on very heavy, strong muslin, so they will stand lots of hard usage, being as nearly indestructible as can be made.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Two  
Solid  
Steel Blades



### Our Boys "Square Deal" Jack Knife

This two-blade Jack Knife is for good sturdy work, where a reliable and dependable knife is wanted. Has two tempered steel blades, one large blade three inches long and one half an inch deep with a two-inch blade three eighths of an inch deep. The handle is cocobola wood set between polished steel bolsters. Brass lined, brass riveted, is solid and substantial. Has nicked plate inset for initials to be engraved. The illustration is the exact size of the knife, it is a large and handsome knife that will give excellent service and prove good every time. This knife is American made and one of the best, and we selected it because it has quality and quantity to satisfy man or boy.

**Club Offer.** For a club of only 7 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each, we will send you one of these Knives postpaid. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### "THAT NOBLE ANIMAL, THE HORSE." YOU WANT IT.

THE GREATEST and BEST BOOK EVER WRITTEN ON HORSES.

A Gold Mine of Interest and Information by Which You Save Dollars.



Prof. Oscar Gleason, the greatest horse owner, trainer and breaker that ever lived in America has at last consented to write a book on the Horse.

He has made arrangements to furnish copies of this valuable work to all lovers of horses, and we call your attention to the great value of this unparalleled work which should be in every home and stable in the land. Gleason's Horse Book is a large handsomely bound book of 400 pages, printed on pure white paper in large clear type, bound in colored covers and richly and elegantly illustrated with 195 full plates and illustrations drawn by special artists. It is the most complete horse book ever published, produced under the direction of the United States Government Veterinary Surgeon. In this book Prof. Gleason has given to the world for the first time his wonderful methods of training and treating horses. It contains chapters on History, Education, Teaching Tricks, How to Buy, Feeding, Breeding, Breaking and Taming. How to Detect Unsoundness, and an Invaluable Study of the Diseases and Treatment of times the value of the book and will save hundreds of facts every person ought to know who is in any way interested in horses. Order one today and you will never regret it; it is a Whole Library.

Care, complete instruction on proper Horse Shoeing the animal. This one part alone is worth many dollars every year. It is a colossal compendium of Nothing left out. Clear, Concise and Captivating on Horses in itself.

**CLUB OFFER.**

For our new readers interested club of only three yearly subscriptions to COMFORT, at 15 cents each, we will send you one of the above described books free.

In Horses and Cattle we make this liberal offer: If you will get up a club of only three yearly subscriptions to COMFORT, at 15 cents each, we will send you one of the above described books free.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



# OUR BOYS' PRINTING OUTFIT.

Make Money Printing Cards.



**CLUB OFFER.** For a club of only 3 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each, 45 cents in all, we will send you postpaid one of these Printing Outfits all complete as described.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## EASY MUSIC CHEAP.

NEW CHART of CHORDS for the PIANO.

A New and Quick Method of Learning to Play the Piano or Organ Without a Teacher.



You Learn in a Moment  
What it Takes a Teacher  
Months to Explain  
to You.

There have been many so-called easy methods and charts devised, but this is the latest and best. It is intended for those who have not the time to take lessons. A complete self-instructor, enabling anyone to play the piano or organ at sight. This chart is the practical result of years of study by a noted American composer and musician. With this chart anyone can become an expert pianist, playing accompaniment to the most difficult songs, dances, marches, etc. These charts are valuable to the advanced musician as well as to the beginner, embracing nearly every major and minor chord used in music. It is the most comprehensive yet simplest chart ever published, and is endorsed by teachers and musicians everywhere.

To introduce this CHART in every home, we will send free with each chart the "GIANT ALBUM of SONGS," containing 154 songs, with words and music, including the great hits, "I Won't Be a Nun," "The Mountain Maid's Invitation," etc.

To introduce our popular magazine COMFORT, into new homes, we will send it one year for only 15 cents; for a club of only 3 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each, we will send you one of the CHART OF CHORDS and GIANT ALBUM of 154 Songs free.

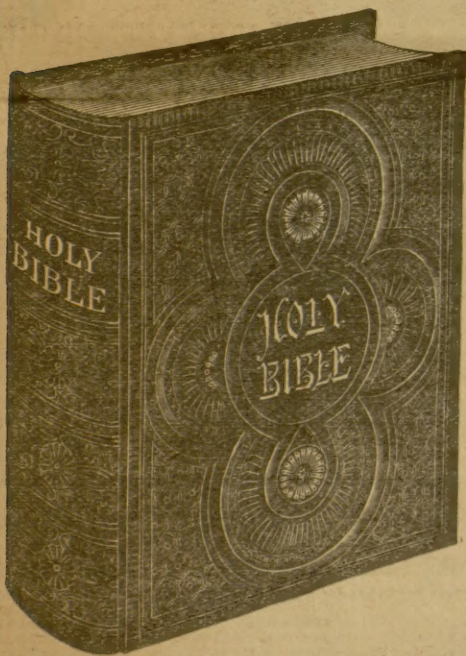
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

# A FAMILY BIBLE

THE WORDS OF CHRIST PRINTED IN RED

WITH

Marriage Certificate, Family Record and Colored Maps.

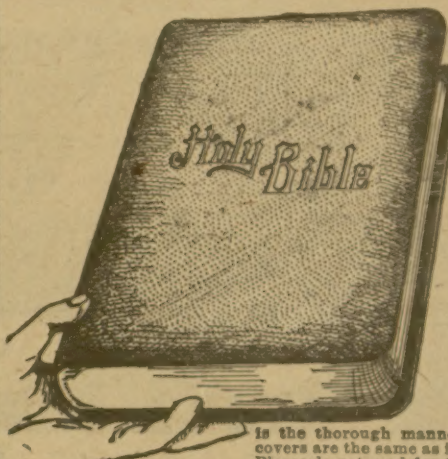


Printed from new plates cast from new type set this year. New Self-Proneouncing Family Bible containing: The Authorized Version of the Old and New Testaments; The words of Christ are all printed in red in this new 1904 edition and although much more expensive to produce is an added feature free of any cost to you. The Standard Concordance; A Self-Proneouncing Dictionary of Proper Names; Maps in Colors; Over 100 Full-Page and other illustrations; Index to Old and New Testaments; Marriage Certificate; Family Temperance Pledge; Family Record, etc., etc.

The largest and best illustrated Bible ever produced for the money. Size 12 1/2 x 10 1/4. This edition excels all others in the excellence of paper and exquisite typography, being printed from an entirely new set of plates costing many thousands of dollars. The size of the paper is 12 1/2 x 9 1/4 inches the print large and clear and over 100 full-page and other illustrations. The colored maps of the points of Biblical interest and a feature not found with the ordinary Bible and are of great help to Bible students and teachers. These and the other features mentioned above make this edition an invaluable one and it should appeal to those who are in need of a thorough and complete Bible. These Bibles are bound in Morocco Buckram Paneled Sides, with the words, "Holy Bible," on the side and back, stamped in gold, combed edges. Contains over 1,000 pages and weighs over 5 pounds. Specimen page showing size of sheet and type free upon application. Remember the Red Letter feature.

**Club Offer.** We will send by mail or express at our expense one of these 1,000-page Bibles exactly as we have described it for a club of only 17 yearly subscribers at the regular rate of 15 cents per year, or a club of only 10 two-year subscriptions at 25 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## COMPLETE HOLY BIBLE.

After repeated requests from our thousands of readers and club workers, we are prepared to furnish a COMPLETE HOLY BIBLE, in a smaller size than our regular Family Bible. The new offering is indeed a perfect charm; a thoroughly complete Bible, consisting of over 850 pages, with nine colored maps, soft binding, half padded, round corners, finished with red edges, is five and a half inches long, three and a half inches wide and nearly an inch thick, weighing half a pound. It is a thorough Bible with full and complete books of the old and new testaments. For Sunday School workers, teachers and students, or for a convenient pew Bible, this is an unequalled opportunity to secure a big little Bible that will please. Byco-operating with a Bible maker and a Bindery, we were enabled to dictate terms and agreed to purchase an enormous quantity during the next year if a low price would be made, in order that we might give our hosts of friends and readers at least one grand opportunity to procure one or more Bibles for their own use or as gifts, knowing well enough that we shall receive many second orders from our first purchasers. Modern machinery and skilled workmen produce these Bibles in quantities made in the highest order of workmanship. Each and every Bible is sent with a guarantee that it is perfect in each and every detail; and what will please you most covers are the same as in FULL MOROCCO BIBLES costing \$10.00 each.

Please do not send for this Bible expecting to receive a great, big book by express; we offer the FAMILY BIBLE elsewhere. This small Bible is for the same purposes, but is more convenient to carry about. Knowing we shall receive second orders from those who send for one of these Bibles, we are making a specially attractive introduction proposition below.

**CLUB OFFER.** We will send you one of these Holy Bibles as a free premium gift for only 5 cents each, delivered postpaid to your home. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## 24-INCH CENTERPIECES.

Beautiful hand-embroidered table covers can now be had by every reader without cost and little labor is required. Ladies familiar with fancy work find our patterns always new and original, those anxious to do hand embroidery readily understand just how to quickly embroider these simple designs. We furnish the stamped patterns here illustrated, and can supply materials, thus making it convenient and within the reach of every woman, young or old, to make with her own needle one or more for her home, also they are the most useful and delightful wedding or Christmas gifts. These centerpieces are each twenty-four inches in diameter, are therefore unusually large and suitable for any table. The designs are CLEARLY AND DISTINCTLY STAMPED on a high grade of semi-linen material that washes and wears well, and absolute satisfaction is guaranteed.

Bunch of Grapes Pattern.

We predict great popularity for this grape pattern. It is to be the rage for embroidery shirt

Carnation Pink Pattern.

The famous Lawson thirty thousand dollar carnation, the largest, most fragrant and beautiful pink ever produced can be copied with this pattern



BUNCH OF GRAPES PATTERN.

waists, therefore popular for centerpiece design. We recommend this one to your consideration.



CARNATION PINK PATTERN.

to aid you. To be done in soft pink shades with green and a border to suit. This design will make one of the sweetest and most stylish table centerpieces ever conceived.

Wild Rose Pattern.

This very handsome centerpiece pattern will be one of the most popular in the whole collection. Can be worked out in soft, delicate colors and per-

Wheat Pattern.

This centerpiece has perhaps the least amount of detail work of any kind, yet the effect when done



WILD ROSE PATTERN.

mits one to display their judgment in copying from nature. This pattern has a very deep border that may be easily worked with some simple stitch.



WHEAT PATTERN.

in soft tan shades, with green for a border, is very pleasing. Observe the odd border on this design. It can be worked solid or outlined with excellent results.

**CLUB OFFER.** For only 2 yearly subscriptions to this paper, at 15 cents each, we will send either one of the above 24-inch Centerpieces. For 3 yearly subscriptions at 15 cents each, we will send three Centerpieces, and for 6 yearly subscriptions at 15 cents each, the complete set of four Centerpieces FREE.

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

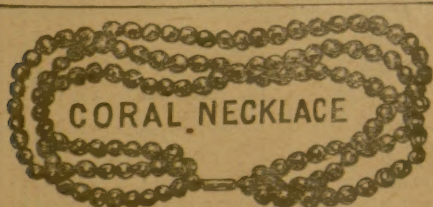
## FREE SILVER SPOONS.



We can furnish our customers with a warranted quadruple plated Silver Spoon in one of the handsomest patterns imaginable. It was our good fortune to find a large line of silverware that could be bought cheap and our customers are getting the benefit. The pattern of these Spoons is new and very attractive and we have forks of same design to match, also Knives. We are anxious to increase the circulation of our big monthly magazine right away and are to make a liberal gift offer on these Spoons to introduce our Magazine and obtain the subscriptions. As we guarantee these Spoons you should

have no hesitancy about ordering at once. **SPECIAL OFFER.** If you will send us 3 trial subscribers for our monthly for one year at 15 cents each, we will send the magazine one whole year to the addressee and to you we will send as a free gift a set of six Spoons. For a club of 3 you can earn a dozen Spoons.

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



CORAL NECKLACE

Every Girl or Woman desirous to possess a real coral necklace. The genuine Neapolitan article is a very expensive thing that few can afford one. This necklace looks so much like the real thing that many think they are, so perfect is the coloring of the Italian Wonder. It is a triple stranded, beautifully polished delicate coral pink necklace of just the proper shade to give it the most expensive appearance. We have but a limited number which we can give as premiums to all who get up clubs of two yearly subscribers at 15 cents each.

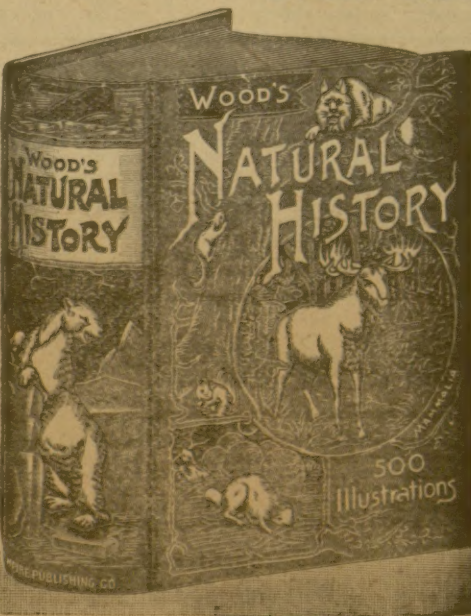
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## WOOD'S FAMOUS NATURAL HISTORY FREE.

A Genuine Revelation of the Animal Kingdom.

A Complete Encyclopedia of Zoology. Thrilling Adventures. A Panorama of Pictures. A Monster Menagerie. Great Renewal and Premium Club Offer.

Great Book Free to All Club Workers.



ENGLISH EDITION.

A Revolution in Book Making. Dumps Thousands of Volumes on the Market at One Tenth their Former Price. Creates a Panic. Demoralizes the Book Trade, and Gives Our Subscribers the Benefit of a Most Wonderful Bargain. Read About this Great and Wonderful Work, WOOD'S NATURAL HISTORY—the Standard Work for All Homes.

It is impossible to give in this announcement more than a slight idea of the magnitude of this great History, with its myriad pictures and accurate descriptions. It virtually goes into the haunts of all animals and shows them as they live. Wood's Natural History is the recognized authority all over the world for accurate information regarding the habits, haunts, peculiarities and diseases of the Animal Kingdom. The work is a veritable treasure-house of valuable information, interestingly told, and replete with hundreds of accurate and artistic illustrations. This mammoth Cyclopaedia of the Animal World consists of over eight hundred pages and is substantially bound in stiff paper covers. Size of open book, 8 1/2 inches, and nearly 2 inches thick. It is in clear print on good paper, with five hundred illustrations by special artists. The countless anecdotes which it contains will make merry many a long winter evening, and the hundreds of pages of thrilling adventures which those daring people, who traverse mountain and morass, jungle and desert, to learn the habits of the animal kingdom undergo, will furnish true, heart-felt enjoyment to every member of the family—young and old. As the book contains full descriptions of all domestic animals, also, with treatment and cures for their diseases, no farmer should be without it, and as the list embraces everything, from the goat to the giraffe, the bat to the bear, the mouse to the mastodon, the coyote to the cactus, no boy, no hunter, no student—in fact, nobody should neglect this grandest of all offers. So thrilling and exciting are many of these adventures as to equal the wildest tales of the tropics, or the most blood-curdling ghost story; and yet they are all true, being the transcripts of personal experiences of noted travelers. Not only are they of sufficient importance to amuse and instruct the young, but they will absorb the attention and pass away many a dull hour for the old and world-worn reader; while every teacher in the land should provide herself or himself with the means of allaying that eager thirst for information which characterizes all young and restless minds. As a supplementary reader for schools, nothing could excel Wood's Natural History; because, in the first place, it will so absorb the attention of every scholar as to keep him interested in his work; and, in the second place, it is so instructive as to be well-nigh indispensable. And this is why every teacher and every scholar in the land should avail themselves of this unparalleled offer.

**Special Club Offer.** As long as our limited supply lasts, we will mail one copy of Wood's Natural History to anyone who will send us a club of only 4 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



# You Are to Be The Judge



## You Are To Be The One

to say whether it has or not, whether it did its work or failed, whether we are right or wrong. We leave it entirely for YOU to DECIDE. You get the evidence, weigh it carefully during thirty days, note your bodily feelings and then pass your calm judgement upon it. It is ALL left to you.

The only evidence we want to put in your hands is a full-sized one dollar package of Vitae-Ore, enough to last you one whole month's time. This package we want you to use, at our risk and expense in sending it, to PROVE TO YOU what Vitae-Ore is, to prove to you what Vitae-Ore will do for you, to prove to you how Vitae-Ore cures. This is all the evidence we offer, for a trial proves its power.

## You Can JUDGE It BY What It Does.

All we ask is a fair verdict. We say if you are sick, if you are not feeling right, that you need Vitae-Ore. We say that one package of Vitae-Ore will prove its power in curing disease, and therefore send it to you on trial without payment of a cent, you to be the judge. You judge it by judging HOW YOU FEEL after you have used it for one month.

You know if you feel better, if you sleep sounder, if you digest your food easier, if your Stomach and Liver do not bother you, if your Limbs and Back do not trouble you, if your Heart does not disturb you, if your Kidneys are acting right, if you are stronger, more active and have more red blood in your veins. You can easily judge after one month's trial if HEALTH is returning to your body. If not, YOU DO NOT PAY.

**You Don't Pay for Promises,** but pay only for the HEALTH it brings. You pay for WORK and not for words, and if the work is not done to your satisfaction, you don't pay a penny. You alone are to be the judge. We take all of the risk. You are the one to say "YES" or "NO." Read our thirty-day trial offer, read what Vitae-Ore is and write for a dollar package on trial.

## Our 30-Day Trial Offer!

**If You Are Sick** we want to send you a full sized \$1.00 package of Vitae-Ore, enough for 30 days' continuous treatment, by mail, postpaid, and we want to send it to you on 30 days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it, just want a letter from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all chances. You don't risk a penny! All we ask is that you use V.-O. for 30 days and pay us \$1.00 if it has helped you, if you are satisfied that it has done you more than \$1.00 worth of positive, actual, visible good. Otherwise you pay nothing, we ask nothing, we want nothing. Can you not spare 100 minutes during the next 30 days to try it? Can you not give 5 minutes to write for it, 5 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 3 minutes each day for 30 days to use it. That is all it takes. Cannot you give 100 minutes time if it means new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? You are to be the judge. We are satisfied with your decision, are perfectly willing to trust to your honor to your judgment, as to whether or not V.-O. has benefited you. Read what V.-O. is, and write today for a dollar package on this most liberal trial offer.

## WHAT VITAE-ORE IS.

Vitae-Ore is a mineral remedy, a combination of substances from which many world's noted curative springs derive medicinal power and healing virtue. These properties of the springs come from the natural deposits of mineral in the earth through which water forces its way, only a very small proportion of the medicinal substances in these minerals being thus taken up by the liquid. Vitae-Ore consists of compounds of Iron, Sulphur, and Magnesium, elements which are among the chief curative agents in nearly every healing mineral spring, and are necessary for the creation and retention of health. One package of this mineral substance, mixed with a quart of water, equals in medicinal strength and curative, healing value many gallons of the world's powerful mineral waters drunk fresh at the springs.

**Use Vitae-Ore for** Rheumatism, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Diseases, Dropsy, Stomach Disorders, Female Ailments, Functional Heart Trouble, Catarrh of Any Part, Nervous Prostration, Anaemia, Sores and Ulcers, and Worn-out Debilitated Conditions. It strikes at the root of disease, eradicating deep-seated lesions and cures where many other remedies failed to benefit.

## It Aids Nature.

As an aid to nature Vitae-Ore is an ideal creation. It contains substances which, when the body is in ill health, are needed by nature for her work of recuperation, and in supplying such materials it promotes health in those organs upon which health in the entire body is dependent. Whenever there exists an abnormal symptom, Vitae-Ore assists nature to remedy the disturbance which causes it. It is a vitalizing, tonic, healing, corrective and strengthening force that arouses nature to correct action in vital functions. It acts always in a natural way by assisting nature to properly perform functions which always are properly performed in good health, and thus it helps to establish good health in all parts of the body. A trial proves its power.

## A Hale and Hearty Trio.

**The Entire Ward Family Permanently Cured of Serious Ailments.**

NEWCASTLE, PA.—My entire family has great reason to be thankful to Vitae-Ore, as it is to this remedy that we owe our state of good health during the past few years. It has, indeed, worked wonders for all of us. When we first learned of it, six years ago, my mother was sorely afflicted with a disorder of the stomach and bowels, which had been troubling her for over twelve years and at that time very severely. Her doctor bill during a short time amounted to \$50.00, with little or no evidence of improvement. Vitae-Ore was recommended and we had mother give it a thorough trial. It gave her immediate benefit, the relief being almost from the first dose, and it was only a short time before we could report her entire cure. It has been permanent, as there has been no return of the trouble. Father was also afflicted with Kidney Trouble, pronounced by the physicians as Bright's Disease, and although at first skeptical, he naturally gave it a trial upon seeing what it was accomplishing for my mother. The result was the same as in her case and he now has no symptoms of his old malady. I personally had been troubled off and on with Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble and my condition at the time we first learned of Vitae-Ore was causing me a great deal of uneasiness, as I feared it would become chronic. I used V.-O. continuously for about three months' time with the same results. We are, indeed, a hearty trio, all enjoying the best of health, and owe it all to the remarkable powers of Vitae-Ore. O. H. WARD.



## Was Near Death's Door.

**One Package Cured This Woman of Kidney, Liver and Bladder Troubles.**

STEVENS, TEXAS.—I had been taking medicine for a long time, ever since I was first stricken with my disease, a complication of Liver, Kidney and Bladder disorders. I took several patent medicines, but none did me any good. My husband called a doctor, who came a few times and then dropped the case. He then called in three more doctors, the best this country affords. One treated me three months, but only gave me temporary relief. I dragged along all year, never feeling like myself. In the fall I grew worse and again went to my physician and he treated me about eight weeks. I was almost ready to give up. I did not know how near death's door I was until a neighbor told me after I began to get better. Our neighbors advised us to send for Vitae-Ore, but I told my husband not to bother, as I thought nothing could help me. He sent for it without my consent, and it was the greatest favor he ever did for me. One package has saved my life. I think I would have been in my grave to-day had it not been for this Vitae-Ore. I have taken only one package, but feel that I am entirely well. When I commenced its use I weighed 98 pounds; now in only five weeks' time I weigh 110 pounds. Vitae-Ore has done all this for me and I believe it will do as much for others. Mrs. J. F. MORRIS.



## Threw Away the Crutches

**Cured of Rheumatism After Many Long Years of Constant Misery and Suffering.**

TEMPLETON, WIS.—I suffered with Rheumatism all over my entire system for over three years. I tried all kinds of medicines without benefit and was given up by all the doctors. I was unable to help myself without the use of crutches, and in short, life was a misery to myself and family. After these long years of constant suffering, a personal friend of mine recommended Vitae-Ore to me, and after using same for fifteen days, I threw crutches aside and was able to walk about the house alone. However, I kept on using Vitae-Ore until my strength and health were again restored and am working every day at my old trade as blacksmith. I would not be without Vitae-Ore, as I know it is a medicine which can be depended upon to do the work it is advertised to do. I have told all of my friends and neighbors about it and gladly recommend it to all. HERBERT KISSING.



## A Blessing for Old People.

**Every Middle Aged and Elderly Man and Woman Should Use Vitae-Ore.**

There is nothing so certain in life as the weakness of old age. The young may need a tonic, but the old must use one. Old age, like youth, makes demands upon the blood for nourishment of the body, but loss of appetite and impaired digestion deprive the blood of the nutrient which should be its portion. Sound, unbroken sleep is as much needed in age as in youth, to repair waste tissues. The enlarged volume of waste-products, due to the ever increasing tissue-breakdown of old age, requires additional functional activity in the kidneys to eliminate them from the system. Vitae-Ore serves as an aid in most every disorder incidental to old age. It increases the appetite and desire for food at the same time that it improves the power to digest and assimilate it, so the blood may be enriched by the proper nutriment. By its beneficial action in the system it induces a sounder and more refreshing sleep, and assists the kidneys to perform the requisite action. It helps to prevent the rheumatic condition of the joints usually co-incidental with age and by its general upbuilding powers to prolong vigor and activity in both men and women to a ripe old age.

## MAKE THE EFFORT THAT CURES.

Nothing is so pitiable as the wrongly applied attempts sick people make to obtain a cure for their ills, many of whom continue in ill health the best years of their lives because of such misdirected effort. Many sufferers apply themselves diligently to treatment, and dose themselves day after day with a determination indeed commendable, but the effort is misdirected and nothing but prolonged distress comes from it. The fault is, that they treat only the SYMPTOMS, the external evidences of a disturbance within, and not the CAUSE which brings it about. They deaden the immediate discomfort by drugging with preparations which depend for temporary efficacy upon a narcotic influence and really do nothing to get at the fountain head of the trouble, which remains undisturbed. Thus it is that the treatment is kept up month after month, year after year, the sufferer always seeking a cure and not realizing that what he is seeking lies in an entirely different direction. Doctors question as to the symptoms, diagnose the case and treat

the symptom instead of searching for the cause, and then, after having discovered it, taking proper steps to remove the wrong condition which makes it possible. Patent medicines, too, are placed on the market and advertised to treat the symptoms, to relieve this and that outward sign of an inward disease, while the CAUSE goes merrily on, causing more and more symptoms as time progresses, more work for the doctors and more sales for these so-called medicines.

Vitae-Ore treats the CAUSE, not the symptoms. It gets into the blood, courses through the vital organs, doing good work in each, helping to set each to rights and by so doing remedies the inward disorder itself. It is a cure and not merely a check for a time upon the outward physical manifestation of the disorder. This is the reason for the permanency of its cures, the reason for the wide range of symptoms it causes to disappear and the reason why it can be sent on 30 days' trial, the user to judge it by what it does in restoring health in the body.

## Delays are Dangerous--Do it Now

### Health is so Important

To your happiness, success and enjoyment of life and its duties that if you are in any way sick or ailing you should not delay a day nor an hour but should begin proper treatment immediately, before the trouble has a chance to become settled in any of the vital organs, to spread to other parts, or to become aggravated in its developments. The cures Vitae-Ore has made in thousands of cases prove the good work it does in checking disease and repairing its ravages, a work that every sick person, man and woman, should turn to for help. Do not continue suffering when Vitae-Ore is offered to you without a penny's risk. Send for a \$1.00 package on trial today and see for yourself what it will do for you—you run no risk. Don't send any money—just ask for a dollar package on trial.

**Address, Theo. Noel Co.,** Comfort Dept. **Vitae-Ore Bldg. Chicago, Ill.**